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SELECT

P S A L M S

AND

H Y M N S.

UT QUISQUE DE SCRIPTURIS SANCTIS, VEL
DE PROPRIO INGENIO POTEST, PROVOCATUR
IN MEDIUM DEO CANERE.

TERTULL. APOL. XXXIX.

P. S. A. L. M. S.

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ST. JAMES'S CHURCH

MANCHESTER

THE PLAIN AND THE MOUNTAIN
ON THE 10th OF JULY 1840
THE PLAIN AND THE MOUNTAIN
ON THE 10th OF JULY 1840

MANCHESTER
PRINTED BY G. WILKINSON
1840

SELECT
P S A L M S
FROM THE
OLD AND NEW
VERSIONS:

FOR THE USE OF
ST. JAMES'S CHURCH,
MANCHESTER.

C. Bayley

*All Things must be fulfilled which were written in
the Psalms concerning me.*

LUKE XXIV. 44.

OMNES PENE PSALMI CHRISTI PERSONAM
SUSTINENT: FILIUM AD PATREM—

TERTULL. ADV. PRAX. XI.

MANCHESTER:
PRINTED BY G. SWINDELLS.
MDCCLXXXIX.

P R E F A C E.

THOSE sacred compositions, which the Hebrews style *Sepher Tobillim*, the Book of PRAISES, and to which the Septuagint prefixed the title of PSALMS, are an epitome of the BIBLE, adapted to the various purposes of religious worship.

The prayers and praises of the Church have been offered up to the throne of grace, from age to age, in the language of this inspired volume. And it appears to have been the manual of the SON OF GOD, in the days of his incarnation, and frequently the subject of his discourses. He reasoned with the Pharisees concerning the Sonship of the Messiah from the hundred and tenth Psalm. He pronounced on the cross the beginning of the twenty second. He expired repeating part of the twenty-first. And after his resurrection, he reminded his disciples that all things which were written in the Law, the Prophets, and the Psalms, concerning himself, must be accomplished.

Thus

Thus he, the fountain of wisdom and knowledge, who spake as never man spake, chose to solace himself, in his greatest agony, and to breathe out his Soul, in the Psalmist's form of words rather than his own.

In this SELECTION from the Old and New VERSIONS, I have chiefly omitted the descriptive, historical, and imprecatory Psalms; and brought into one view a considerable number of those beautiful and experimental verses, which before were separated by narrations, references, or prophecies. This liberty, I hope, will not be considered as a violation of their native coherence; the same method being commonly pursued in sermons, and frequently permitted to those who give them out in public.

Happy are they who make melody in their hearts to the LORD; without which no external music, ever so exact and harmonious, can be pleasing in his ear. To him, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, be ascribed eternal adoration!

C. BAYLEY.

MANCHESTER.

1789.

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SELECT PSALMS.

PSALM I.

- 1 **H**OW blest is he who ne'er consents
By ill advice to walk ;
Nor stands in sinners' ways ; nor sits
Where men profanely talk !
- 2 But makes the perfect law of God
His business and delight ;
Devoutly reads therein by day,
And meditates by night.
- 3 Like some fair tree, which, fed by streams,
With timely fruit does bend,
He still shall flourish, and success
All his designs attend.
- 4 For God approves the just man's ways,
To happiness they tend ;
But sinners, and the paths they tread,
Shall both in ruin end.

P S A L M IV.

- 1 **T**HE place of other sacrifice
Let righteousness supply ;
And let your hope, securely fixt,
On God alone rely.
- 2 While wordly minds impatient grow,
More prosperous times to see,
Still let the glories of thy face
Shine brightly, Lord, on me.
- 3 So shall my heart o'erflow with joy
More lasting and more true,
Than theirs, who stores of corn and wine
Successively renew.
- 4 Then down in peace I'll lay my head,
And take my needful rest ;
No other guard, O Lord, I crave,
Of thy defence possess.

P S A L M VI. O. V.

- 1 **L**ORD, in thy wrath reprove me not,
Though I deserve thy ire,
Nor yet correct me in thy rage,
O Lord, I thee desire.
- 2 My soul is troubled very fore
And vex'd exceedingly ;
But, Lord, how long wilt thou delay
To cure my misery ?
- 3 Lord,

- 3 Lord, turn thee to thy wonted grace,
 Some pity on me take ;
 Oh ! save me, not for my deserts,
 But for thy mercy's sake.
- 4 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
 Immortal glory be ;
 As was, and is, and shall be still
 To all eternity.

P S A L M VIII.

- 1 **O** Thou, to whom all creatures bow
 Within this earthly frame,
 Through all the world how great art thou !
 How glorious is thy name !
- 2 In heaven thy wondrous acts are sung,
 Nor fully reckon'd there ;
 And yet thou mak'st the infant-tongue
 Thy boundless praise declare.
- 3 Through thee the weak confound the strong,
 And crush their haughty foes ;
 And so thou quell'st the wicked throng,
 That thee and thine oppose.
- 4 When heaven, thy bounteous work on high,
 Employs my wondering sight ;
 The moon, that nightly rules the sky,
 With stars of feeble light ;
- 5 What's man, O Lord, that thus thou lov'st
 To keep him in thy mind ?

Or what his offspring, that thou prov'ft
To them so wonderous kind ?

- 6 Him next in power thou didst create
To thy celestial train ;
Ordain'd with dignity and state,
O'er all thy works to reign.
- 7 O thou, to whom all creatures bow
Within this earthly frame,
Through all the world how great art thou !
How glorious is thy name !

P S A L M IX.

- 1 **T**O celebrate thy praise, O Lord,
I will my heart prepare ;
To all the list'ning world thy works,
Thy wonderous works declare.
- 2 The thought of them shall to my soul
Exalted pleasures bring ;
Whilst to thy name, O thou most high !
Triumphant praise I sing.
- 3 All those who have his goodness prov'd
Will in his truth confide ;
Whose mercy ne'er forsook the man,
That on his help relied.
- 4 Sing praises therefore to the Lord,
From Sion his abode ;
Proclaim his deeds, 'till all the world
Confess no other God.

P S A L M XV.

- 1 **L**ORD, who's the happy man that may
 To thy blest courts repair?
 Not, stranger-like, to visit them,
 But to inhabit there?
- 2 'Tis he whose every thought and deed
 By rules of virtue moves;
 Whose gen'rous tongue disdains to speak
 The thing his heart disproves.
- 3 Who never did a slander forge,
 His neighbour's fame to wound;
 Or hearken to a false report,
 By malice whisper'd round.
- 4 Who vice, in all it's pomp and power,
 Can treat with just neglect;
 And piety though cloth'd in rags,
 Religiously respect.
- 5 Who to his plighted vows and trust
 Has ever firmly stood;
 And though he promise to his loss,
 He makes his promise good.
- 6 The man who by his steady course
 Has happiness insur'd,
 When earth's foundation shakes, shall stand,
 By Providence secur'd.

P S A L M X V I .

- 1 **I** Strive each action to approve
 To God's all-seeing eye;
 No danger shall my hopes remove,
 Because he still is nigh.
- 2 Therefore my heart all grief defies,
 My glory does rejoice;
 My flesh shall rest in hope to rise,
 Wak'd by his powerful voice.
- 3 Thou, Lord, when I resign my breath,
 My soul from hell shalt free;
 Nor let thy Holy-One in death
 The least corruption see.
- 4 Thou shalt the paths of life display,
 Which to thy presence lead;
 Where pleasures dwell without allay,
 And joys that never fade.

P S A L M X V I I I .

- 1 **N**O change of times should ever shock
 My firm affection, Lord, to thee;
 For thou hast always been a rock,
 A fortress and defence to me.
 - 2 Thou my deliverer art, my God;
 My trust is in thy mighty power:
 Thou art my shield from foes abroad,
 At home my safe-guard and my tower.
- 3 Let

- 3 Let the eternal Lord be prais'd,
 The rock, on whose defence I rest :
 O'er highest heavens his name be rais'd,
 Who me with his salvation blest !

PSALM XVIII. P. 2.

- 1 **W**HEN God arose to take my part,
 The conscious earth did quake for fear;
 From their firm posts the hills did start,
 Nor could his dreadful fury bear.
- 2 He left the beauteous realms of light,
 Whilst heaven bow'd down it's awful head :
 Beneath his feet substantial night
 Was, like a sable carpet, spread.
- 3 The chariot of the King of kings,
 Which active troops of angels drew,
 On a strong tempest's rapid wings,
 With most amazing swiftness flew.
- 4 Black watery mists and clouds conspir'd
 With thickest shades his face to veil ;
 But at his brightness soon retir'd,
 And fell in showers of fire and hail.
- 5 Through heaven's wide arch a thundering peal,
 God's angry voice did loudly roar :
 While earth's sad face with heaps of hail,
 And flakes of fire was cover'd o'er.
- 6 His sharpen'd arrows round he threw,
 Which made his scatter'd foes retreat ;
 Like

Like darts his nimble light'ning flew,
And quickly finish'd their defeat.

- 7 The deep it's secret stores disclos'd ;
The world's foundations raked lay,
By his avenging wrath expos'd,
Which fiercely rag'd that dreadful day.

P S A L M X V I I I . O . V .

- 1 **T**HE Lord descended from above,
And bow'd the heaven's high :
And underneath his feet he cast
The darkness of the sky.

- 2 On cherubs and on cherubim
Full royally he rode :
And on the wings of mighty winds
Came flying all abroad.

P S A L M X I X .

- 1 **T**HE heavens declare thy Glory, Lord,
Which that alone can fill ;
The firmament and stars express
Their great Creator's skill.

- 2 The dawn of each returning day
Fresh beams of knowledge brings :
From darkest night's successive rounds
Divine instruction springs.

- 3 Their powerful language to no realm
Or region is confin'd :
'Tis nature's voice, and understood
Alike by all mankind.

4 Their

- 4 Their doctrine does it's sacred sense
Through earth's extent display ;
Whose bright contents the circling sun
Does round the world convey.
- 5 From East to West, from West to East,
His restless course he goes :
And, through his progress, cheerful light
And vital warmth bestows.

P S A L M XXII.

- 1 **M**Y God, my God, why leav'st thou me,
When I with anguish faint?
O ! why so far from me remov'd,
And from my loud complaint ?
- 2 My blood like water spill'd, my joints
Are rack'd, and out of frame ;
My heart dissolves within my breast,
Like wax before the flame.
- 3 Like blood-hounds, to surround me, they
In pack'd assemblies meet :
They pierc'd my inoffensive hands,
They pierc'd my harmless feet.
- 4 As spoil, my garments they divide,
Lots for my vesture cast :
Therefore approach, O Lord, my strength,
And to my succour haste,
- 5 Withdraw not then so far from me,
When trouble is so nigh :

Oh !

Oh ! send me Help ! thy Help, on which
I only can rely.

P S A L M XXIII. O. V.

- 1 **M**Y Shepherd is the living Lord,
Nothing therefore I need :
In pastures fair, near pleasant streams,
He setteth me to feed.
- 2 He shall convert and glad my soul,
And bring my mind in frame ;
To walk in paths of righteousness,
For his most holy name.
- 3 Yea, though I walk in vale of death,
Yet will I fear no ill ;
Thy rod and staff do comfort me ;
And thou art with me still.
- 4 And in the presence of my foes
My table thou shalt spread :
Thou wilt fill full my cup, and thou
Anointed hast my head.
- 5 Through all my life thy favour is
So frankly shew'd to me,
That in thy house for evermore
My dwelling place shall be.

P S A L M XXIV.

- 1 **E**RECT your heads, eternal gates :
Unfold, to entertain

The

The King of glory : see ! He comes
With his celestial train.

2 Who is the King of glory ? who ?
The Lord for strength renown'd,
In battle mighty, o'er his foes
Eternal Victor crown'd.

3 Erect your heads, ye gates, unfold,
In state to entertain
The King of glory : see ! He comes
With all his shining train.

4 Who is the King of glory ? who ?
The Lord of Hosts renown'd :
Of glory he alone is King,
Who is with glory crown'd.

P S A L M XXV.

1 **T**HY mercies and thy love,
O Lord, recall to mind ;
And graciously continue still,
As thou wert ever, kind.

2 Let all my youthful crimes
Be blotted out by thee :
And, for thy wonderful goodness sake,
In mercy think on me.

3 His mercy and his truth
The righteous Lord displays,
In bringing wandering sinners home,
And teaching them his ways.

4 He

- 4 He those in justice guides,
 Who his direction seek ;
And in his sacred paths shall lead
 The humble and the meek.
- 5 Through all the ways of God
 Both truth and mercy shine,
To such as with religious hearts,
 To his blest will incline.

P S A L M XXV. P. 2,

- 1 **S**INCE mercy is the grace
 That most exalts thy fame,
Forgive my heinous sin, O Lord,
 And so advance thy name.
- 2 Whoe'er with humble fear,
 To God his duty pays,
Shall find the Lord a faithful guide,
 In all his righteous ways.
- 3 His quiet soul with peace
 Shall be for ever blest,
And by his numerous race the land
 Successively possess.
- 4 For God to all his saints
 His sacred will imparts;
And does his gracious covenant write
 In their obedient hearts.

P S A L M XXIX.

- 1 **Y**E Princes that in might excel,
 Your grateful sacrifice prepare;
 God's glorious actions loudly tell,
 His wond'rous power to all declare.
- 2 To his great name fresh altars raise;
 Devoutly due respect afford;
 Him in his holy temple praise,
 Where he's with solemn state ador'd.
- 3 'Tis he that with amazing noise,
 The watery clouds in sunder breaks;
 The ocean trembles at his voice,
 When he from heaven in thunder speaks.
- 4 How full of power his voice appears!
 With what majestic terror crown'd!
 Which from the roots tall cedars tears,
 And strews their scatter'd branches round.
- 5 God rules the angry floods on high;
 His boundless sway shall never cease;
 His people he'll with strength supply,
 And bless his own with constant peace.

P S A L M XXX. O. V.

- 1 **A**LL laud and praise with heart and voice,
 O Lord, I give to thee;
 Who didst not make my foes rejoice,
 But hast exalted me.

- 2 O Lord, my God, to thee I cried
In all my pain and grief:
Thou gav'st an ear and didst provide
To ease me with relief.
- 3 Thou, Lord, hast brought my soul from hell,
And thou the same didst save
From them that in the pit do dwell,
And keep'st me from the grave.
- 4 Sing praise, ye saints, that prove and see
The goodness of the Lord:
In honour of his Majesty
Rejoice with one accord.

P S A L M XXXII.

- 1 **H**E's blest whose sins have pardon gain'd,
No more in judgment to appear;
Whose guilt remission has obtain'd,
And whose repentance is sincere.
- 2 While I conceal'd the fretting sore,
My bones consum'd without relief:
All day did I with anguish roar,
But no complaints assuag'd my grief.
- 3 Heavy on me thy hand remain'd,
By day and night alike distress'd;
Till quite of vital moisture drain'd,
Like land with summer's drought oppress'd.
- 4 No sooner I my wound disclos'd,
The guilt that tortur'd me within,

But

But thy forgiveness interpos'd,
And mercy's healing balm pour'd in.

- 5 Thy favour, Lord, in all distress,
My tower of refuge I must own;
Thou shalt my haughty foes suppress,
And me with songs of triumph crown.

P S A L M XXXIII.

- 1 **L**ET all the just to God with joy
Their cheerful voices raise;
For well the righteous it becomes
To sing glad songs of praise.
- 2 Let harps, and psalteries, and lutes,
In joyful concert meet;
And new-made songs of loud applause
The harmony complete.
- 3 For faithful is the word of God,
His works with truth abound;
He justice loves; and all the earth
Is with his goodness crown'd.
- 4 Our souls on God with patience wait;
Our help and shield is he;
Then, Lord, let still our hearts rejoice,
Because we trust in thee.
- 5 The riches of thy mercy, Lord,
Do thou to us extend;
Since we, for all we want or wish,
On thee alone depend.

P S A L M XXXIV.

- 1 **T**HROUGH all the various scenes of life,
 In trouble and in joy;
 The praises of my God shall still
 My heart and tongue employ,
- 2 Of his deliverance I will boast,
 Till all that are distress'd,
 From my example comfort take,
 And charm their griefs to rest.
- 3 O ! magnify the Lord with me,
 With me exalt his name :
 When in distress to him I call'd,
 He to my rescue came.
- 4 O ! make but trial of his love,
 Experience will decide
 How blest they are, and only they,
 Who in his truth confide.
- 5 Fear him, ye saints, and you will then
 Have nothing else to fear ;
 Make you his service your delight,
 He'll make your wants his care.

P S A L M XXXVI.

- 1 **O** Lord, thy mercy, my sure hope,
 The highest orb of heaven transcends ;
 Thy sacred truth's unmeasur'd scope
 Beyond the spreading sky extends.
- 2 Thy

- 2 Thy justice, like the hills, remains ;
 Unfathom'd depths thy judgments are ;
Thy providence the world sustains ;
 The whole creation is thy care.
- 3 Since of thy goodness all partake,
 With what assurance should the just
Thy shelt'ring wings their refuge make,
 And saints to thy protection trust !
- 4 Such guests shall to thy courts be led,
 To banquet on thy love's repast ;
And drink, as from a fountain's head,
 Of joys that shall for ever last.
- 5 With thee the springs of life remain ;
 Thy presence is eternal day ;
O ! let thy saints thy favour gain ;
 To upright hearts thy truth display.

P S A L M XXX. O. V.

- 1 **O** Lord, thy goodness doth ascend
 Above the heavens most high :
So doth thy truth itself extend
 Unto the cloudy sky.
- 2 Much more than hills both high and steep,
 Thy justice is exprest :
Thy judgments like the seas most deep,
 Thou sav'st both man and beast.
- 3 Thy mercy is above all things,
 O God, it doth excel :

In trust whereof, as in thy wings,
The sons of men shall dwell.

4 Within thy house they shall be fed
With plenty at their will :
Of all delights they shall be sped,
And take thereof their fill.

5 Because the well of life most pure
Doth ever flow from thee :
And in thy light we are full sure
Eternal light to see.

6 From such as thee desire to know,
Let not thy grace depart :
Thy righteousness declare and show,
To men of upright heart.

P S A L M XXXVII. P. I.

1 **T**HOUGH wicked men grow rich or great,
Yet let not their successful state
Thy anger or thy envy raise :
For they, cut down like tender grass,
Or like young flowers, away shall pass,
Whose blooming beauty soon decays.

2 Depend on God, and him obey,
So thou within the land shalt stay,
Secure from danger and from want :
Make his commands thy chief delight,
And he, thy duty to requite,
Shall all thy earnest wishes grant.

- 3 In all thy ways trust thou the Lord,
 And he will needful help afford
 To perfect every just design :
 He'll make, like light serene and clear,
 Thy clouded innocence appear,
 And as a mid-day sun to shine.

PSALM XXXVII. P. 2.

- 2 **W**ITH quiet mind on God depend,
 And patiently for him attend ;
 Nor let thy anger fondly rise,
 Though wicked men with wealth abound,
 And with success the plots are crown'd,
 Which they maliciously devise.
- 2 From anger cease, and wrath forsake ;
 Let no ungovern'd passion make
 Thy wav'ring heart espouse their crime :
 For God shall sinful men destroy ;
 Whilst only they the land enjoy,
 Who trust on him, and wait his time.
- 3 How soon shall wicked men decay !
 Their place shall vanish quite away,
 Nor by the strictest search be found :
 Whilst humble souls possess the earth,
 Rejoicing still with godly mirth,
 With peace and plenty always crown'd.

PSALM XXXVII. P. 3.

- 1 **W**HILE sinful crowds, with false design,
 Against the righteous few combine,

And

And gnash their teeth, and threatening stand ;
 God shall their empty plots deride,
 And laugh at their defeated pride ;
 He sees their ruin near at hand.

2 They draw the sword, and bend the bow,
 The poor and needy to o'erthrow,
 And men of upright lives to slay ;
 But their strong bows shall soon be broke,
 Their sharpen'd weapon's mortal stroke
 Thro' their own hearts shall force it's way.

3 A little with God's favour blest,
 That's by one righteous man possess'd,
 The wealth of many bad excels ;
 For God supports the just man's cause,
 But as for those that break his laws,
 Their unsuccessful power he quells.

4 His constant care the upright guides,
 And over all their life presides ;
 Their portion shall for ever last :
 They, when distress o'erwhelms the earth,
 Shall be unmov'd, and even in dearth
 The happy fruits of plenty taste.

PSALM XXXVII. P. 4.

1 **T**HE good man's way is God's delight,
 He orders all the steps aright
 Of him that moves by his command ;
 Though he sometimes may be distress'd,
 Yet shall he ne'er be quite oppress'd
 For God upholds him with his hand.

2 Observe

- 2 Observe the perfect man with care;
 And mark all such as upright are :
 Their roughest days in peace shall end :
 While on the latter end of those
 Who dares God's sacred will oppose,
 A common ruin shall attend.
- 3 God to the just will aid afford,
 Their only safeguard is the Lord,
 Their strength in time of need is he ;
 Because on him they still depend,
 The Lord will timely succour send,
 And from the wicked set them free.

P S A L M XXXIX.

- 1 **L**ORD, let me know my term of days,
 How soon my life will end ;
 The numerous train of ills disclose,
 Which this frail state attend.
- 2 My life, thou know'st is but a span,
 A cypher sums my year,
 And every man in best estate,
 But vanity appears.
- 3 Man, like a shadow, vainly walks,
 With fruitless cares oppress'd ;
 He heaps up wealth, but cannot tell
 By whom 'twill be possess'd.
- 4 Why then should I on worthless toys
 With anxious care attend ?
 On thee alone my stedfast hope
 Shall ever, Lord, depend.

P S A L M XXXIX. O. V.

- 1 **L** ORD, number out my life and days,
Which yet I have not past ;
So that I may be certified
How long my life shall last.
- 2 For thou hast pointed out my life,
In length much like a span :
My age is nothing unto thee,
So vain is every man.
- 3 Man walketh like a shade, and doth
In vain himself annoy
In getting goods, and cannot tell
Who shall the same enjoy.
- 4 Therefore, O Lord ; what wait I for,
What help do I desire ?
Truly, my hope is even in thee,
I nothing else require.

P S A L M XL. O. V.

- 1 **I** Waited long and fought the Lord,
And patiently did bear ;
At length to me he did accord
My voice and cry to hear.
- 2 He brought me from the dreadful pit,
Out of the mire and clay :
Upon a rock he set my feet,
And he did guide my way.

- 3 To me he taught a psalm of praise,
Which I must shew abroad :
And sing new songs of thanks always,
Unto the Lord our God.

P S A L M XLI.

- 1 **H**APPY the man, whose tender care
Relieves the poor distress'd :
When he's by trouble compass'd round,
The Lord shall give him rest.
- 2 The Lord his life, with blessings crown'd,
In safety shall prolong ;
And disappoint the will of those
That seek to do him wrong.
- 3 If he, in languishing estate,
Opprest with sickness lie ;
The Lord will easy make his bed,
And inward strength supply.

P S A L M XLII.

- 1 **A**S pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chace ;
So longs my soul, O God, for thee,
And thy refreshing grace.
- 2 For thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine ;
Oh ! when shall I behold thy face,
Thou Majesty divine !

3 Why

- 3 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Trust God, and he'll employ
His aid for thee, and change these sighs,
To thankful hymns of joy.
- 4 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Hope still, and thou shalt sing
The praise of him, who is thy God,
Thy health's eternal spring.

P S A L M X L I I I .

- 1 **L**ET me with light and truth be blest ;
Be these my guides to lead the way,
Till on thy holy hill I rest,
And in thy sacred temple pray.
- 2 Then will I there fresh altars raise
To God, who is my only joy ;
And well-tun'd harps, with songs of praise,
Shall all my grateful hours employ.
- 3 Why then cast down, my soul? and why
So much oppress'd with anxious care?
On God, thy God, for aid rely,
Who will thy ruin'd state repair.

P S A L M X L I I I . O . V .

- 1 **O** Lord, send out thy light and truth,
And lead me with thy grace ;
Which may conduct me to thy hill,
And to thy dwelling-place.

2 Then

- 2 Then shall I to thy altar go,
 With joy to worship thee :
 And on my harp give thanks to thee,
 O God, my God most dear.
- 3 Why art thou then so sad, my soul,
 And frett'st thus in my breast ?
 Still trust in God ; for him to praise
 I hold it always best.
- 4 By him I have deliverance
 From all my pain and grief ?
 He is my God who doth always
 At need send me relief.

P S A L M XLVI.

- 1 **G**OD is our refuge in distress ;
 A present help when dangers press ;
 In him, undaunted, we'll confide ;
 Though earth were from her center toss'd,
 And mountains in the ocean lost,
 Torn piece-meal by the roaring tide.
- 2 A gentler stream with gladness still,
 The city of our Lord shall fill,
 The royal seat of God most high :
 God dwells in Sion, whose fair towers,
 Shall mock the assaults of earthly powers,
 While his almighty aid is nigh.
- 3 In tumults when the people rag'd,
 And kingdoms war against us wag'd,

He thunder'd, and dispers'd their powers :
 The Lord of hosts conducts our arms,
 Our tower of refuge in alarms,
 Our Father's Guardian-God, and ours.

- 4 Submit to God's almighty sway ;
 For him the heathen shall obey,
 And earth her sovereign Lord confess :
 The Lord of hosts conducts our arms,
 Our tower of refuge in alarms,
 As to our fathers in distress.

PSALM XLVII.

- 1 **O** All ye people, clap your hands,
 And with triumphant voices sing ;
 For force the mighty power withstands
 Of God, the universal King.
- 2 God is gone up, our Lord and King,
 With shouts of joy and trumpet's sound ;
 To him repeated praises sing,
 And let the cheerful song go round.
- 3 Your utmost skill in praise be shewn,
 For him who all the world commands,
 Who sits upon his righteous throne,
 And spreads his sway o'er heathen lands.

PSALM XLVII. O. V.

- 1 **Y**E people all, with one accord,
 Clap hands, shout and rejoice ;
 Be glad, and sing unto the Lord,
 With sweet and pleasant voice.

2 For high the Lord and dreadful is,
 His wonders manifold ;
 A mighty king he is likewise,
 In all the earth extoll'd.

3 Our God ascended up on high
 With joy, and pleasant noise,
 The Lord goes up above the sky
 With trumpet's royal voice.

4 Sing praises to our God, sing praise,
 Sing praises to our king ;
 For God is king of all the earth,
 All skilful praises sing.

PSALM XLVIII.

1 **T**HE mighty God, the Eternal hath thus
 spoke,
 And all the world he will call and provoke :
 E'en from the east and so forth to the west,
 Out of Sion, which place he liketh best,
 God will appear in beauty most excellent ;
 Our God will come before long time be spent.

2 Devouring fire shall go before his face,
 A tempest great shall round about him trace,
 Then shall he call the earth and heavens bright,
 To judge his folk with equity and right :
 Saying, go to, and now my saints assemble,
 My pact they keep, their gifts do not dissemble.

3 To Father, Son, and Spirit, ever bless'd,
 All honour, praise, and worship be address'd ;

As it was done in ages long ago,
 As now it is, and shall continue so
 To the last bounds and date of time extended,
 And still endure when time it's course has ended.

P S A L M L I.

- 1 **H**AVE mercy, Lord, on me,
 As thou wert ever kind ;
 Let me oppress'd with loads of guilt,
 Thy wonted mercy find.
- 2 Wash off my foul offence,
 And cleanse me from my sin ;
 For I confess my crime, and see
 How great my guilt has been.
- 3 Against thee, Lord, alone,
 And only in thy sight,
 Have I transgress'd ; and though condemn'd,
 Must own thy judgments right.
- 4 Make me to hear with joy
 Thy kind forgiving voice ;
 'That so the bones which thou hast broke,
 May with fresh strength rejoice.
- 5 Blot out my crying sins,
 Nor me in anger view ;
 Create in me a heart that's clean,
 An upright mind renew.

PSALM LI. P. 2.

1 **W**ITHDRAW not, Lord, thy help,
Nor cast me from thy sight ;
Nor let thy holy Spirit take
It's everlasting flight.

2 The joy thy favour gives
Let me again obtain ;
And let thy Spirit's firm support
My fainting soul sustain.

3 So I thy righteous ways
To sinners will impart ;
Whilst my advice shall wicked men
To thy just law convert.

4 Do thou unlock my lips,
With sorrow clos'd, and shame ;
So shall my mouth thy wond'rous praise
To all the world proclaim.

PSALM LVII.

1 **B**E thou, O God, exalted high ;
And, as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth display'd,
'Till thou art here, as there, obey'd.

2 O God, my heart is fix'd, 'tis bent
It's thankful tribute to present ;
And, with my heart, my voice I'll raise
To thee, my God, in songs of praise.

- 3 Awake, my glory ; harp and lute,
No longer let your strings be mute ;
And I, my tuneful part to take,
Will with the early dawn awake.
- 4 Thy praises Lord, I will resound
To all the listening nations round :
Thy mercy highest heaven transcends ;
Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.
- 5 Be thou, O God, exalted high :
And, as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth display'd,
Till thou art here, as there, obey'd.

P S A L M LXII.

- 1 **I**N God, ye people always trust ;
Before his throne pour out your hearts ;
For God, the merciful and just,
His timely aid to us imparts.
- 2 The vulgar fickle are and frail ;
The great dissemble and betray ;
And, laid in truth's impartial scale,
The lightest things will both out-weigh.
- 3 Then trust not in oppressive ways ;
By spoil and rapine grow not vain ;
Nor let your hearts, if wealth increase,
Be set too much upon your gain.
- 4 For God has oft his will express'd,
And I this truth have fully known ;

To be of boundless power possess'd,
Belongs, of right, to God alone.

- 5 Though mercy is his darling grace,
In which he chiefly takes delight ;
Yet will he all the human race,
According to their works requite.

P S A L M LXIII.

- 1 **O** GOD, my gracious God, to thee
My morning prayers shall offer'd be ;
For thee my thirsty soul does pant ;
My fainting flesh implores thy grace,
Within this dry and barren place,
Where I refreshing waters want.

- 2 O ! to my longing eyes once more,
That view of glorious power restore,
Which thy majestic house displays :
Because to me thy wondrous love,
Than life itself does dearer prove,
My lips shall always speak thy praise.

- 3 My life, while I that life enjoy,
In blessing God I will employ,
With lifted hands adore his name :
My soul's content shall be as great,
As theirs who choicest dainties eat,
While I with joy his praise proclaim.

- 4 When down I lie sweet sleep to find,
Thou, Lord, art present to my mind ;

And

And when I wake in dead of night :
 Because thou still dost succour bring,
 Beneath the shadow of thy wing
 I rest with safety and delight.

P S A L M LXV.

- 1 **F**OR thee, O God, our constant praise
 In Sion waits, thy chosen seat ;
 Our promis'd altars there we'll raise,
 And all our zealous vows complete.
- 2 O thou, who to my humble prayer
 Didst always bend thy listening ear ;
 To thee shall all mankind repair,
 And at thy gracious throne appear.
- 3 Our sins (though numberless) in vain
 To stop thy flowing mercy try ;
 Whilst thou o'erlook'st the guilty stain,
 And washest out the crimson dye.
- 4 Blest is the man, who, near thee plac'd,
 Within thy sacred dwelling lives !
 Whilst we, at humbler distance, taste
 The vast delights thy temple gives.

P S A L M LXV. P. 2.

- 1 **T**HOU, Lord, out of thy boundless store,
 With rain reliev'st the thirsty ground :
 Mak'st lands, that barren were before,
 With corn and useful fruits abound.

2 On

- 2 On rising ridges down it pours,
And every furrow'd valley fills;
Thou mak'st them soft with gentle showers,
In which a blest increase distils.
- 3 Thy goodness does the circling year,
With fresh returns of plenty crown;
And where thy glorious paths appear,
Thy fruitful clouds drop fatness down.
- 4 They drop on barren forrests, chang'd
By them to pastures fresh and green:
The hills about, in order rang'd,
In beauteous robes of joy are seen.
- 5 Large flocks with fleecy wool adorn
The cheerful downs; the vallies bring
A plenteous crop of full-ear'd corn,
And seem for joy to shout and sing.

P S A L M LXVI.

- 1 **L**ET all the lands, with shouts of joy,
To God their voices raise;
Sing psalms in honour of his name,
And spread his glorious praise.
- 2 And let them say, how dreadful, Lord,
In all thy works, art thou!
To thy great power thy stubborn foes
Shall all be forc'd to bow.
- 3 Thro' all the earth, the nations round
Shall thee their God confess;

And,

And, with glad hymns, their awful dread
Of thy great name express.

- 4 O ! come, behold the works of God,
And then with me you'll own,
That he to all the sons of men
Has wonderous judgments shown.

PSALM LXVI. P. 2.

- 1 **O** All ye nations, bless our God,
And loudly speak his praise ;
Who keeps our soul alive, and still
Confirms our stedfast ways.

- 2 O ! come, all ye that fear the Lord ;
Attend with heedful care,
Whilst I what God for me has done,
With grateful joy declare.

- 3 As I before his aid implor'd,
So now I praise his name ;
Who, if my heart had harbour'd sin,
Would all my prayers disclaim.

- 4 But God to me, whene'er I cry'd,
His gracious ear did bend ;
And to the voice of my request,
With constant love attend.

- 5 Then bless'd for ever be my God,
Who never, when I pray,
With-holds his mercy from my soul,
Nor turns his face away.

P S A L M L X V I I .

- 1 **T**O blefs thy chofen race,
 In mercy, Lord, incline ;
 And caufe the brightnefs of thy face
 On all thy faints to fhine :
- 2 That fo thy wonderous way
 May through the world be known ;
 Whilft diftant lands their tribute pay,
 And thy falvation own.
- 3 Let differing nations join
 To celebrate thy fame ;
 Let all the world, O Lord, combine
 To praise thy glorious name.
- 4 O let them fhout and fing,
 Diffolv'd in pious mirth ;
 For thou, the righteous Judge and King,
 Shalt govern all the earth.
- 5 Let differing nations join
 To celebrate thy fame ;
 Let all the world, O Lord, combine
 To praise thy glorious name.
- 6 Then God upon our land
 Shall constant bleffings fhower ;
 And all the world in awe fhall ftand
 Of his refiftlefs power.

PSALM LXVII. O. V.

- 1 **H**AVE mercy on us, Lord,
And grant to us thy grace :
To shew to us, do thou accord,
The brightness of thy face.
- 2 That all the earth may know
The way to godly wealth :
And all the nations here below
May see thy saving health.
- 3 Let all the world, O God,
Give praise unto thy name :
And let the people all abroad
Extol and laud the same.
- 4 Throughout the world so wide
Let all rejoice with mirth ;
For thou with truth and right dost guide
The nations of the earth.
- 5 Let all the world, O God,
Give praise unto thy name ;
And let the people all abroad
Extol and laud the same.
- 6 Then shall the earth increase,
Great store of fruit shall fall,
And then our God, the God of peace,
Shall ever bless us all.

P S A L M L X V I I I .

1 **T**O God your voice in anthems raise;
 Jehovah's awful name he bears;
 In him rejoice, extol his praise,
 Who rides upon high-rolling spheres.

2 Him, from his empire of the skies,
 To this low world, compassion draws,
 The orphan's claim to patronize,
 And judge the injur'd widow's cause.

3 For benefits each day bestow'd,
 Be daily his great name ador'd;
 He is our Saviour and our God,
 Of life and death the sovereign Lord.

P S A L M L X X I I I .

1 **W**HOM then in heaven, but thee alone,
 Have I, whose favour I require?
 Throughout the spacious earth there's none
 That I besides thee can desire.

2 My trembling flesh and aking heart,
 May often fail to succour me;
 But God shall inward strength impart,
 And my eternal portion be.

3 For they that far from thee remove,
 Shall into sudden ruin fall:
 If after other Gods they rove,
 Thy vengeance shall destroy them all.

D

4 But

- 4 But as for me, 'tis good and just
That I should still to God repair ;
In him I always put my trust,
And will his wonderous works declare.

P S A L M LXXVII. O. V.

- 1 **I** Will regard and think upon
The working of the Lord :
And all his wonders past and gone,
I gladly will record.
- 2 Yea, all his works I will declare,
And what he did devise :
To tell his facts I will not spare,
And all his counsels wise.
- 3 Thy works, O Lord, are all upright,
And holy all abroad :
What one hath strength to match the might
Of thee, the Lord our God ?
- 4 Thou art a God that dost forth show
Thy wonders every hour :
And so dost make thy people know
Thy virtue and thy power.

P S A L M LXXXIV.

- 1 **O** GOD of hosts, the mighty Lord,
How lovely is the place,
Where thou, enthron'd in glory, shew'st
The brightness of thy face !

2 My

- 2 My longing soul faints with desire
To view thy blest abode ;
My panting heart and flesh cry out
For thee the living God.
- 3 O Lord of hosts, my King and God,
How highly blest are they,
Who in thy temple always dwell,
And there thy praise display !
- 4 Thrice happy they, whose choice has thee
Their sure protection made ;
Who long to tread the sacred ways
That to thy dwelling lead !
- 5 For God, who is our sun and shield,
Will grace and glory give ;
And no good thing will he with-hold
From them that justly live.

P S A L M LXXXIV. O. V.

- 1 **H**OW pleasant is thy dwelling-place,
O Lord of hosts, to me ?
The tabernacles of thy grace,
How pleasant, Lord, they be !
- 2 My soul doth long full sore to go
Into thy courts abroad ;
My heart and flesh cry out also
For thee the living God.
- 3 Oh they be blessed that may dwell
Within thy house always :

For they all times thy facts do tell,
And ever give thee praise.

- 4 Yea, happy sure likewise are they,
Whose stay and strength thou art:
Who to thy house do mind the way,
And seek it in their heart.
- 5 From strength to strength they go full fast,
No faintness there shall be:
And so the God of gods at last
In Sion they do see.

P S A L M LXXXV.

- 1 **T**O all that fear his holy name
His sure salvation's near;
And in it's former happy state
Our nation shall appear.
- 2 For mercy now with truth is join'd,
And righteousness with peace,
Like kind companions, absent long,
With friendly arms embrace.
- 3 Truth from the earth shall spring, whilst heaven
Shall streams of justice pour;
And God, from whom all goodness flows,
Shall endless plenty shower.
- 4 Before him righteousness shall march,
And his just paths prepare;
Whilst we his holy steps pursue,
With constant zeal and care.

P S A L M LXXXVI.

- 1 **D**O thou, O God, preserve my soul,
That does thy name adore ;
Thy servant keep ; and him, whose trust
Relies on thee, restore.
- 2 To me, who daily thee invoke,
Thy mercy, Lord, extend ;
Refresh thy servant's soul, whose hopes
On thee alone depend,
- 3 Thou, Lord, art good ; not only good,
But prompt to pardon too ;
Of plenteous mercy to all those
Who for thy mercy sue.
- 4 To my repeated humble prayer,
O Lord, attentive be !
When troubled, I on thee will call,
For thou wilt answer me.

P S A L M LXXXIX.

- 1 **T**HY mercies, Lord, shall be my song,
My song on them shall ever dwell :
To ages yet unborn my tongue
Thy never-failing truth shall tell.
- 2 For thy stupendous truth and love,
Both heaven and earth just praises owe,
By choirs of angels sung above,
And by assembled saints below.

- 3 What seraph of celestial birth
To vie with Israel's God shall dare ?
Or who among the gods of earth,
With our almighty Lord compare ?
- 4 With reverence and religious dread,
His servants to his house should press :
His fear through all their hearts should spread,
Who his almighty name confess.
- 5 Lord God of armies, who can boast
Of strength and power, like thine renown'd ?
Of such a numerous faithful host,
As that which does thy throne surround ?
- 6 Thou dost the lawless sea control,
And change the prospect of the deep :
Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll,
Thou mak'st the rolling billows sleep,
- 7 In thee the sovereign right remains
Of earth and heaven : thee, Lord, alone
The world and all that it contains,
Their Maker and Preserver own.
- 8 Thy arm is mighty, strong thy hand,
Yet, Lord, thou dost with justice reign :
Passest of absolute command.
Thou truth and mercy dost maintain !

P S A L M XC.

- 1 **S**O teach us, Lord, the uncertain sum
Of our short days to mind ;
That

That to true wisdom all our hearts
May ever be inclin'd.

2 Oh to thy servants, Lord, return,
And speedily relent !
As we of our misdeeds, do thou
Of our just doom, repent.

3 To satisfy and cheer our souls,
Thy early mercy lend ;
That we may all our days to come,
In joy and comfort spend.

4 Let happy times with large amends
Dry up our former tears ;
Or equal at the least the term
Of our afflicted years.

5 To all thy servants, Lord, let this
Thy wonderous work be known ;
And to our offspring yet unborn,
Thy glorious power be shown.

6 Let thy bright rays upon us shine,
Give thou our work success ;
The glorious work we have in hand,
Do thou vouchsafe to bless.

PSALM XCI.

4 **H**E, that hath God his guardian made,
Shall under the Almighty's shade
Secure and undisturb'd abide :

Thus

Thus to my soul of him I'll say,
 He is my fortress and my stay,
 My God, in whom I will confide.

2 Thy tender love and watchful care
 Shall free me from the fowler's snare,
 And from the noisome pestilence :
 Thou over me thy wings shalt spread,
 And cover my unguarded head ;
 Thy truth shall be my strong defence.

3 No terrors that surprise by night,
 Shall thy undaunted courage fright ;
 Nor deadly shafts that fly by day :
 Nor plague of unknown rise that kills
 In darkness, nor infectious ills
 That in the hottest seasons slay.

4 A thousand at thy side shall die,
 At thy right hand ten thousand lie,
 While thy firm health untouch'd remains :
 Thou only shalt look on and see
 The wicked's dismal tragedy,
 And count the sinner's mournful gains.

5 Because, with well-plac'd confidence,
 Thou mak'st the Lord thy sure defence,
 And on the Highest dost rely ;
 Therefore no ill shall thee befall,
 Nor to thy healthful dwelling shall
 Any infectious plague draw nigh.

6 For he, throughout thy happy days,
 To keep thee safe in all thy ways
 Shall give his angels strict commands ;

And

And they, lest thou should chance to meet
 With some rough stone to wound thy feet,
 Shall bear thee safely in their hands.

P S A L M XCII.

- 1 **H**OW good and pleasant must it be
 To thank the Lord most high !
 And with repeated hymns of praise,
 His name to magnify !
- 2 With every morning's early dawn,
 His goodness to relate ;
 And of his constant truth, each night,
 The glad effects repeat.
- 3 To ten-string'd instruments we'll sing,
 With tuneful psalt'ries join'd ;
 And to the harp, with solemn sounds,
 For sacred use design'd.
- 4 For through thy wondrous works, O Lord,
 Thou mak'st my heart rejoice ;
 The thoughts of them shall make me glad,
 And shout with cheerful voice.

P S A L M XCIII.

- 1 **W**ITH glory clad, with strength array'd,
 The Lord, that o'er all nature reigns,
 The world's foundation strongly laid,
 And the vast fabric still sustains.

How

- 2 How sure establish'd is thy throne,
Which shall no change or period see !
For thou, O Lord, and thou alone,
Art God from all eternity.
- 3 The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice,
And toss the troubled waves on high;
But God above can still their noise,
And make the angry sea comply.
- 3 Thy promise, Lord, is ever sure;
And they that in thy house would dwell,
That happy station to secure,
Must still in holiness excel.

P S A L M XCIV.

- 1 **B**LEST is the man whom thou, O Lord,
In kindness doth chastise;
And by thy sacred rules to walk
Dost lovingly advise.
- 2 This man shall rest and safety find
In seasons of distress:
Whilst God prepares a pit for those,
That stubbornly transgress.
- 3 For God will never from his saints
His favour wholly take;
His own possession and his lot
He will not quite forsake.
- 4 The world shall then confess thee just
In all that thou hast done;

And

And those that chuse thy upright ways,
Shall in these paths go on.

P S A L M X C V .

- 1 **O** Come, loud anthems let us sing,
Loud thanks to our almighty King,
For we our voices high should raise,
When our salvation's rock we praise.
- 2 Into his presence let us haste,
To thank him for his favours past:
To him address, in joyful songs,
The praise that to his name belongs.
- 3 For God the Lord, enthron'd in state,
Is, with unrival'd glory, great;
A King superior far to all,
Whom, by his title, God we call.
- 4 The depths of earth are in his hand,
Her secret wealth at his command;
The strength of hills, that reach the skies,
Subjected to his empire lies.
- 5 The rolling ocean's vast abyss
By the same sovereign right is his;
'Tis mov'd by his almighty hand,
That form'd and fix'd the solid land.
- 6 O let us to his courts repair,
And bow with adoration there;
Down on our knees devoutly all
Before the Lord our Maker fall.

P S A L M X C V I.

- 1 **S**ING to the Lord a new-made song ;
 Let earth, in one assembled throng,
 Her common patron's praise resound :
 Sing to the Lord, and bless his name,
 From day to day his praise proclaim,
 Who us has with salvation crown'd :
 To heathen lands his fame rehearse,
 His wonders to the universe.
- 2 Proclaim aloud, Jehovah reigns !
 Whose power the universe sustains,
 And banish'd Justice will restore :
 Let therefore heaven new joys confess,
 And heavenly mirth let earth express ;
 It's loud applause the oceans roar ;
 It's mute inhabitants rejoice,
 And for this triumph find a voice.
- 3 For joy let fertile vallies sing,
 The cheerful groves their tribute bring ;
 The tuneful choir of birds awake,
 The Lord's approach to celebrate,
 Who now sets out, with awful state,
 His circuit through the earth to take ;
 From heaven to judge the world he's come,
 With justice to reward and doom.

P S A L M X C V I. O. V.

- 1 **S**ING ye with praise unto the Lord,
 New songs with joy and mirth :

Sing

Sing unto him with one accord,
All people on the earth.

2 Yea, sing unto the Lord alway,
Praise ye his holy name :
Declare and shew from day to day
Salvation by the same.

3 Among the people all declare
His honour round about :
To shew his wonders do not spare
In all the world throughout.

4 For why ? the Lord is great in might,
And worthy of all praise :
And he is to be fear'd of right,
Above all Gods always.

P S A L M XCVII.

1 **J**EHOVAH reigns, let all the earth
In his just government rejoice ;
Let all the isles, with sacred mirth,
In his applause unite their voice.

2 You, who to serve this Lord aspire,
Abhor what's ill, and truth esteem :
He'll keep his servants souls entire,
And them from wicked hands redeem.

3 For seeds are sown of glorious light,
A future harvest for the just ;
And gladness for the heart that's right
To recompense his pious trust.

E

4 Rejoice,

- 4 Rejoice, ye righteous, in the Lord,
 Memorials of his holiness
 Deep in your faithful breasts record,
 And with your faithful tongues confess.

P S A L M XCVIII.

Cantate Domino.

- 1 **S**ING to the Lord a new-made song,
 Who wonderful things has done ;
 With his right-hand and holy arm
 'The conquest he has won.
- 2 The Lord has through the astonish'd world
 Display'd his saving might,
 And made his righteous acts appear
 In all the heathens, fight.
- 3 Of Israel's house, his love and truth
 Have ever mindful been :
 Wide earth's remotest parts the power
 Of Israel's God have seen.
- 4 Let therefore earth's inhabitants
 Their cheerful voices raise,
 And all with universal joy
 Resound their maker's praise.

P S A L M C.

- 1 **W**ITH one consent let all the earth
 To God their cheerful voices raise ;
 Glad

Glad homage pay with awful mirth,
And sing before him songs of praise.

2 Convinc'd that he is God alone,
From whom both we and all proceed ;
We, whom he chuses for his own,
The flock that he vouchsafes to feed.

3 O enter then his temple gate,
Thence to his courts devoutly press,
And still your grateful hymns repeat,
And still his name with praises bless.

4 For he's the Lord, supremely good,
His mercy is for ever sure ;
His truth, which always firmly stood,
To endless ages shall endure.

PSALM C. O. V.

1 **A**LL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice :
Him serve with fear, his praise forth tell,
Come ye before him, and rejoice.

2 The Lord, ye know, is God indeed !
Without our aid he doth us make :
We are his flock, he did us feed,
And for his sheep he doth us take.

3 O enter then his gates with praise,
Approach with joy his courts unto :
Praise, laud, and bless his name always,
For it is seemly so to do:

4 For

- 4 For why ? the Lord our God is good,
 His mercy is for ever sure :
 His truth at all times firmly stood,
 And shall from age to age endure.

P S A L M CII.

- 1 **W**HEN I pour out my soul in prayer,
 Do thou, O Lord, attend ;
 To thy eternal throne of grace
 Let my sad cry ascend.
- 2 O hide not thou thy glorious face
 In times of deep distress ;
 Incline thy ear, and, when I call,
 My sorrow soon redress.
- 3 My days just hastening to their end,
 Are like an evening shade :
 My beauty does, like wither'd grass,
 With waning lustre fade.
- 4 But thy eternal state, O Lord,
 No length of time shall waste ;
 The memory of thy wonderful works
 From age to age shall last.

P S A L M CIII.

- 1 **M**Y soul, inspir'd with sacred love,
 God's holy name for ever bless ;
 Of all his favours mindful prove,
 And still thy grateful thanks express.
- 2 'Tis

- 2 'Tis he that all thy sins forgives,
And after sickness makes thee sound ;
From danger he thy life retrieves,
By him with grace and mercy crown'd.
- 3 The Lord abounds with tender love,
And unexampled acts of grace ;
His waken'd wrath does slowly move ;
His willing mercy flies apace.
- 4 God will not always harshly chide,
But with his anger quickly part ;
And loves his punishment to guide,
More by his love than our desert.
- 5 As high as heaven it's arch extends
Above this little spot of clay ;
So much his boundless love transcends
The small regards that we can pay.
- 6 As far as 'tis from east to west,
So far has he our sins remov'd ;
Who, with a father's tender breast,
Hath such as fear'd him always lov'd.

P S A L M CIII. P. 2.

- 1 **T**HE Lord, the universal King,
In heaven hath fixt his lofty throne :
To him, ye angels, praises sing,
In whose great strength his power is shown.
- 2 Ye that his just commands obey,
And hear and do his sacred will ;

Ye hosts of his, this tribute pay,
Who still what he ordains fulfil.

- 3 Let every creature jointly bless
The mighty Lord : and thou, my heart,
With grateful joy thy thanks exprest,
And in this concert bear thy part.

P S A L M C I V.

- 1 **B**LESS God, my soul ; thou, Lord, alone,
Possessest empire without bounds ;
With honour thou art crown'd ; thy throne
Eternal Majesty furrounds.
- 2 With light thou dost thyself enrobe,
And glory for a garment take :
Heaven's curtains stretch beyond the globe,
Thy canopy of state to make.
- 3 God builds on liquid air, and forms
His palace-chambers in the skies ;
The clouds his chariots are, and storms
The swift-wing'd steeds on which he flies.
- 4 As bright as flame, as swift as wind,
His ministers heaven's palace fill,
'To have their sundry tasks assign'd ;
All pleas'd to serve their Sovereign's will.
- 5 In praising God, while he prolongs
My breath, I will that breath employ ;
And join devotion to my songs,
Sincere as is in him my joy.

6 When

6 While sinners from earth's face are hurl'd,
 My soul, praise thou his holy name,
 'Till with my song the listening world
 Join concert, and his song proclaim.

P S A L M C I V. O. V.

1 **M**Y soul praise the Lord, speak good of his
 name :

O Lord, our great God, how dost thou appear
 So passing in glory, that great is thy fame;
 Honour and majesty in thee shines most clear !

2 With light as a robe thou hast thyself clad;
 Whereby all the earth thy greatness may see :
 The heavens in such sort thou also hast spread,
 That they to a curtain compared may be.

3 His chamber-beams lie in the clouds full sure,
 Which as his chariots, are made him to bear ;
 And there with much swiftneſs his course doth
 endure,
 Upon the wings riding of winds in the air.

4 He maketh his ſpirits as heralds to go,
 And lightnings to ſerve we ſee alſo preſt :
 His will to accompliſh they run to and fro,
 To ſave and conſume things, as ſeemeth him beſt.

5 By angels in heaven of every degree,
 And ſaints upon earth all praise be addreſs'd,
 To God in three perſons, one God ever bleſs'd ;
 As it has been, now is, and always ſhall be.

P S A L M C V .

- 1 **O** Render thanks, and blefs the Lord ;
 Invoke his facred name ;
 Acquaint the nations with his deeds,
 His matchlefs deeds proclaim.
- 2 Sing to his praise in lofty hymns,
 His wonderous works rehearse ;
 Make them the theme of your difcourse,
 And fubject of your verfe.
- 3 Rejoice in his almighty name,
 Alone to be ador'd :
 And let their hearts o'erflow with joy,
 That humbly feek the Lord.
- 4 Seek ye the Lord, his faving ftrength
 Devoutly ftill implore :
 And, where he's ever prefent, feek
 His face for evermore.

P S A L M C V . O . V .

- 1 **G**IVE praises unto God the Lord,
 And call upon his name :
 Among the people all declare
 His works, to fpread his fame.
- 2 Sing joyfully unto the Lord,
 Yea, fing unto him praise :
 And talk of all his wonderous works,
 That he hath wrought always.

- 3 In honour of his holy name
Rejoice with one accord;
And let the heart also be glad
Of them that seek the Lord.
- 4 Seek ye the Lord, and seek the strength
Of his eternal might:
Yea, seek his face incessantly,
And presence of his sight.

P S A L M C V I.

- 1 **O** Render thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love;
Whose mercy firm through ages past
Has stood, and shall for ever last.
 - 2 Who can his mighty deeds express,
Not only vast, but numberless!
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise!
 - 3 Happy are they, and only they,
Who from thy judgments never stray;
Who know's what's right; nor only so,
But always practise what they know.
 - 4 Extend to me that favour, Lord,
Thou to thy chosen dost afford;
When thou return'st to set them free,
Let thy salvation visit me.
 - 5 O may I worthy prove to see
Thy saints in full prosperity!
- That

That I the joyful choir may join,
And count thy people's triumph mine.

- 6 Let Israel's God be ever blest.
His name eternally confest ;
Let all his saints with full accord,
Sing loud Amens—praise ye the Lord.

P S A L M C V I. O. V.

- 1 **P**RAISE ye the Lord, for he is good,
His mercy lasts alway :
Who can express his noble acts,
Or all his praise display ?
- 2 They blessed are that judgment keep,
And justly do alway :
With favour of thy people, Lord,
Remember me I pray.
- 3 And with thy saving health, O Lord,
Vouchsafe to visit me :
That I the great felicity
Of thy elect may see.
- 4 And with thy people's joy I may
A joyful mind possess :
And may, with thy inheritance,
A cheerful heart express.

P S A L M C X I.

- 1 **P**RAISE ye the Lord ; our God to praise
My soul her utmost power shall raise ;
With

With private friends, and in the throng
Of saints, his praise shall be my song.

- 2 His works, for greatness, though renown'd,
His wonderous works with ease are found
By those who seek for them aright,
And in the pious search delight.
- 3 His works are all of matchless fame,
And universal glory claim ;
His truth, confirm'd through ages past,
Shall to eternal ages last.
- 4 By precepts he has us enjoin'd,
To keep his wonderous works in mind ;
And to posterity record,
That good and gracious is our Lord.
- 5 Just are the dealings of his hands,
Immutable are his commands,
By truth and equity sustain'd,
And for eternal rules ordain'd.
- 6 Who wisdom's sacred prize would win,
Must with the fear of God begin ;
Immortal praise and heavenly skill
Have they who know and do his will.

PSALM CXII.

- 1 **T**HAT man is blest who stands in awe
Of God, and loves his sacred law :
His seed on earth shall be renown'd,
And with successive honours crown'd !

2 His

- 2 His house the seat of wealth shall be,
An inexhausted treasury ;
His justice, free from all decay,
Shall blessings to his heirs convey.
- 3 The soul, that's fill'd with virtue's light,
Shines brightest in affliction's night :
To pity the distress'd inclin'd,
As well as just to all mankind.
- 4 His liberal favours he extends,
To some he gives, to others lends :
Yet what his charity impairs,
He saves by prudence in affairs.
- 5 Beset with threatening dangers round,
Unmov'd shall he maintain his ground ;
The sweet remembrance of the just
Shall flourish when he sleeps in dust.

P S A L M CXIII.

- 1 **Y**E faints and servants of the Lord,
The triumphs of his name record ;
His sacred name for ever blest :
Where'er the circling sun displays
His rising beams, or setting rays,
Due praise to his great name address.
- 2 God through the world extends his sway ;
The regions of eternal day
But shadows of his glory are :
To him, whose majesty excels,
Who made the heaven in which he dwells,
Let no created power compare.
- 3 Though

3 Though 'tis beneath his state to view
 In highest heaven what angels do,
 Yet he to earth vouchsafes his care :
 He takes the needy from his cell,
 Advancing him in courts to dwell,
 Companion of the greatest there.

P S A L M CXVII.

1 **W**ITH cheerful notes, let all the earth
 To heaven their voices raise ;
 Let all, inspir'd with godly mirth,
 Sing solemn hymns of praise.

2 God's tender mercy knows no bound,
 His truth shall ne'er decay :
 Then let the willing nations round,
 Their grateful tribute pay.

P S A L M CXVIII.

1 **O** Praise the Lord, for he is good,
 His mercies ne'er decay ;
 That his kind favours ever last,
 Let thankful Israel say.

2 Then open wide the temple-gates,
 To which the just repair,
 That I may enter in, and praise
 My great deliverer there.

3 Within those gates of God's abode
 To which the righteous press,

Since thou hast heard, and set me safe,
Thy holy name I'll bless.

4 That which the builders once refus'd,
Is now the corner stone ;
This is the wonderful work of God,
The work of God alone.

5 This day is God's : let all the land
Exalt their cheerful voice :
Lord, we beseech thee, save us now,
And make us still rejoice.

PSALM CXIX. P. I. ALEPH.

1 **H**OW blest are they, who always keep
The pure and perfect way !
Who never from the sacred paths
Of God's commandments stray !

2 Thrice blest ! who to his righteous laws
Have still obedient been !
And have with fervent humble zeal
His favour fought to win.

3 Such men their utmost caution use,
To shun each wicked deed ;
And in the path which he directs
With constant care proceed.

4 Thou strictly hast enjoin'd us, Lord,
To learn thy sacred will ;
And all our diligence employ
Thy statutes to fulfil.

5 Oh

- 5 Oh then that thy most holy will
Might o'er my ways preside !
And I the course of all my life
By thy direction guide !

PSALM CXIX. P. 5. HE.

- 1 **I** NSTRUCT me in thy statutes, Lord,
Thy righteous paths display ;
And I from them, through all my life,
Will never go astray.
- 2 If thou true wisdom from above
Wilt graciously impart ;
To keep thy perfect laws I will
Devote my zealous heart.
- 3 Direct me in the sacred ways
To which thy precepts lead ;
Because my chief delight has been
Thy righteous paths to tread.
- 4 Do thou to thy most just commands
Incline my willing heart ;
Let no desire of worldly wealth
From thee my thoughts divert.

PSALM CXIX. P. 17. PE.

- 1 **T** HE very entrance to thy word
Celestial light displays :
And knowledge of true happiness
To simple minds conveys.

- 2 With eager hopes I waiting stood,
And fainted with desire,
That of thy wise commands I might
The sacred skill acquire.
- 3 With favour, Lord, look down on me,
Who thy relief implore;
As thou art wont to visit those
Who thy blest name adore.
- 4 Directed by thy heavenly word,
Let all my footsteps be ;
Nor wickedness of any kind
Dominion have o'er me.

P S A L M CXXI.

- 1 **T**O Zion's hill I lift my eyes,
From thence expecting aid ;
From Zion's hill, and Zion's God,
Who heaven and earth has made.
- 2 Then thou, my soul, in safety rest,
Thy guardian will not sleep ;
His watchful care, that Israel guards,
Will Israel's monarch keep.
- 3 Shelter'd beneath the Almighty's wings,
Thou shalt securely rest,
Where neither sun nor moon shall thee
By day or night molest.
- 4 At home, abroad, in peace, in war,
Thy God shall thee defend :

Conduct

Conduct thee through life's pilgrimage
Safe to thy journey's end.

P S A L M CXXX.

- 1 **M**Y soul with patience waits
For thee the living Lord :
My hopes are on thy promise built,
Thy never-failing word.
- 2 My longing eyes look out
For thy enlivening ray ;
More duly than the morning watch,
To spy the dawning day.
- 3 Let Israel trust in God,
No bounds his mercy knows ;
The plenteous source and spring from whence
Eternal succour flows.
- 4 Whose friendly streams to us,
Supplies in want convey ;
A healing spring, a spring to cleanse
And wash our guilt away.

P S A L M CXXXIII.

- 1 **H**OW vast must their advantage be,
How great their pleasure prove,
Who live like brethren, and consent
In offices of love !
- 2 True love is like that precious oil
Which pour'd on Aaron's head,

Ran down his beard, and o'er his robes,
It's costly moisture shed.

- 3 'Tis like refreshing dew which does
On Hermon's top distil ;
Or like the early drops that fall
On Zion's fruitful hill.
- 4 For God to all, whose friendly hearts
With mutual love abound,
Has firmly promis'd length of days
With constant blessings crown'd.

PSALM CXXXIII. O. V.

- 1 **O** What a happy thing it is,
And joyful for to see,
Brethren to dwell together in
Friendship and unity.
- 2 'Tis like the precious ointment, that
Was pour'd on Aaron's head ;
Which from his beard down to the skirts
Of his rich garments spread.
- 3 And as the lower ground doth drink
The dew of Hermon-hill ;
And Zion, with his silver drops,
The fields with fruit doth fill .
- 4 Ev'n so the Lord doth pour on them
His blessings manifold :
Whose hearts and minds sincerely do
This knot fast keep and hold.

P S A L M CXXXV.

- 1 **O** Praise the Lord with one consent,
And magnify his name ;
Let all the servants of the Lord
His worthy praise proclaim.
- 2 Praise him, all ye that in his house
Attend with constant care ;
With those that to his outmost courts,
With humble zeal repair.
- 3 For this our truest interest is,
Glad hymns of praise to sing ;
And with loud songs to bless his name,
A most delightful thing.

P S A L M CXXXVI.

- 1 **T**O God, the mighty Lord,
Your joyful thanks repeat ;
To him due praise afford,
As good as he is great :
For God does prove
Our constant friend ;
His boundless love
Shall never end.
- 2 To him, whose wonderful power
All other gods obey,
Whom earthly kings adore,
This grateful homage pay :
For God, &c.

3 By his almighty hand
 Amazing works are wrought ;
 The heavens, by his command,
 Were to perfection brought :
 For God, &c.

4 He spread the ocean round
 About the spacious land ;
 And made the rising ground
 Above the waters stand :
 For God, &c.

5 Through heaven he did display
 His numerous hosts of light ;
 The sun to rule by day,
 The moon and stars by night :
 For God, &c.

6 He does the food supply
 On which all creatures live ;
 To God, who reigns on high,
 Eternal praises give :
 For God will prove
 Our constant friend ;
 His boundless love
 Shall never end.

P S A L M CXXXIX.

1 **T**HOU, Lord, by strictest search hast known
 My rising-up and lying-down ;
 My secret thoughts are known to thee,
 Known long before conceiv'd by me.

2 Thine

- 2 Thy eye my bed and paths surveys,
My public haunts and private ways ;
Thou know'st what 'tis my lips would vent,
My yet unutter'd words' intent.
- 3 Surrounded by thy power I stand,
On every side I find thy hand :
O skill, for human reach too high !
Too dazzling bright for mortal eye !
- 4 Oh could I so perfidious be,
To think of once deserting thee !
Where, Lord, could I thy influence shun ?
Or whither from thy presence run ?
- 5 If up to heaven I take my flight,
'Tis there thou dwell'st enthron'd in light :
Or dive to hell's infernal plains,
'Tis there almighty vengeance reigns.
- 6 If I the morning's wings could gain,
And fly beyond the western main,
Thy swifter hand would first arrive,
And there arrest thy fugitive.

P S A L M CXLV. P. I.

- 1 **T**HEE I'll extol, my God and King,
Thy endless praise proclaim :
This tribute daily I will bring,
And ever blest thy name.
- 2 Thou, Lord, beyond compare art great,
And highly to be prais'd ;

Thy

Thy majesty, with boundless height,
Above our knowledge rais'd.

- 3 Renown'd for mighty acts, thy fame
To future times extends ;
From age to age thy glorious name
Successively descends.
- 4 Whilst I thy glory and renown,
And wonderous works express ;
The world with me thy might shall own,
And thy great power confess.

PSALM CXLV. P. 2.

- 1 **T**HE Lord does them support that fall,
And makes the prostrate rise ;
For his kind aid all creatures call,
Who timely food supplies.
- 2 Whate'er their various wants require
With open hand he gives :
And so fulfils the just desire
Of every thing that lives.
- 3 How holy is the Lord, how just !
How righteous all his ways !
How nigh to him, who with firm trust
For his assistance prays !
- 4 He grants the full desires of those
Who him with fear adore,
And will their troubles soon compose,
When they his aid implore.

P S A L M CXLVI.

- 1 **O** Praise the Lord, and thou, my soul,
 For ever bless his name ;
 His wondrous love, while life shall last,
 My constant praise shall claim.
- 2 On kings, the greatest sons of men,
 Let none for aid rely ;
 They cannot save in dangerous times,
 Nor timely help apply.
- 3 Depriv'd of breath, to dust they turn,
 And there neglected lie ;
 And all their thoughts and vain designs
 Together with them die.
- 4 Then happy he, who Jacob's God
 For his protector takes ;
 Who still, with well-plac'd hope, the Lord
 His constant refuge makes.
- 5 The God that does in Zion dwell
 Is our eternal King :
 From age to age his reign endures,
 Let all his praises sing.

P S A L M CXLVII.

- 1 **O** Praise the Lord with hymns of joy,
 And celebrate his fame !
 For pleasant, good, and comely 'tis
 To praise his holy name.

2 He

- 2 He kindly heals the broken hearts,
And all their wounds doth close;
He tells the number of the stars,
Their several names he knows.
- 3 Great is the Lord, and great his power,
His wisdom has no bound :
The meek he raises, and throws down
The wicked to the ground.
- 4 To God, the Lord, a hymn of praise
With grateful voices sing :
To songs of triumph tune the harp,
And strike each warbling string.
Hallelujah.

P S A L M CXLVIII.

- 1 **Y**E boundless realms of joy,
Exalt your Maker's fame ;
His praise your songs employ
Above the starry frame ;
Your voices raise, ye cherubim
And seraphim, to sing his praise.
- 2 Thou moon, that rul'st the night,
And sun that guid'st the day ;
Ye glittering stars of light,
To him your homage pay :
His praise declare, ye heavens above,
And clouds that move in liquid air.
- 3 Let them adore the Lord,
And praise his holy name,
By whose almighty word
They all from nothing came :

And

And all shall last from changes free ;
His firm decree stands ever fast.

4 United zeal be shown,
His wonderous fame to raise,
Whose glorious name alone
Deserves our endless praise.
Earth's utmost ends his power obey ;
His glorious sway the sky transcends.

5 His chosen saints to grace,
He sets them up on high,
And favours Israel's race,
Who still to him are nigh,
Oh therefore raise your grateful voice,
And still rejoice the Lord to praise.

P S A L M . CXLIX.

1 **O** Praise ye the Lord, prepare your glad
voice,
His praise in the great assembly to sing.
In our great Creator let Israel rejoice,
And children of Zion be glad in their King.

2 Let them his great name extol in the dance ;
With timbrel and harp his praises express :
Who always takes pleasure his saints to advance,
And with his salvation the humble to bless.

3 With glory adorn'd, his people shall sing
To God, who their beds with safety does shield ;

G

Their

Their mouths fill'd with praises of him their
 great King;
 Whilst a two-edged sword their right hand shall
 wield.

P S A L M C L.

- 1 **O** Praise the Lord, in that blest place
 From whence his goodness largely flows;
 Praise him in heaven, where he his face
 Unveil'd in perfect glory shews.
- 2 Praise him for all the mighty acts
 Which he in our behalf hath done;
 His kindness this return exacts,
 With which our praise should equal run.
- 3 Let the shrill trumpet's warlike voice
 Make rocks and hills his praise rebound;
 Praise him with harp's melodious noise,
 And gentle psaltery's silver sound.
- 4 Let all that vital breath enjoy,
 The breath he does to them afford,
 In just returns of praise employ;
 Let every creature praise the Lord!

.....

Veni Creator Spiritus. P. 1.

- 1 **C**OME, Holy Ghost, eternal God!
 Proceeding from above,
 Both from the Father and the Son,
 The God of peace and love.

2 Visit

- 2 Visit our minds, and into us
Thy heavenly grace inspire;
That truth and godliness we may
Pursue with full desire.
- 3 Thou art the very Comforter
In all grief and distress:
The heavenly gift of God most high,
Which no tongue can express:
- 4 The fountain, and the living spring
Of joy celestial:
The fire so bright, the love so sweet,
And unction spiritual.
- 5 Thou in thy gifts art manifold,
Whereby Christ's church doth stand;
In faithful hearts writing thy law,
The finger of God's hand.
- 6 According to thy promise made,
Thou givest speech with grace:
That through thy help God's praises may
Resound in every place.

Veni Creator Spiritus. P. 2.

- 1 **O** Holy Ghost, into our souls
Send down thy heavenly light;
Inflame our hearts, with fervent love,
To serve God day and night.

- 2 Our weakness strengthen and confirm,
Which feeble is and frail:

That neither devil, world, nor flesh,
Against us may prevail.

- 3 Our enemies put far from us,
And help us to obtain
Peace in our hearts with God and man,
The best and truest gain.
- 4 And grant, O Lord, that thou being
Our leader and our guide,
We may escape the snares of sin,
And never from thee slide.
- 5 Such measures of thy powerful grace
Grant, Lord, to us, we pray;
That thou may'st be our Comforter
At the last dreadful day.

Veni Creator Spiritus.

From the Office of Ordination :

- 1 COME, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire,
Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost thy sevenfold gifts impart.
- 2 Thy blessed unction from above,
Is comfort, life, and fire of love;
Enable with perpetual light
The dulness of our binded sight.
- 3 Anoint, and cheer our soiled face
With the abundance of thy grace.

Keep

Keep far our foes, give peace at home !
Where thou art guide no ill can come.

- 4 Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And Thee of both to be but One ;
That through the ages all along
This, this may be our endless song——
Praise God, &c.

*Prayer to the Holy Ghost, to be sung before the
Sermon. P. I.*

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, God of might,
The Comforter of all :
Teach us to know thy word aright,
That we may never fall.
- 2 O Holy Ghost, visit our land,
Defend us with thy shield :
Against all sin and wickedness,
Lord, help us win the field.
- 3 O Lord, preserve our king, and bless
His counsel, that they may
Be stedfast in the gospel of
Our Saviour Christ alway.
- 4 O Lord, that giv'st thy holy word,
Send preachers plenteously :
That in the same we may accord,
And therein live and die.

*Prayer to the Holy Ghost, to be sung before the
Sermon. P. 2.*

- 1 **O** Holy Spirit, guide aright
The preachers of thy word,
That thou by them may'st cut down sin,
As it were with a sword.
- 2 Depart not from thy pastors pure,
But aid them at their need;
Who break to us the bread of life,
Whereon our souls do feed.
- 3 Convert all those that are our foes,
And bring them to thy light :
That they and we may all agree,
And praise thee day and night.
- 4 In our time give thy peace, O Lord,
To nations far and nigh :
And teach them all thy word, that they
May sing to thee, Most-High.

The Lamentation of a Sinner.

- 1 **O** Lord, turn not thy face away
From him that lies prostrate,
Lamenting sore his sinful life,
Before thy mercy-gate;
- 2 Which thou dost open wide to those,
That do lament their sin :
O shut it not against me, Lord,
But let me enter in.

- 3 Call me not to a strict account
How I have lived here :
For then I know right well, O Lord,
Most vile I shall appear :
- 4 So come I to the throne of grace,
Where mercy doth abound,
Desiring mercy for my sin,
To heal my deadly wound.
- 5 O Lord, I need not to repeat,
What I do beg or crave :
For thou dost know, before I ask,
The thing that I would have :
- 6 Mercy, good Lord, mercy I ask,
This is the total sum,
For mercy, Lord, is all my suit ;
O let thy mercy come !
- ~~~~~

The following Versions are more modern.

P S A L M VI.

- 1 **L**ORD, in thy wrath no more chastise,
Nor let thy whole displeasure rise
Against a child of man :
Have mercy, Lord, for I am weak ;
And heal my soul diseas'd and sick,
And full of sin and pain.
- 2 Body and soul thy judgments feel,
Thy heavy wrath afflicts me still :
Oh when shall it be o'er !

Turn

Turn thee, O Lord, and save my soul,
And for thy mercy's sake make whole,
And bid me sin no more.

- 3 The Lord hath heard my groans and tears,
The Lord shall still accept my prayers,
And all my foes o'erthrow :
Shall conquer and destroy them too,
And make e'en me a creature new,
A sinless saint below.

P S A L M VIII.

- 1 **T**HOU, the God of power and grace,
Whom highest heavens adore,
Callest babes to sing thy praise,
And manifest thy power :
Lo ! they in thy strength go on,
Lo ! on all thy foes they tread,
Cast the dire accuser down,
And bruise the serpent's head.

- 2 Yet, when I survey the skies
And planets as they roll,
Wonder dims my aching eyes,
And swallows up my soul ;
Moon and stars so wide display,
Chant their maker's praise so loud,
Pour insufferable day,
And draw me up to God !

- 3 What is man, that thou, O Lord,
Hast such respect to him !
Comes from heaven the incarnate Word,
His creature to redeem ;

Wherefore

Wherefore wouldst thou stoop so low ?

Who the mystery shall explain ?

God is flesh, and lives below,

And dies for wretched men !

- 4 Sovereign, everlasting Lord,
How excellent thy name !
Held in being by thy word,
Thee all thy works proclaim :
Through this earth thy glories shine,
Through those dazzling worlds above,
All confess the source divine,
The almighty God of love !

P S A L M X V I I I .

- 1 **T**HEE will I love, O Lord, my power:
My rock and fortress is the Lord,
My God, my Saviour, and my tower,
My horn and strength, my shield and sword;
Secure I trust in his defence,
I trust in his omnipotence.

- 2 Still will I invoke his name,
And spend my life in prayer and praise,
His goodness own, his promise claim,
And look for all his saving grace,
'Till all his saving grace I see,
From sin and hell for ever free.

- 3 He sav'd me in temptation's hour,
Horribly caught and compass'd round,
Expos'd to satan's raging power,
In floods of sin and sorrow drown'd,
Condemn'd

Condemn'd the second death to feel,
Arrested by the pangs of hell.

- 4 To God, my God, with plaintive cry,
I call'd in agony of fear,
My humble wailing pierc'd the sky,
My groaning reach'd his gracious ear,
He heard me from his glorious throne,
And sent the timely rescue down.

P S A L M XIX.

- 1 **T**HE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim :
- 2 The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land,
The work of an Almighty Hand.
- 3 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth :
- 4 While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.
- 5 What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball :

What

What though nor real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found :

- 6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing, as they shine,
THE HAND THAT MADE US IS DIVINE.

PSALM XXIII.

- 1 **T**HE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye ;
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

- 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountains pant,
To fertile vales, and dewy meads
My weary, wandering steps he leads ;
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

- 3 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still ;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

- 4 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile :
The barren wilderness shall smile,

With

With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.

P S A L M XXXII.

- 1 **B**LEST is the man supremely blest,
Whose wickedness is all forgiven,
Who finds in Jesu's wounds his rest,
And sees the smiling face of heaven.
- 2 The guilt and power of sin is gone
From him that doth in Christ believe;
Cover'd it lies, and still kept down,
And buried in his Saviour's grave.
- 3 Blest is the man to whom his Lord
No more imputes iniquity,
Whose spirit is by grace restor'd,
From all the guilt of Satan free.
- 4 Free from design or selfish aim,
Harmless and pure, and undefil'd,
A simple follower of the Lamb,
And harmless as the new-born child.
- 5 Thou art my hiding-place ; in thee
I rest secure from sin and hell,
Safe in the love that ransom'd me,
And shelter'd in thy wounds I dwell.
- 6 Still shall thy grace to me abound,
The countless wonders of thy grace
I still shall tell to all around,
And sing my great-deliverer's praise.

P S A L M XXXVI.

1 **T**HE Lord sustains the world he made,
 Thy love preserves both man and beast;
 Beneath thy wing's almighty shade
 The sons of men securely rest !
 They who frequent thy hallow'd place
 Shall banquet on thy richest grace.

2 Their souls shall drink the crystal stream
 Which ever issues from thy throne :
 Fountain of joy and bliss supreme,
 Eternal life and thou art one ;
 To us, to all so freely given,
 The light of life, the heaven of heaven !

3 Stay then with those that know thy peace,
 The simple men of heart sincere,
 From all their foes and sins release,
 From pride and lust redeem them here ;
 Thy utmost saving grace extend,
 And love, Oh love them to the end.

4 The prayer is seal'd ; we now foresee
 The downfall of our inbred foes :
 Jesus hath got the victory,
 His own right-hand our sins o'erthrows ;
 Destroys their being with their power :
 They die, they fall to rise no more.

P S A L M XLV. P. I.

1 **M**Y heart is full, O Christ, and longs
 It's glorious matter to declare !
 Of thee I make my loftier songs,
 And will not from thy praise forbear ;

H

My

My ready tongue makes haste to sing
The beauties of my heavenly King.

- 2 Fairer than all the earth-born race,
Perfect in comeliness thou art ;
Replenish'd are thy lips with grace,
And full of love thy tender heart ;
God ever blest, we bow the knee,
And own all fulness dwells in thee.
- 3 Gird on thy thigh the Spirit's sword,
And take to thee thy power divine,
Stir up thy strength, almighty Lord,
All power and majesty are thine ;
Assert thy worship and renown,
O all-redeeming God, come down.
- 4 Come, and maintain thy righteous cause,
And let thy glorious toil succeed,
Dispread the victory of thy cross,
Ride on, and prosper in thy deed,
Through earth triumphantly ride on,
And reign in all our hearts alone.

P S A L M XLV. P. 2.

- 1 **O** God the Son, thy sway we own,
Thy dying love doth all control ;
Justice and grace support thy throne,
Set up in every faithful soul ;
Stedfast it stands in them, and sure,
When pure as thou, O Christ, art pure.

- 2 Lover thou art of purity,
And hatest every spot of sin,
Nothing profane can dwell with thee,
Nothing unholy or unclean :
And therefore doth thy Father own
His glorious likeness in his Son.
- 3 Therefore he hath his Spirit shed,
Spirit of joy, and power, and grace,
Immeasurably on thy head ;
First-born of all the chosen race!
From thee the sacred unction springs,
That makes thy fellows priests and kings.
- 4 Thee, Jesus, King of kings, and Lord
Of lords, I glory to proclaim,
From age to age thy praise record,
That all the world may learn thy name :
And all shall soon thy grace adore,
When time and sin shall be no more.

PSALM XLVII.

- 1 **G**LORIOUS is the Lord most high,
Terrible in majesty ;
He his sovereign sway maintains,
King o'er all the earth he reigns.
- 2 He the people shall subdue,
Make us kings and conquerors too,
Force the nations to submit,
Bruise our sins beneath our feet.

- 3 He shall bless his ransom'd ones,
 Number us with Israel's sons ;
 God our heritage shall prove,
 Give us all a lot of love.
- 4 Jesus is gone up on high,
 Takes his seat above the sky :
 Shout the angel-choirs aloud,
 Echoing to the trump of God !
- 5 Sons of earth, the triumph join,
 Praise him with the host divine,
 Emulate the heavenly powers,
 Their victorious Lord is ours.
- 6 Shout the God enthron'd above,
 Trumpet forth his conquering love ;
 Praises to our Jesus sing,
 Praises to our glorious King !
- 7 Power is all to Jesus given,
 Power o'er hell, and earth, and heaven !
 Power he now to us imparts :
 Praise him with believing hearts.

P S A L M LXIII.

- 1 **M**Y God, permit my tongue
 This joy, to call thee mine ;
 And let my early cries prevail
 To taste thy love divine.

2 Within

- 2 Within thy churches, Lord,
 I long to find my place,
 Thy power and glory to behold,
 And feel thy quickening grace.
- 3 For life without thy love
 No relish can afford ;
 No joy can be compar'd with this,
 To serve and please the Lord.
- 4 In wakeful hours of night,
 I call my God to mind :
 I think how wise thy counsels are,
 And all thy dealings kind.
- 5 Since thou hast been my help,
 To thee my spirit flies,
 And on thy watchful providence
 My cheerful hope relies.
- 6 The shadow of thy wings
 My soul in safety keeps :
 I follow where my Father leads,
 And he supports my steps.

P S A L M LXXXIV.

- 1 **L**ORD of the worlds above,
 How pleasant and how fair,
 The dwelling of thy love,
 Thy earthly temples are !
 To thy abode my heart aspires,
 With warm desires to see my God !

2 O happy souls that pray
 Where God appoints to hear :
 O happy men that pay
 Their constant service there !
 They praise thee still : and happy they
 That love the way to Zion's hill.

3 They go from strength to strength,
 Through this dark vale of tears,
 'Till each o'ercomes at length,
 'Till each in heaven appears.
 O glorious feat ! Thou God our king
 Shalt thither bring our willing feet.

4 God is our sun and shield,
 Our light and our defence ;
 With gifts his hands are fill'd,
 We draw our blessings thence :
 He shall bestow upon our race
 His saving grace, and glory too.

5 The Lord his people loves,
 His hand no good witholds
 From those his heart approves,
 From holy humble souls,
 Thrice happy he, O God of hosts,
 Whose spirit trusts alone in thee !

PSALM XCII.

Sabbath Day.

1 SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
 To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing ;
 To shew thy love by morning-light,
 And talk of all thy truths at night.

2 Sweet

- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
 No mortal cares should seize my breast;
 Oh may my heart in tune be found,
 Like David's harp of solemn sound!
- 3 My heart shall triumph in the Lord,
 And bless his work, and bless his word;
 Thy works of grace how bright they shine!
 How deep thy counsels! how divine!
- 4 I soon shall see, and hear, and know,
 What mortals cannot reach below:
 And all my powers find sweet employ,
 In that eternal world of joy.

P S A L M C.

Jubilate Deo.

- 1 **B**EFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
 Ye nations, bow with sacred joy:
 Know that the Lord is God alone;
 He can create, and he destroy.
- 2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
 Made us of clay, and form'd us men;
 And when like wandering sheep we stray'd,
 He brought us to his fold again.
- 3 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
 High as the heavens our voices raise;
 And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
 Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
- 4 Wide as the world is thy command,
 Vast as eternity thy love,

Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

P S A L M CXIV.

- 1 **W**HEN Israel freed from Pharoah's hand,
Left the proud tyrant and his land,
The tribes with cheerful homage own
Their King ; and Judah was his throne.
- 2 Across the deep their journey lay,
The deep divides to make them way :
Jordan beheld their march, and fled
With backward current to his head.
- 3 The mountains shock like frightened sheep ;
Like lambs the little hillocks leap :
Not Sinai on his base could stand,
Conscious of sovereign power at hand.
- 4 What power could make the deep divide ?
Make Jordan backward roll his tide ?
Why did ye leap, ye little hills ?
And whence the fright that Sinai feels ?
- 5 Let every mountain, every flood
Retire, and know the approaching God,
The king of Israel : see him here ;
Tremble thou earth ; adore, and fear !
- 6 He thunders, and all nature mourns ;
The rock to standing pools he turns ;
Flints spring with fountains at his word,
And fires and seas confess the Lord.

P S A L M C X I V .

- 1 **W**HEN Israel out of Egypt came,
 And left the proud oppressor's land,
 Conducted by the great I AM,
 Safe in the hollow of his hand;
 The Lord in Israel reign'd alone,
 And Judah was his favourite throne.
- 2 The sea beheld his power, and fled,
 Disparted by the wonderous rod,
 Jordan ran backward to his head,
 And Sinai felt the incumbent God;
 The mountain's skip'd like frightened rams,
 The hills leap'd after them as lambs.
- 3 What ail'd thee, O thou trembling sea,
 What horror turn'd the river back?
 Was nature's God displeas'd at thee?
 And why should hills and mountains shake?
 Ye mountains huge, who skip'd like rams,
 Ye hills, who leap'd as frightened lambs!
- 4 Earth, tremble on, with all thy sons,
 In presence of thy awful Lord,
 Whose power inverted nature owns
 Her only law his sovereign word:
 He shakes the centre with a nod,
 And heaven bows down to Jacob's God.
- 5 Creation varied by his hand
 The omnipotent Jehovah knows:
 The sea is turn'd to solid land,
 The rock into a fountain flows;

And

And all things, as they change, proclaim
Their Lord eternally the same.

P S A L M CXVI.

- 1 **O** Thou, who when I did complain,
Didst all my griefs remove,
O Saviour, do not now disdain
My humble praise and love.
- 2 Since thou a pitying ear didst give,
And heardst me when I pray'd,
I'll call upon thee while I live,
And never doubt thy aid.
- 3 Pale death, with all his ghastly train,
My soul encompass round,
Anguish and sin, and dread, and pain,
On every side I found.
- 4 To thee, O Lord of life, I pray'd,
And did for succour flee:
O save (in my distress I said)
The soul that trusts in thee!
- 5 How good thou art, how large thy grace!
How easy to forgive!
The helpless thou delight'st to raise:
And by thy love I live:
- 6 Then, O my soul, be never more
With anxious thoughts distressed,
God's bounteous love doth thee restore
To ease, and joy, and rest.

- 7 My eyes no longer drown'd in tears,
My feet from falling free,
Redeem'd from death, and guilty fears,
O Lord, I'll live to thee !

PSALM CXVII.

- 1 **Y**E nations, who the globe divide,
Ye numerous nations scatter'd wide,
To God your grateful voices raise :
To all his boundless mercies shown
His truth to endless ages known
Require our endless love and praise.

- 2 In trouble on the Lord I cried,
And felt the pardoning word applied ;
He answer'd me in peace and power,
He pluck'd my soul out of the net,
In a large place of safety set,
And bade me go and sin no more.

- 3 To him, who reigns enthron'd on high,
To his dear Son, who deign'd to die,
Our guilt and errors to remove !
To that blest Spirit, who grace imparts,
Who rules in all believing hearts,
Be ceaseless glory, praise, and love !

PSALM CXVIII. P. I.

- 1 **T**HE Lord, I now can say, is mine,
And confident in strength divine,
Nor man, nor fiends, nor flesh I fear :
Jesus

Jesus the Saviour takes my part,
 And keeps the issues of my heart,
 My helper is for ever near.

- 2 Wherefore I soon my wish shall see
 On all who hate and strive with me,
 My full redemption now draws nigh;
 My enemies shall all be slain,
 And not one spot of sin remain;
 It's relicks shall for ever die.
- 3 The voice of joy, and love, and praise,
 And thanks for his redeeming grace,
 Among the justified is found:
 With songs that rival those above,
 With shouts proclaiming Jesu's love,
 Both day and night their tents resound.
- 4 The Lord's right-hand hath wonders wrought,
 Above the reach of human thought,
 The Lord's right-hand exalted is;
 We see it still stretch'd out to save,
 The power of God in Christ we have,
 And Jesus is the Prince of peace.
- 5 I shall not die in sin, but live,
 To Christ my Lord the glory give,
 His miracles of grace declare,
 When he the work of faith hath done,
 When I have put his image on,
 And fruit unto perfection bear.

P S A L M CXVIII. P. 2.

1 **O** PEN the gates of righteousness,
 Receive me into Christ, my Peace;
 That I his praises may record :
 He is the truth, the life, the way,
 The portal of eternal day,
 The gate of heaven is Christ my Lord.

2 Through him the just shall enter in,
 Sav'd to the uttermost from sin :
 Already sav'd from all it's power :
 The Lord my righteousness I praise,
 And calmly wait the perfect grace,
 When born of God I sin no more.

3 Jesus is lifted up on high,
 Whom man refus'd and doom'd to die,
 He is become the corner-stone ;
 Head of his church he lives and reigns,
 His kingdom over all maintains,
 High on his everlasting throne.

P S A L M CXVIII.

1 **T** HIS is the day the Lord hath made,
 He calls the hours his own ;
 Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
 And praise surround the throne.

2 To-day he rose and left the dead,
 And satan's empire fell ;
 To-day the saints his triumphs spread,
 And all his wonders tell.

- 3 Hosanna to the anointed King,
 To David's holy Son :
 Help us, O Lord, descend, and bring
 Salvation from thy throne.
- 4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men
 With messages of grace ;
 Who comes in God his Father's name
 To save our sinful race.
- 5 Hosanna in the highest strains
 The church on earth can raise ;
 The highest heavens, in which he reigns,
 Shall give him nobler praise.

P S A L M CXXI.

- 1 **T**O the hills I lift my eyes,
 The everlasting hills,
 Streaming thence in fresh supplies,
 My soul the Spirit feels :
 Will he not his help afford ?
 Help, while yet I ask is given :
 God comes down : the God and Lord
 That made both earth and heaven.
- 2 See, the Lord thy keeper stand
 Omnipotently near :
 Lo ! he holds thee by thy hand,
 And banishes thy fear ;
 Shadows with his wings thy head,
 Guards from all impending harms ;
 Round thee and beneath are spread
 The everlasting arms.

- 3 Thee, in evil's scorching day,
 The sun shall never smite ;
 Thee, the moon's malignest ray
 Shall never blast by night :
 Safe from known or secret foes,
 Free from sin and Satan's thrall ;
 God, when flesh, earth, hell oppose,
 Shall keep thee safe from all.
- 4 Christ shall bless thy going out,
 Shall bless thy coming in,
 Kindly compass thee about,
 Till thou art sav'd from sin ;
 Like thy spotless Saviour thou,
 Fill'd with wisdom, love, and power ;
 Holy, pure, and perfect now,
 Henceforth and evermore.

P S A L M CXXII.

- 1 **O** How overjoy'd was I,
 When the solemn hour drew nigh !
 Summon'd to the house of prayer,
 Flew my soul to worship there.

Come, my cheerful brethren said,
 Let us go with holy speed ;
 Let us haste with one accord
 To the temple of our Lord.

- 2 Running at his kind command,
 There our ready feet shall stand,
 Still within the sacred gate
 Will we for his mercy wait :

Love the channels of his grace,
 Reverence the hallow'd place :
 Where our Lord records his name,
 Stay we in Jerufalem.

- 3 God hath built his church below,
 Labour'd all his art to shew ;
 Each with each the parts agree,
 Fram'd in perfect fymmetry.

There the chofen tribes go up,
 Testify their gospel-hope,
 Praise, and blefs the incarnate Word,
 Shout the name of Chrift, the Lord !

P S A L M CXXIV.

- 1 **H**AD not the Lord, we now may cry,
 Appear'd his people to fustain,
 The threat'ning floods that dash'd the fky,
 Had whirl'd us down to hell again :
 O'erwhelm'd us in the gulph beneath,
 And plung'd our fouls in endless death.
- 2 But God hath quell'd their angry pride,
 And kept us in our evil hour,
 His name be blest and glorified,
 He hath not left us to their power,
 His word restrain'd their lawlefs will,
 And bade the raging fea be ftill.
- 3 He pluck'd the prey out of their teeth,
 Our fouls have 'fcap'd the fowler's fnare,
 Broke thro' the toils of fin and death ;
 And lo ! our helper we declare,

The

The Lord of heaven and earth proclaim,
And bless the almighty Jesu's name.

P S A L M CXXV.

1 **W**HO in the Lord confide,
And feel his sprinkled blood,
In storms and hurricanes abide
Firm as the mount of God :
Stedfast, and fixt, and sure,
His Zion cannot move,
His faithful people stand secure
In Jesu's guardian love.

2 As round Jerusalem
The hilly bulwarks rise,
So God protects and covers them
From all their enemies :
On every side he stands,
And for his Israel cares,
And safe in his almighty hands
Their souls for ever bears.

3 O let us still abide
In thee, all-gracious Lord,
Till every soul is sanctified,
And perfectly restor'd :
The men of heart sincere
Continue to defend,
And do them good, and save them here,
And love them to the end.

P S A L M CXXVI. P. 1.

1 **W**HEN our redeeming Lord
 Pronounc'd the pardoning word,
 Turn'd our soul's captivity,
 O what sweet surprise we found!
 Wonder ask'd, " And can it be !"
 Scarce believ'd the welcome found.

2 And is it not a dream ?
 And are we sav'd through him ?
 Yes, our bounding heart replied,
 Yes, broke out our joyful tongue,
 Freely we are justified ;
 This the new, the gospel-song !

3 The Heathen too could see
 Our glorious liberty :
 All our foes were forc'd to own,
 God for them hath wonders wrought :
 Wonders he for us hath done,
 From the house of bondage brought.

4 To us our gracious God
 His pardoning love hath shew'd,
 Now our joyful souls are free
 From the guilt and power of sin,
 Greater things we soon shall see,
 We shall soon be pure within.

P S A L M CXXVI. P. 2.

1 **T**URN us again, O Lord,
 Pronounce the second word,
 Loose our hearts, and let us go
 Down the Spirit's fullest flood,

Freely

Freely to the fountain flow,
All be swallow'd up in God.

- 2 Who for thy coming wait,
And wail their lost estate,
Poor, and sad, and empty still,
Who for full redemption weep,
They shall thy appearing feel,
Sow in tears, in joy to reap.
- 3 Who feed immortal bears,
And wets his path with tears,
Doubtless he shall soon return,
Bring his sheaves with vast increase,
Fully of the Spirit born,
Perfected in holiness.

P S A L M CXXXII.

- 1 **W**E too the joyful sound have heard,
That God is coming to his place ;
Here in the wilderness prepar'd ;
Our Lord a holy church shall raise :

- 2 For this our willing soul shall go,
And lowly at his footstool lie,
Where'er his tent is pitch'd below,
And for a glorious temple cry.

- 3 Arise, O Lord, into thy rest,
Thou, and thy ark of perfect power,
God over all, for ever blest,
Thee, Jesus, let our hearts adore.

4 Thy

- 4 Thy priests be cloath'd with righteousness,
Thy praise their happy lives employ,
The saints in thee their all possess,
And shout the sons of God for joy.
- 5 O for thy love, thy Jesu's sake,
Us, thy anointed ones receive,
In the Belov'd accepted make,
And bid us to thy glory live.

P S A L M CXXXIII. P. I.

- 1 **B**EHOLD, how good a thing
It is to dwell in peace,
How pleasing to our king
This fruit of righteousness ;
When brethren all in one agree
Who knows the joys of unity !
- 2 When all are sweetly join'd,
True followers of the Lamb,
The same in heart and mind,
And think and speak the same ;
And all in love together dwell,
The comfort is unspeakable.
- 3 Where unity takes place,
The joys of heaven we prove ;
This is the gospel-grace,
The unction from above,
The Spirit, on all believers shed,
Descending swift from Christ our head.
- 4 Where unity is found,
The sweet anointing grace
Extends.

Extends to all around,
 And consecrates the place;
 To every waiting soul it comes,
 And fills it with divine perfumes.

P S A L M CXXXIII. P. 2.

1 **G**RACE every morning new,
 And every night, we feel;
 The soft refreshing dew,
 That falls from Hermon's hill!
 On Zion it doth sweetly fall,
 The grace of one descends on all.

2 Even now our Lord doth pour
 The blessing from above,
 A kindly, gracious shower
 Of heart-reviving love,
 The former and the latter rain,
 The love of God, and love of man.

3 In him when brethren join,
 And follow after peace,
 The fellowship divine
 He promises to bless;
 His grace and Spirit to bestow,
 Where two or three are met below.

4 The riches of his grace
 In fellowship are given,
 To Zion's chosen race,
 The citizens of heaven;
 He fills them with his choicest store,
 He gives them life for evermore.

P S A L M CXXXIV.

- 1 **Y**E servants of God, whose diligent care
Is ever employ'd in watching and prayer ;
With praises unceasing your Jesus proclaim,
Rejoicing and blessing his excellent name.
- 2 'Tis Jesus commands, come all to his house,
And lift up your hands, and pay him your vows:
And while ye are giving your Maker his due,
The Lord out of heaven shall sanctify you.

P S A L M CXXXVI.

- 1 **G**IVE to our God immortal praise !
Mercy and truth are all his ways ;
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.
- 2 Give to the Lord of lords renown,
The King of kings with glory crown ;
His mercies ever shall endure,
When lords and kings are known no more.
- 3 He built the earth, he spread the sky,
And fix'd his starry lights on high :
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.
- 4 He fills the sun with morning light,
He bids the moon direct the night :
His mercies ever shall endure,
When sun and moon shall shine no more.
- 5 The

- 5 He sent his Son with power to save
From guilt, and darkness, and the grave ;
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.
- 6 Through this vain world he guides our feet,
And leads us to his heavenly seat :
His mercies ever shall endure,
When this vain world shall be no more.

PSALM CXLV.

- 1 **M**Y God, my King, thy various praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days ;
Thy grace employs my humble tongue,
Till death and glory raise the song.
- 2 The wings of every hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to thy ear :
And every setting sun shall see
New works of duty done for thee.
- 3 Thy truth and justice I'll proclaim ;
Thy bounty flows, an endless stream ;
Thy mercy swift, thy anger slow,
But dreadful to the stubborn foe.
- 4 Thy works with sovereign glory shine,
And speak thy majesty divine ;
Let Britain round her shores proclaim
The sound and honour of thy name.
- 5 Let distant times and nations raise
The long succession of thy praise ;

And

And unborn ages make my song
The joy and labour of their tongue.

- 6 But who can speak thy wondrous deeds?
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds:
Vast and unsearchable thy ways;
Vast and immortal be thy praise!

PSALM CXLV. 7, &c.

- 1 **S**WEET is the memory of thy grace,
My God, my heavenly king!
Let age to age thy righteousness
In sounds of glory sing.
- 2 God reigns on high, but not confines
His goodness to the skies;
Through the whole earth his goodness shines,
And every want supplies.
- 3 With longing eyes thy creatures wait
On thee, for daily food;
Thy liberal hand provides them meat,
And fills their mouths with good.
- 4 How kind are thy compassions, Lord!
How slow thy anger moves!
But soon he sends his pardoning word
To cheer the soul he loves.
- 5 Creatures, with all their endless race,
Thy power and praise proclaim;
But we, who taste thy richer grace,
Delight to bless thy name,

PSALM CXLV. 14. &c.

1 **L**ET every tongue thy goodness speak,
Thou sovereign Lord of all;
Thy strength'ning hands uphold the weak,
And raise the poor that fall.

2 When sorrow bows the spirit down,
Or virtue lies distressed,
Beneath the proud oppressor's frown,
Thou giv'st the mourner rest.

3 The Lord supports our infant days,
And guides our giddy youth;
Holy and just are all thy ways,
And all thy words are truth.

4 Thou know'st the pains thy servants feel,
Thou hear'st thy children cry,
And their best wishes to fulfil
Thy grace is ever nigh.

5 Thy mercy never shall remove
From men of heart sincere;
Thou sav'st the souls, whose humble love
Is join'd with holy fear.

6 My lips shall dwell upon thy praise,
And spread thy fame abroad:
Let all the sons of Adam raise
The honours of their God!

PSALM CXLVI.

1 **I**'LL praise my Maker while I've breath,
 And when my voice is lost in death,
 Praise shall employ my nobler powers ;
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
 While life and thought and being last,
 Or immortality endures.

2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
 On Israel's God ; he made the sky,
 And earth, and seas, with all their train :
 His truth for ever stands secure ;
 He saves the oppressed, he feeds the poor,
 And none shall find his promise vain.

3 The Lord pours eye-sight on the blind,
 The Lord supports the fainting mind ;
 He sends the labouring conscience peace,
 He helps the stranger in distress,
 The widow and the fatherless,
 And grants the prisoner sweet release.

4 I'll praise him while he lends me breath,
 And when my voice is lost in death,
 Praise shall employ my nobler powers ;
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
 While life and thought and being last,
 Or immortality endures.

PSALM CXLVII.

1 **P**RAISE ye the Lord ; 'tis good to raise
 Our hearts and voices in his praise ;
 His nature and his works invite
 To make this duty our delight.

2 He

- 2 He form'd the stars, those heavenly flames,
He counts their numbers, calls their names :
His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound,
A deep where all our thoughts are drown'd.
- 3 Sing to the Lord ; exalt him high,
Who spreads his clouds around the sky,
There he prepares the fruitful rain,
Nor lets the drops descend in vain.
- 4 He makes the grafs the hills adorn,
And clothes the smiling fields with corn ;
The beasts with food his hands supply,
And the young ravens when they cry.
- 5 What is the creature's skill or force ?
The sprightly man or warlike horse ?
The piercing wit, the active limb ?
All are too mean delights for him.
- 6 But faints are lovely in his sight,
He views his children with delight !
He sees their hope, he knows their fear,
And looks and loves his image there.

P S A L M CXLVIII.

- 1 **Y**E, who dwell above the skies,
Free from human miseries ;
Ye, whom highest heaven imbowers,
Praise the Lord with all your powers.

- 2 Angels, your clear voices raise ;
Him, ye heavenly armies, praise ;

Sun and moon with borrow'd light,
All ye sparkling eyes of night.

- 3 Water hanging in the air,
Heaven of heavens his praise declare ;
His deserved praise record ;
His, who made you by his word.
- 4 Let the earth his praise resound,
Monstrous whales, and seas profound ;
Vapours, lightning, hail and snow,
Storms, which were he bids you, blow.
- 5 Flowery hills and mountains high ;
Cedars, neighbours to the sky :
Trees and cattle, creeping things ;
All that cut the air with wings.
- 6 You, who awful scepters sway,
You, accusom'd to obey,
Princes, judges of the earth,
All of high, and humble birth :
- 7 Youths and virgins, flourishing
In the beauty of your spring ;
Ye, who were but born of late,
Ye, who bow with age's weight ;
- 8 Praise his name with one consent :
O how great ! how excellent !
Than the earth profounder far ;
Higher than the highest star.
- 9 He will his to glory raise ;
Ye, his saints, resound his praise :

Yet

Ye, his sons, his chosen race,
Bless his love, and sovereign grace.

PSALM CXLVIII.

- 1 **P**RAISE ye the Lord, immortal choir,
That fill the realms above;
Praise him who form'd you of his fire,
And feeds you with his love.
- 2 Shine to his praise, ye crystal skies,
The floor of his abode:
Or veil in shades your thousand eyes,
Before your brighter God.
- 3 Thou restless globe of golden light,
Whose beams create our days,
Join with the silver queen of night,
To own your borrow'd rays.
- 4 Winds, ye shall bear his name aloud,
Through the ethereal blue;
For when his chariot is a cloud,
He makes his wheels of you.
- 5 Shout to the Lord, ye surging seas,
In your eternal roar;
Let wave to wave resound his praise,
And shore reply to shore.
- 6 Wave your tall heads, ye lofty pines,
To him that bids you grow;
Sweet clusters bend the fruitful vines
On every thankful bough.

7 Let the shrill birds his honour raise,
 And climb the morning sky;
 While grovelling beasts attempt his praise
 In hoarser harmony.

8 Thus, while the meaner creatures sing,
 Ye mortals take the sound;
 Echo the glories of your King
 Through all the nations round.

P S A L M CXLVIII. 3.

Sun, Moon, and Stars, Praise ye the LORD.

1 **R**EGENT of all the worlds above,
 Thou sun, whose rays adorn our sphere,
 And with unwearied swiftness move
 To form the circle of the year:

2 Praise the Creator of the skies,
 Who decks thy orb with borrow'd rays;
 Or may the sun forget to rise,
 When he forgets his Maker's praise.

3 Thou reigning beauty of the night,
 Far queen of silence, silver moon:
 Whose paler fires and female light
 Are softer rivals of the noon:

4 Arise, and to that sovereign power,
 Waxing and waning honours pay;
 Who bade thee rule the dusky hours,
 And half supply the absent day.

5 Ye glittering stars, that gild the skies,
 When darkness has her curtain drawn,
 That

That keep the watch with wakeful eyes,
When business, cares, and day are gone :

6 Proclaim the glories of your Lord,
Dispers'd through all the heavenly street,
Whose boundless treasures can afford
So rich a pavement for his feet.

7 Thou heaven of heavens, supremely bright,
Fair palace of the court divine,
Where with inimitable light
The Godhead condescends to shine :

8 Praise thou the great inhabitant,
Who scatters lovely beams of grace
On every angel, every saint,
Nor veils the lustre of his face.

9 O God of glory. God of love,
Thou art the sun that mak'st our days ;
Midst all thy wondrous works above
Let earth and dust attempt thy praise !

P S A L M C L.

1 **P**RAISE the Lord, who reigns above,
And keeps his court below,
Praise the holy God of love,
And all his greatness shew :
Praise him for his noble deeds,
Praise him for his matchless power ;
Him, from whom all good proceeds,
Let earth and heaven adore.

2 Celebrate the eternal God
With harp and psaltery,

Timbrels

Timbrels soft, and cymbals loud
 In his high praise agree :
 Praise him every tuneful string,
 All the reach of heavenly art,
 All the powers of music bring,
 The music of the heart.

- 3 Him in whom they move and live,
 Let every creature sing,
 Glory to their Maker give,
 And homage to their King ;
 Hallowed be his name beneath,
 As in heaven on earth ador'd,
 Praise the Lord in every breath ;
 Let all things praise the Lord !

Te Deum Laudamus. P. I.

- 1 **W**E praise our God with one accord,
 Thee we confess to be the Lord ;
 The spacious earth adores thy name,
 Father of everlasting fame.
- 2 To thee aloud all angels cry,
 The heavens, and all the powers on high ;
 Both cherubim and seraphim
 Continual songs of praise proclaim.
- 3 O holy, holy, holy Lord !
 Great God of sabaoth ! (they record)
 With splendour of thy glory spread,
 Is heaven and earth replenished.
- 4 The apostle's glorious company
 Praise thee, O God, perpetually ;

The

The prophets also join to raise
The song of universal praise.

- 5 The noble and victorious host
Of martyrs make of thee their boast ;
The holy church throughout the earth
Acknowledge and extol thy worth,
- 6 Father of boundless Majesty !
Thy true and only Son most high !
Also the sweet Remembrancer,
The Holy Ghost, the Comforter !

Te Deum Laudamus. P. 2.

- 1 **M**ESSIAH ! joy of every heart,
Thou, Thou the King of glory art !
Thou art, before all time begun,
The Father's everlasting Son.
- 2 Thou, undertaking in our room,
Didst not abhor the virgin's womb :
The pains of death o'ercome by thee
Made heaven to all believers free.
- 3 At God's right hand thou hast thy seat,
And in the Father's glory great.
We do believe that thou shalt come
To judge us, and to seal our doom.
- 4 Lord, help thy servants, whom (when lost)
Thy blood redeem'd at so great cost ;
Place them on everlasting thrones
Of glory, with thy holy ones.

5 Thy

5 Thy people, Lord, do thou protect,
And bless thy heritage elect,
Govern thy church, and, Lord, advance
For ever thy inheritance.

6 Thy mercy, Lord, to us dispense,
According to our confidence;
Lord, I have put my trust in thee,
O let me not confounded be!

Vouchsafe, O Lord, to keep us this Day without Sin.

Te Deum.

1 **V**OUCHSAFE to keep me, Lord, this day
Without committing sin,
And with me let thy Spirit stay,
Till he is fixt within.

2 Thou canst from every sin secure;
And is it not thy will
Still to preserve thy servant pure
From every touch of ill?

3 Whate'er I ask, the truth hath said,
I surely shall receive:
I ask to be made free indeed,
And without sin to live.

4 Whate'er I ask in faith I have,
As sure as God is true;
My faithful God is strong to save,
And he is ready too.

5 Willing he is that all should live
From all their sins set free:

Lord,

Lord, I thy solemn word receive,
Thy oath to rescue me.

- 5 Vouchsafe to keep me, Lord, this day,
And every day from sin,
Until thou take it all away,
And bring thy nature in.

Te Deum Laudamus. P. I.

- 1 **I**NFINITE God, to Thee we raise
Our hearts, in solemn songs of praise;
By all thy works on earth ador'd,
We worship Thee, the common Lord,
The everlasting Father own,
And bow our souls before thy throne.

- 2 Thee all the choir of angels sings,
The Lord of hosts, the King of kings!
Cherubs proclaim thy praise aloud,
And seraphs shout the TRIUNE GOD!
And holy, holy, holy, cry,
Thy glory fills both earth and sky!

- 3 God of the patriarchal race,
The ancient seers record thy praise,
The goodly apostolic band
In highest joy and glory stand,
And all the saints and prophets join
To extol thy majesty divine.

- 4 Head of the martyr's noble host,
Of Thee they justly make their boast;
The church to earth's remotest bounds
Her heavenly founder's praise resounds,

And

And strive with those around the throne
To hymn the mystic Three in One.

- 5 Father of endless majesty,
All might and love they render Thee,
Thy true and only Son adore,
The same in dignity and power,
And God the Holy Ghost declare,
The saints eternal Comforter.

Te Deum Laudamus. P. 2.

- 1 **M**ESSIAH! joy of every heart,
Thou, thou the King of glory art!
The Father's everlasting Son!
'Thee, thee we most delight to own;
For all our hopes on thee depend,
Whose glorious mercies never end.

- 2 Bent to redeem a sinful race,
Thou, Lord, with unexampled grace
Into our lower world didst come,
And stoop to a poor virgin's womb,
Whom the heavens cannot contain,
Our God appear'd—a Child of man!

- 3 When thou hadst render'd up thy breath,
And dying drawn the sting of death,
Thou didst from earth triumphant rise,
And ope the portals of the skies,
That all who trust in thee alone
Might follow, and partake thy throne.

- 4 Seated at God's right hand again,
Thou dost in all his glory reign,

Thou

Thou dost, thy Father's image, shine
 In all the attributes divine,
 And thou in vengeance clad shalt come
 To seal our everlasting doom.

- 5 Wherefore we now for mercy pray,
 O Saviour, take our sins away!
 Before thou as our Judge appear
 In dreadful majesty severe,
 Appear our advocate with God,
 And save the purchase of thy blood.

Te Deum Laudamus. P. 3.

- 1 **H**ALLOW, and make thy servants meet,
 And with thy saints in glory seat,
 Sustain, and bless us by thy swa ,
 And keep to that tremendous day,
 When all thy church shall chant above
 The new eternal song of love.

- 2 Rejoicing now in glorious hope
 That thou at last wilt take us up,
 With daily triumph we proclaim,
 And bless and magnify thy name,
 And wait thy greatness to adore
 When time and death shall be no more.

- 3 Till then with us vouchsafe to stay,
 And keep us pure from sin to-day,
 Thy great confirming grace bestow,
 And guard us all our days below,
 And ever mightily defend,
 And save, O save us to the end!

4 Still

- 4 Still let us, Lord, with love be blest,
 Who in thy guardian mercy rest,
 The weakest soul that trusts in thee,
 Extend thy mercy's arms to me,
 And never let me lose thy love,
 Till I, even I, am crown'd above.

*O ye Spirits and Souls of the Righteous, bless ye
 the LORD, &c. Benedicite.*

- 1 **H**AIL, glorious angels, heirs of light,
 Ye high-born sons of fire!
 Whose hearts burn chaste, whose flames shine
 bright,
 All joy, yet all desire.

- 2 Hail, holy saints, who long in hope
 And expectation sat,
 Till for it's King, heaven did set ope
 It's everlasting gate.

- 3 Hail, great apostles of the Lamb,
 Who brought that early ray,
 Which, from our sun, reflected came,
 And made a glorious day.

- 4 Hail, generous martyrs, whose strong hearts
 Bravely rejoic'd to prove,
 How weak, pale death, are all thy darts
 Compar'd to those of love.

- 5 Hail, all ye happy spirits above,
 Who make that glorious ring
 About the sparkling throne of love,
 And there for ever sing.

6 Great Lord, among their crowns of praise,
Accept this little wreath,
Which, while their lofty notes they raise,
We humbly sing beneath.

G L O R I A P A T R I, &c.

S. M. *As Psalm 25.*

To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, glory be ;
As 'twas, and is, and shall be so
To all eternity.

C. M. *As Psalm. 1.*

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

L. M. *As Psalm 100.*

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom heaven and earth adore,
Be glory, as it was of old,
Is now, and shall be evermore.

Chorus to Veni Creator Spiritus. Page 78.

Praise to thy eternal merit,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.

L. M.

L. M. By BR. KENN. *As Psalm 57.*

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise him, all creatures here below ;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

As Psalm 113.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom heaven's triumphant host,
And suffering saints on earth adore,
Be glory as in ages past,
As now it is, and so shall last,
When earth and heaven shall be no more.

As Psalm 148.

To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit ever blest'd,
Eternal 'Three in One,
All worship be address'd,
As heretofore it was, is now,
And shall be so for evermore.



SELECT

H Y M N S.

UT QUISQUE DE SCRIPTURIS SANCTIS, VEL
DE PROPRIO INGENIO POTEST, PROVOCATUR
IN MEDIUM DEO CANERE.

TERTULL. APOL. XXXIX.

1875

1875

1875

1875

1875

SELECT

H Y M N S

FROM

VARIOUS AUTHORS.

They sung as it were a new Song before the Throne.

REV. XIV. 3.

SOLITI ESSENT CONVENIRE CARMENQUE
CHRISTO QUASI DEO DICERE.

PLIN. EP. L. X.

MANCHESTER:

PRINTED BY G. SWINDELLS.

MDCCLXXXIX.

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF
HIS MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY
CHARLES THE FIRST
BY
JAMES HALLAM, ESQ.
OF THE MIDDLE TEMPLE, ESQ.
IN PARLIAMENT

AND
OF THE
REIGN OF
HIS MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY
CHARLES THE SECOND
BY
JAMES HALLAM, ESQ.
OF THE MIDDLE TEMPLE, ESQ.
IN PARLIAMENT

AND
OF THE
REIGN OF
HIS MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY
CHARLES THE SECOND
BY
JAMES HALLAM, ESQ.
OF THE MIDDLE TEMPLE, ESQ.
IN PARLIAMENT

P R E F A C E.

PSALMS and HYMNS, sung with humble adoration, diffuse a calmness all around us, give a proper turn to our thoughts, and purify and exalt our passions. They strengthen our devotion, cherish divine impulses, and advance praise into holy rapture.

St. Paul therefore writes to the Colossians; “ Let the WORD OF CHRIST dwell in you richly in all wisdom, teaching and admonishing one another in Psalms, and Hymns, and Spiritual Songs, *Odai pneumatikai*, Spiritual Odes, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord.” And when he and Silas were thrust into the inner prison, and their feet secured in the stocks, even “ at midnight they prayed and sang praises,” *hymnount ton Theon*, sang a Hymn to God, notwithstanding their weariness, hunger, stripes, and blood.

Clemens Alexandrinus, who lived in the second century, exhibits an amiable picture of the Christians, and the sanctity of their manners. He
faith,

faith, “ a good Christian’s life is a continual festival, his sacrifices are prayers and praises, reading the scriptures before meat, and singing psalms and hymns at meat.” *

In the fragment of an anonymous author, extant in Eusebius of the third century, the heresy of Arteman, who denied the Divinity of Christ, is clearly confuted not only by proofs from the holy scriptures, and the writings of the preceding Fathers, but also from “ the Psalms and Odes which were composed by the Brethren, wherein, *ten Christen hymnoust*, they sang Hymns to Christ, calling him God.” † Such a private composition was that hymn which Clemens Alexandrinus mentions, as commonly known among the Christians in his days, which begins, *Chaire Phos!* Hail, Light. §

The following Selection is adapted to the principal Festivals of the Church. And the chief subject is DIVINE LOVE.

The Love of God is manifested chiefly in sending his own Son into this world, delivering

* *Stromat.* l. 7. p. 523. † *Lib.* v. c. 28.

§ *Protreptic.* p. 52.

him up to death for us all, and giving the knowledge of salvation, pardon and peace to those who repent and believe, and eternal glory to those who continue in the obedience of love.

The Love of Christ is celebrated for his obedience to the Father, and compassion towards man. He assumed our nature, and became a prophet to teach us the religion of love—a king to enforce the law of love—a priest and victim to atone for our violations of that law. He lived to keep and recommend it to us. He wept, agonized, and sweated as it were great drops of blood, to shew the power of sympathizing love. He died on the cross to seal, with the last drop of his blood, the grace of redeeming love. He sunk into the grave, and descended into hades, to manifest the depth of love. He rose again to secure the triumphs of love. He ascended into heaven to carry on the mystery of love. And he still liveth to make intercession for us, and to draw all men unto himself.

The Love of God the Holy Ghost is displayed in his comforting and sanctifying influences. He inspired the patriarchs, prophets, and righteous men

men in all ages. He eminently descended upon the Apostles ; and still convinces the world of sin, righteousness, and judgment. He testifies the love of Christ. He applies the blood of sprinkling, sanctifies, and seals obedient Believers with the power of truth and love, the glory of the christian dispensation. He directs their goings, and prepares them for that sacred day, when Christ shall come again, to crown them with glory, honour, and immortality.

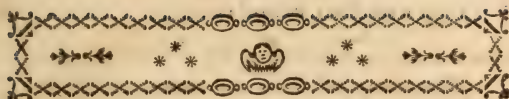
May we never rest satisfied with a small degree of holy animation. Let the love of God, the grace of Christ, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost fill our souls : then shall we emulate the celestial choirs in singing the unfearchable riches of CHRIST ! while our hearts burn with love “ unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father ; to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen.”

C. BAYLEY.

MANCHESTER,
1789.

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SELECT HYMNS.

HYMN I.

It is very meet, right, &c. Therefore, &c.

- 1 **M**EET and right it is to sing,
In ev'ry time and place,
Glory to our heav'nly king,
The God of truth and grace ;
Join we then with sweet accord,
All in one thanksgiving join :
HOLY, HOLY, HOLY, LORD,
Eternal praise be thine !
- 2 Thee the first-born sons of light,
In choral symphonies,
Praise by day, day without night,
And never, never cease :
Angels and archangels all
Praise the mystic Three in One ;
Sing, and stop, and gaze, and fall
O'erwhelm'd before thy throne.

A

3 Vying

3 Vying with that happy choir,
 Who chaunt thy praise above,
 We on eagle's wings aspire,
 The wings of faith and love :
 'Thee they sing with glory crown'd ;
 We extol the slaughter'd Lamb ;
 Lower if our voices sound,
 Our subject is the same.

4 Father, God, thy love we praise
 Which gave thy son to die :
 Jesus, full of truth and grace,
 Alike we glorify ;
 Spirit, Comforter divine,
 Praise by all to thee be giv'n ;
 'Till we in full chorus join,
 And earth is turn'd to heav'n.

H Y M N II.

1 **M**EET and right it is to sing
 Glory to our God and king :
 Meet in every time and place,
 To rehearse his solemn praise.

2 Join ye saints, the song around ;
 Angels help the chearful sound ;
 Publish through the world abroad
 Glory to th' eternal God.

3 Praises here to thee we give,
 Gracious thou our thanks receive ;
 Holy Father, sov'reign Lord,
 Ev'ry where be thou ador'd.

4 Tho'

- 4 Though th' injurious world exclaim.
Sing we still in Jesu's name;
Saviour, thee we ever blest,
Thee our Lord and God confess.

H Y M N III.

Glory be to God on high, and in earth, &c.

- 1 **G**LORY be to God on high,
God whose glory fills the sky;
Peace on earth to man forgiven,
Man, the well-beloved of heaven.
- 2 Sov'reign Father, heavenly King,
Thee we now presume to sing,
Glad thy attributes confess,
Glorious all and numberless.
- 3 Hail, by all thy works ador'd;
Hail the everlasting Lord;
Thee with thankful hearts we prove,
Lord of power, and God of love!
- 4 Christ our Lord and God we own;
Christ, the Father's only Son:
Lamb of God for sinners slain,
Saviour of offending man.
- 5 Bow thy ear, in mercy bow,
Hear, the world's atonement thou:
Jesus, in thy name we pray,
Take, O take our sins away.

A 2

6 Powerful

- 6 Powerful Advocate with God,
Justify us by thy blood !
Bow thy ear, in mercy bow,
Hear, the world's atonement thou.
- 7 Hear, for thou, O Christ, alone,
With thy glorious Sire art one ;
One the Holy Ghost with thee,
One supreme, eternal Three.

H Y M N IV.

Advent of Christ.

- 1 **L**AMB of God, that in the bosom
Of the Father dwellest high,
Deign to visit humble finners,
From thy rest above the sky.
- 2 God incarnate, leave thy glory,
Nor abhor the Virgin's womb ;
Spread salvation like a river ;
Jesus, let thy kingdom come.
- 3 Love divine, all loves excelling,
Joy of heaven to earth come down ;
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown.
- 4 Jesus, thou art all compassion,
Pure unbounded love thou art,
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter ev'ry trembling heart.
- 5 Shepherds

5 Shepherds did you hear him coming,
 Whilst you kept your flocks by night ?
 Did you see his star in heaven,
 Blaze with new created light.

6 Haste, ye Magi, come and worship,
 See the orient star before ;
 Bring your presents, gold and spices,
 Blest Arabia's balmy store.

7 All ye joyous hosts of heaven
 Loudly speak the Saviour's praise ;
 Saints and angels, in full chorus,
 Your seraphic voices raise.

8 Come, O come, your hallelujahs
 In wide echoing songs proclaim,
 Heaven and earth with joy resounding,
 Praise the blest Redeemer's name.

H Y M N V.

Christ's Message. Luke iv. 18, 19.

1 **H**ARK the glad sound ! the Saviour comes !
 The Saviour promis'd long !
 Let ev'ry heart prepare a throne,
 And ev'ry voice a song.

2 On him the spirit largely pour'd
 Exerts its sacred fire ;
 Wisdom and might and zeal and love,
 His holy breast inspire.

A 3

3 He

- 3 He comes the pris'ners to release,
 In satan's bondage held;
 The gates of brass before him burst,
 The iron fetters yield.
- 4 He comes from thickest films of vice
 To clear the mental ray,
 And on the eye-balls of the blind
 To pour celestial day.
- 5 He comes the broken heart to bind,
 The bleeding soul to cure;
 And with the treasures of his grace,
 T' enrich the humble poor.
- 6 Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace,
 Thy welcome shall proclaim:
 And heaven's eternal arches ring
 With thy beloved name.

HYMN VI.

Luke i. 25, 26.

- 1 **J**ESUS, God of our salvation,
 We desire thyself to see,
 Waiting for the consolation,
 Longing to believe on thee:
 Now vouchsafe the sacred power,
 Now the faith divine impart;
 Meet us in this solemn hour,
 Shine in every drooping heart.

2 *Anna-like*

2. *Anna*-like within the temple,
Simeon-like we meekly stay,
 Daily with thy saints assemble,
 Humbly for thy coming pray :
 While our souls are bow'd before thee,
 While we thus apply for grace,
 Come, thy people's light and glory,
 Shew to all thy heavenly face.
- 3 If to us thy sacred spirit
 Hath the future grace reveal'd,
 Let us by thy righteous merit
 Now receive our pardon seal'd :
 To eternal life appointed,
 Let us thy salvation see,
 Now behold the Lord's anointed,
 Now obtain our heaven in thee.

HYMN VII.

Praise.

- 1 **B**REATHE in praise of your Creator,
 Every heart his honours raise,
 Magnify the Lord of nature,
 Magnify the God of grace,
 Hallelujah !
 Fill the universe with praise.
- 2 Sing with glad anticipation,
 Mortals and immortals sing,
 Jesus comes with full salvation,
 Jesus doth his glory bring ;
 Hallelujah !
 God omnipotent is King.

HYMN VIII.

Isaiah ix. 2. Mal. iv. 2.

- 1 **L**IGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
 Borders on the shades of death,
 Come ! and by thy love's revealing
 Dissipate the clouds beneath :
 The new heaven and earth's Creator,
 In our deepest darkness rise,
 Scattering all the night of nature,
 Pouring eye-sight on our eyes.
2. Still we wait for thy appearing,
 Life and joy thy beams impart ;
 Chasing all our fears, and chearing
 Every poor benighted heart :
 Come, and manifest the favour
 Thou hast for the ransom'd race ;
 Come, thou universal Saviour,
 Come, and bring the gospel grace.
- 3 Save us in thy great compassion,
 O thou mild pacific Prince !
 Give the knowledge of salvation,
 Give the pardon of our sins ;
 By thy all-restoring merit
 Every burthen'd soul release ;
 By the influence of thy spirit
 Guide us into perfect peace.

HYMN IX.

- 1 **L**IGHT of life, seraphic fire,
 Love divine, thyself impart !
 Every fainting soul inspire ;
 Shine in every drooping heart !
 Every mournful sinner cheer ;
 Scatter all our guilty gloom !
 Son of God, appear, appear !
 To thy human temples come !
- 2 Come in this accepted hour ;
 Bring thy heavenly kingdom in !
 Fill us with the glorious power,
 Rooting out the seeds of sin :
 Nothing more can we require :
 We will covet nothing less :
 Be thou all our heart's desire,
 All our joy and all our peace !
- 3 Blessing, honour, thanks and praise,
 Pay we gracious God to thee ;
 Thou in thy abundant grace
 Givest us the victory :
 True and faithful to thy word,
 Thou hast glorify'd thy Son,
 Jesus Christ our dying Lord
 Hath for us the conquest won.

HYMN X.

Grateful Recollection—Ebenezer. 1. Sam. vii. 12.

- 1 **C**OME, thou Fount of ev'ry blessing,
 Tune my heart to sing thy grace !
 Streams

Streams of mercy never ceasing,
 Call for songs of loudest praise :
 Teach me some melodious sonnet,
 Sung by flaming tongues above ;
 Sacred mount—I'm fixt upon it,
 Mount of God's redeeming love !

2 Here I raise my Ebenezer,
 Hither by thy help I'm come ;
 And I hope by thy good pleasure
 Safely to arrive at home.
 Jesus fought me when a stranger,
 Wand'ring from the fold of God ;
 He, to rescue me from danger,
 Interpos'd his precious blood !

3 O ! to grace how great a debtor
 Daily I'm constrain'd to be !
 Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
 Bind my wandering heart to thee !
 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it ;
 Prone to leave Thee whom I love—
 Here's my heart, O take and seal it ;
 Seal it for thy courts above !

H Y M N XI.

Matt. xxv. 6.

1 **Y**E virgin souls arise,
 With all the dead awake,
 Unto salvation wise,
 Oil in your vessels take ;
 Upstarting at the midnight cry,
 Behold the heavenly bridegroom nigh.

2 He

2 He comes, He comes to call
 The nations to his bar,
 And raise to glory all
 Who meet for glory are :
 Made ready for your full reward,
 Go forth with joy to meet your Lord.

3 Go meet him in the sky,
 Your everlasting Friend,
 Your Head to glorify,
 With all his saints ascend ;
 Ye pure in heart, obtain the grace
 To see without a veil his face.

4 Ye that have here receiv'd
 The unction from above,
 And in his spirit liv'd
 Obedient to his love,
Jesus shall claim you for his Bride ;
 Rejoice with all the sanctified.

H Y M N XII.

1 **R**EJOICE in glorious hope
 Of that great day unknown,
 When we shall be caught up
 To stand before his throne ;
 Call'd to partake the marriage-feast,
 And lean on our *Immanuel's* breast.

2 The everlasting doors
 Shall soon the saints receive,
 Above those angel-powers
 In glorious joy to live,
 Far from a world of grief and sin,
 With God eternally shut in.

3 Then

- 3 Then let us wait to hear
 The trumpet's welcome sound ;
 To see our Lord appear,
 Watching let us be found !
 With that blest'd wedding robe endu'd
 The blood and righteousness of God.

HYMN XIII.

- 1 **T**HOU Judge of quick and dead !
 Before whose bar severe,
 With holy joy, or guilty dread,
 We all shall soon appear :
 Our caution'd souls prepare :
 For that tremendous day,
 And fill us now with watchful care,
 And stir us up to pray.
- 2 To pray, and wait the hour,
 That awful hour unknown,
 When robed in majesty and power,
 Thou shalt from heaven come down ;
 Th' immortal Son of Man,
 To judge the human race,
 With all thy Father's dazzling train,
 With all thy glorious grace.
- 3 To damp our earthly joys,
 To increase our gracious fears,
 For ever let th' Archangel's voice
 Be sounding in our ears ;
 The solemn midnight cry,
 " Ye dead, the Judge is come,
 " Arise, and meet him in the sky,
 " And meet your instant doom !"

- 5 O may we thus be found
 Obedient to his word,
 Attentive to the trumpet's sound,
 And looking for our Lord !
 O may we thus insure
 A lot among the blest,
 And watch a moment to secure
 An everlasting rest !

H Y M N XIV.

Rev. i. 7.

- 1 **L**O ! he comes with clouds descending,
 Once for favour'd sinners slain !
 Thousand thousand saints attending
 Swell the triumph of his train.
 Hallelujah !
 God appears on earth to reign.
- 2 Ev'ry eye shall now behold him
 Rob'd in dreadful majesty ;
 Those who set at nought and sold him,
 Pierc'd and nail'd him to the tree,
 Deeply wailing
 Shall the true Messiah see.
- 3 The dear tokens of his passion,
 Still his dazzling body bears ;
 Cause of endless exultation
 To his ransom'd worshippers :
 With what rapture
 Gaze we on those glorious scars.

B

4 Yea !

- 4 Yea, Amen ! let all adore thee
High on thy eternal throne !
Saviour, take the pow'r and glory,
Claim the kingdoms for thy own :
Jah ! Jehovah !
Everlasting God come down.

H Y M N X V .

- 1 **H**E comes, He comes, the Judge severe !
The seventh trumpet speaks him near ;
His lightnings flash, his thunders roll ;
How welcome to the faithful soul !
- 2 From heaven angelic voices sound,
See th' almighty Jesus crown'd !
Girt with omnipotence and grace,
And glory decks the Saviour's face !
- 3 Descending on his azure throne,
He claims the kingdoms for his own ;
The kingdoms all obey his word,
And hail him their triumphant Lord !
- 4 Shout all the people of the sky,
And all the saints of the most High,
Our Lord, who now his right obtains,
For ever and for ever reigns.

H Y M N X V I .

Prayer for seriousness, in prospect of Eternity.

- 1 **T**HOU God of glorious majesty,
To thee, against myself to thee,

A worm of earth, I cry ;
 A half awaken'd child of man,
 An heir of endless bliss or pain,
 A sinner born to die.

2 Lo ! on a narrow neck of land
 'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,
 Secure, insensible !
 A point of time, a moment's space
 Removes me to that heavenly place,
 Or shuts me up in hell !

3 O God my inmost soul convert !
 And deeply on my thoughtful heart
 Eternal things impress ;
 Give me to feel their solemn weight,
 And tremble on the brink of fate,*
 And wake to righteousness.

4 Before

* *Fate, Fatum, signifies " what is spoken," from the Latin word fari " to speak." Fate then relates to what the MOST HIGH GOD hath spoken. So Minutius Felix, that able Lawyer and great Scholar in St. Cyprian's time, says, Nihil aliud est Fatum quam quod de unoquoque Nostrum Deus fatus est. " Fate is nothing else than what GOD hath SPOKEN concerning every one of us." The Heathens had this idea of it ; for says Statius, Fatum est quod Dii fantur.*

Fate, in this hymn, may relate to that awful word which God spake in Gen. iii. 19. " Dust thou art, and unto Dust shalt thou return." It may signify Death, and Diseases may appear more or less fatal as they seem more or less likely to fulfil God's word, by bringing us to the Dust,

- 4 Before me place in dread array
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds shalt come,
To judge the nations at thy bar ;
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there
To meet a joyful doom ?
- 5 Be this my one great business here,
With serious industry and fear
Eternal bliss to' insure ;
Thy utmost counsel to fulfil,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.
- 6 Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,
Transported from this vale to live,
And reign with thee above ;
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope in full supreme delight
And everlasting love.

H Y M N XVII.

1 Theff. iv. 16, 17.

- 1 **J**ESUS, faithful to his word,
Shall with a shout descend :
All heav'n's host their glorious Lord
Shall joyfully attend.
Christ shall come with dreadful noise ;
Lightnings swift, and thunders loud,
With the great Archangel's voice,
And with the trump of God.

2 First

- 2 First the dead in Christ shall rise;
 Then we that yet remain,
 Shall be caught up to the skies,
 And see our Lord again.
 We shall meet him in the air,
 All rapt up to heav'n shall be,
 Find, and love, and praise him there,
 To all eternity.
- 3 Who can tell the happiness
 This glorious hope affords?
 Joy unutter'd we possess
 In these reviving words.
 Happy while on earth we breathe,
 Mightier bliss ordain'd to know;
 Trampling down sin, hell, and death,
 To the third heav'n we go!

HYMN XVIII.

Luke ii. 14. John i. 14.

- 1 **A** WAKE, awake the sacred song
 To our incarnate Lord;
 Let every heart and every tongue
 Adore th' eternal Word.
- 2 In heaven the rapt'rous song began,
 And sweet seraphic fire
 Through all the shining legions ran,
 And tun'd the sacred lyre.
- 2 Down through the portals of the sky
 Th' impetuous torrent ran;
 And angels flew with eager joy
 To bear the news to man.

- 4 JESUS has left his throne above
To dwell with sinful worms ;
And thus almighty power and love
Appear in all their forms.
- 5 Hark ! the cherubic armies shout,
And glory leads the song :
Good-will and peace are heard throughout
The whole harmonious throng.
- 6 With joy the chorus we repeat,
GLORY TO GOD ON HIGH ;
GOOD-WILL and PEACE are now complete,
JESUS was born to die !
- 7 Hail, Prince of life, for ever hail !
Redeemer, Brother, Friend !
Though earth and time and life should fail,
Thy praise shall never end.

H Y M N XIX.

1 **H**AIL, Progeny divine !
Hail, Virgin's wond'rous Son !
Who for that humble shrine,
Didst quit th' Almighty's throne :
The Infant Lord our voices sing,
And be the King of grace ador'd.

2 Ye Princes disappear,
And boast your crowns no more ;
Lay down your sceptres here,
And in the dust adore :
Where Jesus dwells, the manger bare
In lustre far your pomp excels.

3 With

3 With Bethleh'm's shepherds mild,
 The angels bow their head ;
 And round the sacred child,
 Their guardian wings they spread :
 They knew that, where their Sovereign lies
 In low disguise, heaven's court is there.

4 Thither, my soul, repair,
 And humble homage pay
 To thy Redeemer fair,
 As on his natal day :
 I kiss thy feet, and, Lord, would be
 A child like thee, whom thus I greet.

H Y M N XX.

The Song of Angels.

1 **H**ARK ! the herald angels sing,
 " Glory to their new-born King :
 " Peace on earth, and mercy mild ;
 " God and sinners reconcil'd."
 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
 Join the triumph of the skies,
 With th' angelic host proclaim,
 " Christ is born in Bethlehem."

2 Christ, by highest heaven ador'd,
 Christ, the everlasting Lord ;
 Late in time behold him come,
 Offspring of a virgin's womb :
 Veil'd in flesh the Godhead see,
 Hail th' incarnate Deity !
 Pleas'd as man with men to appear,
 JESUS our IMMANUEL here.

- 3 Hail, the heaven-born Prince of peace,
 Hail, the Sun of righteousness !
 Light and life to all he brings,
 Risen with healing in his wings ;
 Mild he lays his glory by,
 Born that man no more may die,
 Born to raise the sons of earth,
 Born to give them second birth.
- 4 Come, desire of nations, come,
 Fix in us thy humble home ;
 Rise, the woman's promis'd seed,
 Bruise in us the serpent's head :
 Adam's likeness now efface,
 Stamp thy image in its place ;
 Second Adam from above,
 Reinstate us in thy love.

H Y M N XXI.

- 1 **S**ING, ye ransom'd nations, sing
 Praises to our new-born King,
 Son of man our Maker is,
 Lord of hosts and Prince of peace.
- 2 Lo ! he lays his glory by,
 Emptied of his majesty ;
 See the God, who all things made,
 Humbly in a manger laid.
- 3 Cast we off our needless fear,
 Boldly to his church draw near ;
 Jesus is our flesh and bone,
 GOD WITH US is all our own.

- 4 Let us then with angels gaze
On our new-born Monarch's face;
With the choir celestial join'd,
Shout the Saviour of mankind.
- 5 Son of man, will he despise
Man's well-meaning sacrifice?
No; with condescending grace
He accepts his creature's praise.
- 6 Will his majesty disdain
The poor shepherd's simple strain?
No; for Israel's shepherd he
Loves their artless melody.
- 7 Let us then our Prince proclaim,
Humbly chaunt Immanuel's name,
Publish at his wond'rous birth
Praise in heaven, and peace on earth!
- 8 Triumph in our Saviour's love,
Till he takes us up above,
All his majesty displays,
Shews us all his glorious face.

HYMN XXII.

- 1 **A**LL glory to God, And peace upon earth,
Be publish'd abroad At Jesus's birth;
The forfeited favour Of heaven we find
Restor'd in the Saviour And friend to mankind.
- 2 Then let us behold Messias the Lord,
By prophets foretold, By angels ador'd;
Our God's incarnation With angels proclaim,
And publish salvation In Jesus's name.

3 Our

- 3 Our newly born king By faith we have seen,
And joyfully sing His goodness to men,
That all men may wonder At what we impart,
And thankfully ponder His love in their heart.
- 4 What mov'd the Most High So greatly to stoop?
He comes from the sky Our souls to lift up;
That sinners forgiven Might sinless return
To God and to heaven, Their Maker is born.
- 5 Immanuel's love Let sinners confess,
Who comes from above, To bring us his peace:
Let every believer His mercy adore,
And praise him for ever, When time is no more.

H Y M N XXIII.

- 1 **A**WAY with our fears!
 The Godhead appears
 In Christ reconcil'd,
The Father of mercies in Jesus the child.
- 2 He comes from above,
 In manifest love,
 The desire of our eyes,
The meek Lamb of God in a manger he lies.
- 3 At Immanuel's birth
 What a triumph on earth!
 Yet could it afford
No better a place for its heavenly Lord!
- 4 The

- 4 The Ancient of Days
 To redeem a lost race
 From his glory comes down,
Self-humbled, to carry us up to a crown.
- 5 Made flesh for our sake,
 That we might partake
 The nature divine,
And again in his image, his holiness shine :
- 6 An heavenly birth
 Experience on earth,
 And rise to his throne,
And live with our Jesus eternally one.
- 7 Then let us believe,
 And gladly receive
 The tidings they bring,
Who publish to sinners their Saviour and king.
- 8 And while we are here
 Our king shall appear,
 His Spirit impart,
And form his full image of love in our heart.

H Y M N XXIV.

- 1 **J**OIN all ye joyful nations,
 Th' acclaiming host of heaven,
 This happy morn a child was born,
 To us a son is given :

 The messenger and token
 Of God's eternal favour,
God hath sent down to us his Son,
 An universal Saviour !

- 2 The wonderful Messias,
The joy of every nation,
Jesus his name, with God the same,
The Lord of all creation :

The Counsellor of sinners,
Almighty to deliver,
The Prince of peace whose love's increase
Shall reign in man for ever.

- 3 Go see the King of glory,
Discern the heavenly stranger,
So poor and mean, his court an inn,
His cradle is a manger.

Who from his Father's bosom,
But now for us descended,
Who built the skies, on earth he lies,
With only beasts attended.

- 4 Whom all the angels worship
Lies hid in human nature ;
Incarnate see the Deity,
The infinite Creator.

See the stupendous blessing
Which God to us hath given ;
A child of man, in length a span,
Who fills both earth and heaven.

- 5 Gaze on that helpless object
Of endless adoration !
Those infant hands shall burst our bands,
And work out our salvation :

Strangle

Strangle the crooked serpent,
Destroy his works for ever,
And open set the heavenly gate
To every true believer.

6 Till then, thou holy Jesus,
We humbly bow before thee,
Our treasures bring to serve our king,
And joyfully adore thee :

To thee we gladly render
Whate'er thy grace hath given,
Till thou appear, in glory here,
And take us up to heaven.

H Y M N XXV.

1 **A** NGELS speak, let men give ear,
Sent from high, they are nigh,
And forbid our fear.

2 News they bring us of salvation,
Sounds of joy to employ
Every tongue and nation.

3 Welcome tidings! to retrieve us
From our fall, born for all,
Christ is born to save us.

4 Born his creatures to restore,
Abject earth sees his birth,
Whom the heavens adore.

C

5 Wrapped

- 5 Wrapp'd in swathes th' immortal stranger,
Man with men we have seen
Lying in a manger.
- 6 We have seen the King of Glory,
We proclaim Christ his name,
And record his story.
- 7 Sing we with the host of heaven,
Reconcil'd by a child
Who to us is given.
- 8 Glory be to God the giver,
Peace and love from above
Reign on earth for ever.

H Y M N XXVI.

Luke i. 13, 14.

- 1 **G**LORY be to God on high,
And peace on earth descend;
God comes down: he bows the sky,
And shews himself our friend!
God th' invisible *appears*,
God the blest, the great I AM
Sojourns in this vale of tears,
And Jesus is his name.

- 2 Him the angels all ador'd,
Their maker and their king:
Tidings of their humbled Lord,
They now to mortals bring:

Emptied

Emptied of his majesty,
 Of his dazzling glories shorn,
 Being's source *begins to be*,
 And God himself is born!

3 See th' eternal Son of God
 A mortal son of man,
 Dwelling in an earthly clod,
 Whom heaven cannot contain !
 Stand amaz'd, ye heavens, at this !
 See the Lord of earth and skies !
 Humbled to the dust he is,
 And in a manger lies !

4 We the sons of men rejoice,
 The Prince of peace proclaim,
 With heaven's host lift up our voice,
 And shout Immanuel's name :
 Knees and hearts to him we bow,
 Of our flesh, and of our bone,
 Jesus is our brother now,
 And God is all our own !

H Y M N · XXVII.

1 **L**ET earth and heaven combine,
 Angels and men agree,
 To praise in songs divine
 Th' incarnate Deity,
 Our God contracted to a span,
 Incomprehensibly made man.

- 2 He laid his glory by,
 He wrapp'd him in our clay,
 Unmark'd by human eye,
 The latent Godhead lay;
 Infant of days he here became:
 And bore the mild Immanuel's name.
- 3 See in that infant's face
 The depths of Deity,
 And labour while ye gaze
 To found the mystery:
 In vain; ye angels gaze no more,
 But fall, and silently adore.
- 4 Unsearchable the love
 That hath the Saviour brought,
 The grace is far above
 Or men or Angel's thought;
 Suffice for us that God we know,
 Our God is manifest below.
- 5 He deigns in flesh t' appear,
 Widest extremes to join,
 To bring our vileness near,
 And make us all divine:
 And we the life of God shall know,
 For God is manifest below.
- 6 Made perfect first in love,
 And sanctify'd by grace,
 We shall from earth remove,
 And see his glorious face;
 His love shall then be fully shew'd,
 And man shall all be lost in God.

HYMN XXVIII.

Gratitude for the Incarnation.

1 **F**ATHER, our hearts we lift
 Up to thy gracious throne,
 And blest thee for the precious gift
 Of thy incarnate Son ;
 The gift unspeakable
 We thankfully receive,
 And to the world thy goodness tell,
 And to thy glory live.

2 Jesus, the holy child,
 Doth by his birth declare
 That God and man are reconcil'd,
 And one in him we are :
 Salvation through his name
 To all mankind is given,
 And loud his infant-cries proclaim
 A peace 'twixt earth and heaven.

3 A peace on earth he brings,
 Which never more shall end :
 The Lord of hosts, the King of Kings,
 Declares himself our friend :
 Assumes our flesh and blood,
 That we his Sp'rit may gain ;
 The everlasting Son of God,
 The mortal son of man.

4 His kingdom from above
 He doth to us impart,
 And pure benevolence and love
 O'erflow the faithful heart :

Chang'd in a moment, we
 The sweet attraction find,
 With open arms of charity
 Embracing all mankind.

- 5 O might they all receive
 The new-born Prince of Peace ;
 And meekly in his Spirit live,
 And in his love increase !
 Till he convey us home,
 Cry every soul aloud,
 Come, thou desire of nations, come,
 And take us up to God.

H Y M N XXIX.

Matt. i. 21. Hag. ii. 7. Luke xvii. 21.

- 1 **C**OME, thou long-expected Jesus,
 Born to set thy people free,
 From our fears and sins relieve us,
 Let us find our rest in thee :
 Israel's strength and consolation,
 Hope of all the earth thou art,
 Dear desire of every nation,
 Joy of every longing heart.

- 2 Born thy people to deliver,
 Born a child, and yet a King,
 Born to reign in us for ever,
 Now thy gracious kingdom bring :
 By thy own eternal Spirit
 Rule in all our hearts alone ;
 By thy all-sufficient merit
 Raise to us thy glorious throne.

HYMN XXX.

- 1 **L**ET angels and archangels sing
 The wonderful Immanuel's name,
 Adore with us our new-born King,
 And still the joyful news proclaim;
 All earth and heaven be ever join'd
 To praise the Saviour of mankind.
- 2 The everlasting God comes down
 To sojourn with the sons of men:
 Without his majesty or crown
 The great Invisible is *seen*;
 Of all his dazzling glories shorn,
 The everlasting God is born!
- 3 Angels, behold that infant's face,
 With rapt'rous awe the Godhead own,
 'Tis all your heaven on him to gaze,
 And cast your crowns before his throne;
 Though now he on his footstool lies,
 Ye know he built both earth and skies.
- 4 By him into existence brought,
 Ye sang the all-creating Word;
 Ye heard him call our world from nought;
 Again, in honour of your Lord,
 Ye morning stars, your hymns employ,
 And shout, ye sons of God, for joy.

HYMN XXXI.

- 1 **T**HE Creator of all,
 To repair our sad fall,
 From

From heaven stoops down ;
Lays hold of our nature, and joins to his own.

2 Our Immanuel came,
The whole whole world to redeem,
And incarnated shew'd
That man may again be united to God !

3 And shall we not hope
After God to wake up,
His nature to know ?
His nature is sinless perfection below.

4 To this heavenly prize
By faith let us rise,
To his image ascend,
Apprehended of God, let us God apprehend.

H Y M N XXXII.

1 **A**LL-WISE, all-good, almighty Lord,
Jesus, by highest heavens ador'd,
E'er time its course began ;
How did thy glorious mercy stoop
To take the fallen nature up,
When thou thyself wert man ?

2 The eternal God from heaven came down,
The King of Glory dropp'd his crown,
And veil'd his majesty ;
Emptied of all but love he came ;
Jesus, I call thee by the name
Thy pity bore for me.

3 Didst

- 3 Didst thou not in thy person join
 The natures human and divine,
 That God and man might be
 Henceforth inseparably one?
 Haste then, and make thy nature known
 Incarnated in me.
- 4 I long thy coming to confess,
 Thy mystic power of godliness,
 The life divine to prove :
 The fulness of thy life to know,
 Redeem'd from all my sins below,
 And perfected in love.

H Y M N XXXIII.

- 1 **A**LL glory to God in the sky,
 And peace upon earth be restor'd !
 O Jesus, exalted on high,
 Appear our omnipotent Lord :
 Who meanly in Bethlehem born,
 Didst stoop to redeem a lost race,
 Once more to thy creatures return,
 And reign in thy kingdom of grace.
- 2 When thou in our flesh didst appear,
 All nature acknowledg'd thy birth ;
 Arose the acceptable year,
 And heaven was open'd on earth ;
 Receiving its Lord from above,
 The world was united to bliss,
 The giver of concord and love,
 The Prince and the Author of peace.
- 3 O wouldst

- 3 O wouldst thou again be made known,
 Again in the Spirit descend ;
 And set up in each of thy own
 A kingdom that never shall end.
 Thou only art able to bless,
 And make the glad nations obey,
 And bid the dire enmity cease,
 And bow the whole world to thy sway.
- 4 Come then to thy servants again,
 Who long thy appearing to know ;
 Thy quiet and peaceable reign
 In mercy establish below :
 All sorrow before thee shall fly,
 And anger and hatred be o'er,
 And envy and malice shall die,
 And discord afflict us no more.
- 5 No horrid alarum of war
 Shall break our eternal repose :
 No sound of the trumpet is there,
 Where Jesus's spirit o'erflows :
 Appeals'd by the charms of thy grace,
 We all shall in amity join,
 And kindly each other embrace,
 And love with a passion like thine.

H Y M N XXXIV.

Isaiah ix. 6.

- 1 **R**EJOICE in Jesu's Birth !
 To us a Son is given,

To

To us a Child is born on earth,
Who made both earth and heaven !
His Shoulder props the sky,
This universe sustains !
The God supreme, the Lord most high,
The King Messiah reigns !

2 Our Counsellor we praise
Our Advocate above,
Who daily in his Church displays
His Miracles of love.
The Almighty God is HE ;
Author of heavenly bliss ;
The Father of eternity,
The glorious Prince of peace.

H Y M N XXXV.

1 **F**ATHER, thou hast bestow'd
On Man the incarnate God :
Shining in our Nature's Night,
In our mortal flesh reveal'd,
Him, the true eternal Light
Earth's remotest ends beheld.

2 But will he not again
Appear on earth to reign ?
Yes, the Light of life divine
All mankind shall soon receive ;
Christ in every soul shall shine,
Christ in every heart shall live.

3 O that we now might feel
Thy gift unspeakable !

Father,

Father, for thy Son we wait:
Now thy great falvation fend,
Sole immortal Potentate,
King of saints, till time shall end.

H Y M N XXXVI.

Frail Life, and succeeding Eternity.

- 1 **T**HEE we adore, eternal name !
And humbly own to thee,
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms we be !
- 2 Our waſting lives grow ſhorter ſtill,
As days and months increaſe ;
And every beating pulſe we tell,
Leaves but the number leſs.
- 3 The year rolls round, and ſteals away
The breath that firſt it gave ;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're trav'ling to the grave.
- 4 Dangers ſtand thick through all the ground,
To push us to the tomb ;
And fierce diſeaſes wait around,
To hurry mortals home.
- 5 Great God, on what a ſlender thread
Hang everlaſting things !
Th' eternal ſtates of all the dead,
Upon life's feeble ſtrings !

6 Infinite

- 6 Infinite joy, or endless woe
 Depends on every breath !
 And yet how unconcern'd we go
 Upon the brink of death !
- 7 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
 To walk this dang'rous road ;
 And if our souls are hurry'd hence,
 May they be found with God !

H Y M N XXXVII.

The new Year.

- 1 **Y**E worms of earth arise,
 Ye creatures of a day,
 Redeem the time, be bold, 'be wise,
 And cast your bonds away :
 Shake off the chains of sin,
 Let all assembled here,
 With hymns of praises, usher in
 The acceptable year.

The year of gospel grace
 Like us rejoice to see,
 And thankfully in CHRIST embrace
 Your proffer'd liberty ;
 Pardon and peace are nigh,
 Which every soul may prove ;
 The LORD, who now is passing by,
 Makes this the time of love.

- 2 Saviour and LORD of all,
 Thy proffer we receive,

D

Obedient

Obedient to thy gospel call
 That bids us turn, and live ;
 Our former years mis-pent,
 Though late, we deeply mourn,
 And soften'd by thy grace repent,
 And to thy arms return.

With fear, and grief, and shame,
 Our folly we bemoan ;
 But wonder at the patient Lamb,
 Who lets us still alone :
 Thy patience lifts us up,
 Thy free unbounded grace,
 And all our fear is lost in hope,
 And all our grief in praise.

3 To Thee, by whom we live,
 Our praise and lives we pay;
 Praise ardent, cordial, constant give,
 And shout to see thy day :
 Thy day of saving grace,
 Thy consecrated year,
 When the bright sun of righteousness
 Doth to our world appear.

Risen, we know, Thou art,
 With healing in thy wings,
 We feel, we feel it in our heart,
 The life thy presence brings !
 The seal and earnest this,
 Our pardon we receive,
 And look with Thee in glorious bliss
 Eternally to live.

HYMN XXXVIII.

The Jubilee. Joel ii. 1.

- 1 **B**LOW ye Trumpet, blow
 The gladly solemn sound,
 Let all the nations know
 To earth's remotest bound,
 • The year of jubilee is come;
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home!
- 2 Exalt the Lamb of God,
 The sin atoning Lamb;
 Redemption by his Blood
 Throughout the world proclaim:
 The year of jubilee is come;
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home!
- 3 Ye who have sold for nought
 Your heritage above;
 Shall have it back unbought,
 The gift of JESU'S love;
 The year of jubilee is come;
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home!
- 4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
 Your liberty receive,
 And safe in JESUS dwell,
 And blest in JESUS live:
 The year of jubilee is come;
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home!
- 5 The Gospel-Trumpet hear,
 The news of pardoning grace,

Ye happy souls, draw near,
 Before your Saviour's Face :
 The year of jubilee is come ;
 Return to your eternal home.

- 6 JESUS, our great High-Priest,
 Hath full atonement made ;
 Ye weary spirits rest,
 Ye mournful souls be glad,
 The year of jubilee is come ;
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home !

H Y M N XXXIX.

The Year of Release. Isaiah lxi. 1, 2.

- 1 **A**LL praise to the LORD whose trumpet we
 hear,
 Which speaks in his word the festival year :
 The loud proclamation of freedom and thrall,
 And gospel salvation is publish'd to all.
- 2 The year of release even now is begun,
 And pardon and peace with JESUS sent down :
 Eternal redemption through Him we obtain,
 And present exemption from passion and pain.
- 3 Ye Spirits enslav'd your liberty claim,
 Believe, and be sav'd through JESUS's name :
 That infinite Lover of sinners embrace,
 And gladly recover his forfeited grace.
- 4 With joyfullest news your prisons resound,
 Your fetters are loose, your souls are unbound :
 Resume

Resume the possession for which ye were born,
From *satan's* oppression to heaven return.

HYMN XL.

Heb. xi. 14, 16.

1 **C**OME, let us anew our journey pursue,
With vigour arise,
And press to our permanent place in the skies.
Of heavenly birth, though wandering on earth,
This is not our place,
But strangers and pilgrims ourselves we confess.

2 At Jesus's call we gave up our all ;
And still we forego,
For Jesus's sake, our enjoyments below.
No longing we find for the country behind,
But onward we move,
And still we are seeking a country above.

3 A country of joy without any alloy,
We thither repair,
Our heart and our treasure already are there.
We march hand in hand to Immanuel's land ;
No matter what cheer
We meet with on earth, for eternity's near.

4 The rougher our way the shorter our stay,
The troubles that come
Shall come to our rescue, and hasten us home.
The fiercer the blast the sooner 'tis past,
The tempests that rise
Shall gloriously hurry our souls to the skies.

HYMN XLI.

Jam. iv. 14. 2 Tim. iv. 7.

1 COME, let us anew our journey pursue,
 Roll round with the year,
 And never stand still till the master appear;
 His adorable will let us gladly fulfil,
 And our talents improve
 By the patience of hope, and the labour of love.

2 Our life is a dream, our time as a stream
 Glides swiftly away,
 And the fugitive moment refuses to stay:
 The arrow is flown, the moment is gone,
 The millennial year
 Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here!

3 O that each in the day of his coming might say,
 " I have fought my way through,
 " I have finish'd the work thou didst give me to do!"
 O that each from his LORD may receive the
 glad word,
 " Well and faithfully done,
 " Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne!"

HYMN XLII.

Luke xiii. 7, 8, 9.

1 THE LORD of earth and sky,
 The God of ages praise,
 Who reigns enthron'd on high,
 Antient of endless days,

Who

Who lengthens out our trial here,
And spares us yet another year.

2 Barren and wither'd trees
We cumber'd long the ground,
No fruit of holiness
On our dead souls was found ;
Yet doth he us in mercy spare
Another and another year.

3 When justice bar'd the sword
To cut the fig-tree down,
The pity of our LORD
Cried, let it still alone !
The Father mild inclines his ear,
And spares us yet another year.

4 JESUS, thy speaking blood
From GOD obtain'd the grace,
Who therefore hath bestow'd
On us a longer space,
Thou didst in our behalf appear,
And lo ! we see another year !

5 Then dig about our root,
Break up our fallow ground,
And let our gracious fruit
To thy great praise abound,
O let us all thy praise declare,
And fruit unto perfection bear.

H Y M N XLIII.

1 SING to the great Jehovah's praise !
All praise to him belongs,

Who

Who kindly lengthens out our days,
 Demands our choicest songs :
 Whose providence has brought us through
 Another various year,
 We all with vows and anthems new
 Before our God appear.

2 Father, thy mercies past we own,
 Thy still continued care,
 To thee presenting, through thy Son,
 Whate'er we have, or are ;
 Our lips and lives shall gladly show
 The wonders of thy love,
 While on in Jesu's steps we go
 To see thy face above.

3 Our residue of days or hours
 Thine, wholly Thine shall be,
 And all our consecrated powers
 A sacrifice to Thee :
 Till Jesus in the clouds appear
 To saints on earth forgiven,
 And bring the grand sabbatic year
 The jubilee of heaven.

HYMN XLIV.

Psalms xc.

1 **O** God! our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come,
 Our shelter from the stormy blast,
 And our eternal home.

2 Under

- 2 Under the shadow of thy throne
Still may we dwell secure ;
Sufficient is thy arm alone,
And our defence is sure.
- 3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth receiv'd her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.
- 4 A thousand ages in thy fight
Are like an evening gone ;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.
- 5 The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their cares and fears,
Are carried downward by the flood,
And lost in following years.
- 6 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all it's sons away ;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.
- 7 Oh God ! our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come ;
Be thou our guard while life shall last,
And our perpetual home.

H Y M N XLV.

Worship Him all ye Gods. Ec. Ps. xcvi. 6, 9.

- 1 **T**HE Lord is come! the heavens proclaim
His birth, the nations learn his name;
An unknown star directs the road
Of eastern sages to their God.
- 2 All ye bright armies of the skies, /
Go, worship where the Saviour lies:
Angels and kings before him bow,
Those gods on high and gods below.
- 3 Let idols totter to the ground,
And their own worshippers confound:
But Judah shout, but Zion sing,
And earth confess her sov'reign King.

H Y M N XLVI.

Where is he that is born King? Ec. Matt. ii. 2, 8.

- 1 **W**HERE is the holy heaven-born child,
Heir of the everlasting throne,
Who heaven and earth hath reconcil'd,
And God and man rejoin'd in one?
- 2 Shall we of earthly kings enquire,
To courts or palaces repair?
The nation's hope, the world's desire,
Alas! we cannot find him there.

3 Then

- 3 Then let us turn no more aside,
But use the light himself imparts :
His Spirit is our surest guide,
His Spirit glimmering in our hearts.
- 4 Drawn by his grace we come from far,
And fix on heaven our wishful eyes :
That ray divine, that orient star
Directs us where the infant lies.
- 5 See there ! the new-born Saviour see,
By faith discern the great I AM ;
'Tis he ! the Eternal God ! 'tis he
That bears the mild Immanuel's name.
- 6 The Prince of peace on earth is found,
The Child is born, the Son is given ;
Tell it to all the nations round,
Jehovah is come down from heaven.
- 7 JEHOVAH is come down to raise
His dying creatures from their fall !
And all may now receive the grace
Which brings eternal live to all.
- 8 Lord, we receive thy grace, and thee
With joy unspeakable receive,
And rise thy open face to see,
And one with God for ever live.

HYMN XLVII.

When they saw the Star, they rejoiced. Matt. ii. 10.

- 1 **S**ONS of Men, behold from far,
Hail the long-expected star ;
Jacob's star, that gilds the night,
Guides bewilder'd nature right.
- 2 Fear not hence that there shall flow
Wars or pestilence below ;
Wars it bids and tumults cease,
Ushering in the Prince of peace.
- 3 Mild he shines on all beneath,
Piercing through the shades of death ;
Scattering error's wide-spread night,
Kindling darkness into light.
- 4 Nations all, far off and near,
Haste to see your God appear ;
Haste, for him your hearts prepare ;
Meet him manifested there.
- 5 There behold the Day-Spring rise,
Pouring eye-sight on your eyes ;
God in his own light survey,
Shining to the perfect day.
- 6 Sing, ye Morning-Stars, again ;
God descends on earth to reign !
Deigns for man his life t'employ,
Shout, ye Sons of God, for Joy.

HYMN XLVIII.

Job. xiv. 1. 1 Tim. ii. 4.

- 1 **A**ND am I born to die ?
 To lay this body down ?
 And must my trembling spirit fly
 Into a world unknown ?
 A land of deepest shade,
 Unpierc'd by human thought :
 The dreary regions of the dead,
 Where all things are forgot !
- 2 Soon as from earth I go,
 What will become of me ?
 Eternal happiness or woe
 Must then my portion be !
 Wak'd by the trumpet's sound
 I from my grave shall rise,
 And see the judge with glory crown'd,
 And see the flaming skie
- 3 O thou that wouldst not have
 One wretched sinner die ;
 Who dy'dst thyself my soul to save
 From endless misery !
 Shew me the way to shun
 Thy dreadful wrath severe,
 That when thou comest on thy throne
 I may with joy appear.
- 4 Thou art thyself the way,
 Thyself in me reveal ;
 So shall I spend my life's short day
 Obedient to thy will :

So shall I love my God,
 Because he first lov'd me;
 And praise thee in thy bright abode,
 To all eternity.

HYMN XLIX.

- 1 **A**ND am I only born to die ?
 And must I suddenly comply
 With nature's stern decree ?
 What after death for me remains,
 Celestial joys or hellish pains,
 To all eternity ?
- 2 How then ought I on earth to live,
 While God prolongs the kind reprieve,
 And props the house of clay !
 My sole concern, my single care,
 To watch and tremble, and prepare
 Against that fatal day !
- 3 No room for mirth or trifling here,
 For worldly hope or worldly fear,
 If life so soon is gone :
 If now the Judge is at the door,
 And all mankind must stand before
 The inexorable throne !
- 4 Nothing is worth a thought beneath,
 But how I may escape the death
 That never never dies !
 How make my own Election sure,
 And when I fail on earth, secure
 A mansion in the skies.

- 5 Jesus, vouchsafe a pitying ray,
 Be thou my guide, be thou my way
 To glorious happiness !
 Ah, write the pardon on my heart !
 And whensoever I hence depart,
 Let me depart in peace !

H Y M N L.

Prayer for Conviction.

- 1 **F**ATHER of omnipresent grace,
 We seem agreed to seek thy face ;
 But every soul assembled here
 Doth naked in thy sight appear :
 Thou know'st who only bows the knee,
 And who in heart approaches thee.
- 2 Thy spirit hath the difference made
 Betwixt the living and the dead ;
 Thou now dost into some inspire
 The pure, benevolent desire :
 Oh that even now thy powerful call
 May quicken and convert us all !
- 3 The sinners suddenly convince,
 O'erwhelm'd beneath their load of sins ;
 To-day, while it is call'd To-day,
 Awake and stir them up to pray :
 Their dire captivity to own,
 And from the iron furnace groan.
- 4 Then, then acknowledge and set free
 The people bought, O Lord, by thee ;

The sheep for whom their shepherd bled
 For whom we in thy spirit plead;
 Let all in thee redemption find,
 And not a hoof be left behind.

H Y M N L I.

Prayer for one convinced of Sin.

1 **F**ATHER of lights from whom proceeds
 Whate'er thy every creature needs,
 Whose goodness, providently nigh,
 Feeds the young ravens when they cry;
 To thee I look, my heart prepare,
 Suggest and hearken to my prayer.

2 Since by thy light myself I see
 Naked, and poor, and void of thee;
 Thy eyes must all my thoughts survey,
 Preventing what my lips would say;
 Thou see'st my wants; for help they call,
 And ere I speak thou know'st them all.

3 Thou know'st the baseness of my mind,
 Wayward, and impotent, and blind!
 Thou know'st how unsubdu'd my will,
 Averse to good, and prone to ill:
 Thou know'st how wide my passions rove,
 Nor check'd by fear, nor charm'd by love.

4 Fain would I know as known by thee,
 And feel the indigence I see;
 Fain would I all my vileness own,
 And deep beneath the burden groan;

Abhor

Abhor the pride that lurks within,
 Detest and loath myself and sin.

- 5 Ah ! give me, Lord, myself to feel,
 My total misery reveal ;
 Ah give me, Lord, (I still would say)
 A heart to mourn, a heart to pray :
 My business this, my only care,
 My life, my every breath be prayer !

H Y M N LII.

I John ii. 1.

- 1 **J**ESUS, my Advocate above,
 My Friend before the throne of love ;
 If now for me prevails thy prayer,
 If now I find thee pleading there :
 If thou the secret wish convey,
 And sweetly prompt my heart to pray ;
 Hear, and my weak petitions join,
 Almighty Advocate, to thine.
- 2 Fain would I know my utmost ill,
 And groan my nature's weight to feel,
 To feel the clouds that round me roll,
 The night that hangs upon my soul ;
 The darkness of my carnal mind,
 My will perverse, my passions blind,
 Scatter'd o'er all the earth abroad,
 Immeasurably far from God.
- 3 Jesus, my heart's desire obtain !
 My earnest suit present and gain :
 My fulness of corruption show,
 The knowledge of myself bestow :

A deeper displicence at sin,
 A sharper sense of hell within ;
 A stronger struggling to get free ;
 A keener appetite for thee !

- 4 Oh sovereign Love, to thee I cry !
 Give me thyself, or else I die !
 Save me from death ! from hell set free !
 Death, hell, are but the want of thee,
 Quickened by thy imparted flame,
 Sav'd, when possesst of thee I am ;
 My life, my only heaven thou art !
 O might I feel thee in my heart !

H Y M N LIII.

Prayer for Repentance. Luke xviii. 13.

- 1 SAVIOUR, Prince of Israel's race,
 See me from thy lofty throne ;
 Give the sweet relenting grace,
 Soften this obdurate stone ;
 Stone to flesh, O God, convert,
 Cast a look and break my heart !
- 2 By thy spirit, Lord, reprove,
 All my inmost sins reveal ;
 Sins against thy light and love ;
 Let me see, and let me feel ;
 Sins that crucify'd my God,
 Spilt again that precious blood.
- 3 Jesus, seek thy wandering sheep,
 Make me restless to return ;

Bid

Bid me look on thee and weep,
 Bitterly as Peter mourn ;
 Till I say, by grace restor'd,
 Now thou know'st, I love thee, Lord.

- 4 Might I in thy sight appear,
 As the Publican distrest,
 Stand, not daring to draw near,
 Smite on my unworthy breast ;
 Groan the sinner's only plea,
 God, be merciful to me !
- 5 Oh ! remember me for good,
 Passing through the mortal vale !
 Shew me the atoning blood,
 When my strength and spirit fail ;
 Give my gasping soul to see
 Jesus crucify'd for me !

HYMN LIV.

- 1 **W**EARY of wandering from my God,
 And now made willing to return,
 I hear, and bow me to the rod ;
 For thee, not without hope, I mourn ;
 I have an advocate above,
 A friend before the throne of love.

- 2 O Jesus, full of truth and grace,
 More full of grace than I of sin,
 Yet once again I seek thy face,
 Open thy arms and take me in,
 And freely my backslidings heal,
 And love the faithless sinner still.

3 Thou

- 3 Thou know'st the way to bring me back,
 My fallen spirit to restore ;
 O ! for thy truth and mercy's sake,
 Forgive, and bid me sin no more !
 The ruins of my soul repair,
 And make my heart a house of prayer.
- 4 Ah, give me, Lord, the tender heart,
 That trembles at the approach of sin !
 A godly fear of sin impart ;
 Implant, and root it deep within !
 That I may dread thy gracious power,
 And never dare to offend thee more !

H Y M N LV.

Prayer for Light. Isaiah l. 10.

- 1 **T**HOU God unsearchable, unknown,
 Who still conceal'st thyself from me,
 Hear an apostate spirit groan,
 Broke off and banish'd far from thee :
 But conscious of my fall, I mourn,
 And fain I would to thee return.
- 2 Send forth one ray of heavenly light,
 Of gospel-hope, or humble fear,
 To guide me through the gulph of night,
 My poor desponding soul to cheer :
 Till thou my unbelief remove,
 And shew me all thy glorious love.
- 3 A hidden God indeed thou art !
 'Thy absence I this moment feel :

Thy

Yet must I own it from my heart,
 Conceal'd thou art a Saviour still;
 And though thy face I cannot see,
 I know thy eye is fixt on me.

- 4 My Saviour thou, not yet reveal'd,
 Yet will I thee my Saviour call;
 Adore thy hand from sin with-held:
 Thy hand shall save me from my fall:
 Now, Lord, throughout my darkness shine,
 And shew thyself for ever mine!

H Y M N LVI.

John v. 7.

- 1 **L**ORD, I despair myself to heal,
 I see my sin, but cannot feel:
 I cannot till thy spirit blow,
 And bid the obedient waters flow.
- 2 'Tis thine a heart of flesh to give,
 Thy gifts I only can receive;
 Here then to thee I all resign;
 To draw, redeem, and seal is thine.
- 3 With simple faith to thee I call,
 My light, my life, my Lord, my all:
 I wait the moving of the pool;
 I wait the word that speaks me whole.
- 4 Speak, gracious Lord, my sickness cure,
 Make my infected nature pure:
 Peace, righteousness and joy impart;
 And pour thyself into my heart.

HYMN LVII.

- 1 **J**ESUS, the sinner's friend, to thee,
Lost and undone, for aid I flee;
Weary of earth, myself, and sin;
Open thy arms, and take me in.
- 2 A mansion for thyself prepare;
Dispose my heart, by entering there,
'Tis this alone can make me clean,
'Tis this alone can cast out sin.
- 3 At last I own it cannot be,
'That I should fit myself for thee;
Here then to thee I all resign;
Thine is the work and only thine.
- 4 What shall I say thy grace to move?
Lord, I am sin, but thou art love:
I give up every plea beside,
Lord, I am lost, but thou hast dy'd.

HYMN LVIII.

- 1 **J**ESUS, whose glory's streaming rays,
Though duteous to thy high command;
No seraphs view with open face,
But veil'd before thy presence stand.
- 2 How shall weak eyes of flesh, weigh'd down
With sin, and dim with error's night,
Dare to behold thy awful throne,
Or view thy unapproached light?

3 Restore

- 3 Restore my sight! let thy free grace
 An entrance to the holiest give!
 Open my eyes of faith! thy face
 So shall I see; yet seeing live.
- 4 Thy golden scepter from above
 Reach forth; see my whole heart I bow;
 Say to my soul, thou art my love,
 My chosen 'midst ten thousand thou!
- 5 O Jesus, full of grace! the sighs
 Of a sick heart with pity view!
 Hark how my silence speaks; and cries,
 Mercy, thou God of mercy shew.
- 6 I know thou canst not but be good!
 How should'st thou Lord, thy grace restrain?
 Thou Lord, whose blood so largely flow'd
 To save me from all guilt and pain.

HYMN LIX.

Micah vi. 6, 8.

- 1 **W**HEREWITH, O Lord, shall I draw near,
 And bow myself before thy face?
 How in thy purer eyes appear?
 What shall I bring to gain thy grace?
- 2 Will gifts delight Almighty God?
 Can they wash out my guilty stain?
 Rivers of oil and seas of blood,
 Alas! they all must flow in vain.
- 3 Whoe'er

- 3 Whoe'er to thee themselves approve,
Must take the path thy word hath shew'd :
Justice pursue, and mercy love,
And humbly walk by faith with God.
- 4 But though my life henceforth be thine,
Present for past can ne'er atone ;
Though I to thee the whole resign,
I only give thee back thy own.
- 5 What have I then wherein to trust ?
I nothing have, I nothing am ;
Excluded is my every boast,
My glory swallow'd up in shame.
- 6 Guilty I stand before thy face,
On me I feel thy wrath abide :
'Tis just the sentence should take place,
'Tis just ; but O, thy Son hath dy'd !
- 7 Jesus the Lamb of God hath bled,
He bore my sins upon the tree !
Beneath my curse he bow'd his head !
'Tis finish'd ! he hath dy'd for me.

HYMN LX.

- 1 **W**ILD as the untaught Indians' brood,
The christian savages remain ;
Strangers, yea enemies to God,
They make thee spill thy blood in vain.
- 2 Thy people, Lord, are sold for nought,
Nor know they their Redeemer nigh ;
They

They perish whom thyself has bought,
Their souls for lack of knowledge die.

3 The pit it's mouth hath open'd wide,
To swallow up it's careless prey :
Why should they die, when thou hast died,
Hast died to bear their sins away ?

4 Why should the foe thy purchase seize ;
Remember, Lord, thy dying groans :
The merits of thy sufferings these,
Oh, claim them for thy ransom'd ones !

5 Extend to these thy pardoning grace,
To these be thy salvation show'd :
Oh, add them to thy chosen race !
Oh, sprinkle all their hearts with blood !

6 Still let the publicans draw near,
Open the door of faith and heaven,
And grant their hearts thy word to hear,
And witness all their sins forgiven.

H Y M N LXI.

1 **W**E bow before thy gracious throne,
And think ourselves sincere :
But shew us, Lord, is every one
Thy real worshipper ?

2 Is here a soul that knows thee not,
Nor feels his want of thee ?
A stranger to the blood which bought
His pardon on the tree ?

F

3 Convince

- 3 Convince him now of unbelief,
His desperate state explain :
And fill his careless heart with grief
And penitential pain.
- 4 Speak with that voice which wakes the dead,
And bid the leper rise,
And bid his guilty conscience dread
The death that never dies.
- 5 Extort the cry, what must be done
To save a wretch like me ?
How shall a trembling sinner shun
That endless misery ?
- 6 I must this instant now begin
Out of my sleep to wake :
And turn to God, and every sin
Continually forsake.
- 7 I must for faith incessant cry,
And wrestle, Lord, with thee :
I must be born again, or die
To all eternity.

HYMN LXII.

Prayer against the Power of Sin. Isaiah lxiv. 1.

- 1 **O** That thou wouldst the heavnes rent,
In majesty come down ;
Stretch out thy arm Omnipotent,
And seize me for thy own.

2 Descend

- 2 Descend and let thy lightening burn
The stubble of thy foe:
My sins o'erturn, o'erturn, o'erturn,
And make the mountains flow !
- 3 Thou my impetuous spirit guide,
And curb my headstrong will ;
Thou only canst drive back the tide,
And bid the sun stand still.
- 4 What though I cannot break my chain,
Or e'er throw off my load !
The things impossible to men,
Are possible to God.
- 5 Is any thing too hard for thee,
Almighty Lord of all ?
Whose threat'nings looks dry up the sea,
And make the mountains fall ?
- 6 Who, who shall in thy presence stand,
And match Omnipotence ?
Ungrasp the hold of thy right-hand,
Or pluck the sinner thence ?
- 7 Lo ! to the hills I lift my eye !
Thy promis'd aid I claim ;
Father of mercies glorify
Thy favourite JESU'S name !
- 8 Salvation in that name is found,
Balm of my grief and care ;
A medicine for my every wound,
All, all I want is there !

HYMN LXIII.

- 1 **J**ESUS, Redeemer, Saviour, Lord,
The weary sinner's friend;
Come to my help, pronounce the word,
And bid my troubles end !
- 2 Deliverance to my soul proclaim;
And life, and liberty;
Shed forth the virtue of thy name,
And Jesus prove to me !
- 3 Thou canst o'ercome this heart of mine ;
Thou wilt victorious prove ;
For everlasting strength is thine,
And everlasting love.
- 4 Thy powerful spirit shall subdue
Unconquerable sin ;
Cleanse this foul heart, and make it new,
And write thy law within.
- 5 Bound down with twice ten thousand ties,
Yet let me hear thy call ;
My soul in confidence shall rise,
Shall rise and break through all.
- 6 Speak, and the deaf shall hear thy voice,
The blind his sight receive :
The dumb in songs of praise rejoice,
The heart of stone believe.
- 7 The Æthiop then shall change his skin,
The dead shall feel thy power,

The loathsome leper shall be clean,
And I shall sin no more.

HYMN LXIV.

1 **S**TILL for thy loving kindness, Lord,
I in thy temple wait :
I look to find thee in thy word,
Or at thy table meet.

2 Here in thy own appointed ways
I wait to learn thy will :
Silent I stand before thy face,
And hear thee say, " Be still !"

3 " Be still ! and know that I am God !"
'Tis all I live to know !
To feel the virtue of thy blood,
And spread it's praise below !

4 I wait my vigour to renew,
Thy image to retrieve ;
The veil of outward things pass through,
And gasp in thee to live.

5 I work ; and own the labour vain :
And thus from works I cease :
I strive ; and see my fruitless pain,
Till God create my peace.

6 Fruitless, till thou thyself impart,
Must all my efforts prove,
They cannot change a sinful heart,
They cannot purchase love.

- 7 I do the thing, thy laws enjoin,
And then the strife give o'er :
To thee I then the whole resign,
I trust in means no more.
- 8 I trust in Him who stands between
The Father's wrath and me :
Jesus, thou great eternal Mean,
I look for all from thee.

H Y M N L X V .

- 1 **C**OME, O thou all-victorious Lord,
Thy power to us make known :
Strike with the hammer of thy word,
And break these hearts of stone.
- 2 Oh! that we all might now begin
Our foolishness to mourn ;
And turn at once from every sin,
And to our Saviour turn.
- 3 Give us ourselves and thee to know,
In this our gracious day ;
Repentance unto life bestow,
And take our sins away.
- 4 Conclude us first in unbelief,
And freely then release ;
Fill every soul with sacred grief,
And then with sacred peace.
- 5 Impoverish, Lord, and then relieve,
And then enrich the poor ;

The knowledge of our sickness give.
The knowledge of our cure.

- 6 That blessed sense of guilt impart,
And then remove the load ;
Trouble and wash the troubled heart
In the atoning blood.
- 7 Our desperate state through sin declare,
And speak our sins forgiven,
By perfect holiness prepare
And take us up to heaven.

H Y M N LXVI.

- 1 **S**PIRIT of faith come down,
Reveal the things of God,
And make to us the Godhead known,
And witness with the blood :
'Tis thine the blood to apply,
And give us light to see,
Who did for every sinner die
Hath surely died for me.

- 2 No man can truly say
That Jesus is the Lord,
Unless thou take the veil away,
And breathe the living word :
Then, only then we feel
Our interest in his blood,
And cry with joy unspeakable,
Thou art my Lord, my God !

- 3 Oh that the world might know
The all-atoning Lamb!

Spirit of faith, descend and show
The virtue of his name;
The grace which all may find,
The saving power impart,
And testify to all mankind,
And speak in every heart!

- 4 Inspire the living faith,
(Which whosoever receives
The witness in himself he hath,
And consciously believes):
The faith that conquers all,
And doth the mountain move,
And saves whoever on Jesus call,
And perfects them in love.

HYMN LXVII.

- 1 **M**Y gracious loving Lord,
To thee what shall I say?
Well may I tremble at thy word,
And scarce presume to pray!
Ten thousand wants have I:
Alas! I all things want!
And thou hast bid me always cry,
And never never faint.

- 2 Yet, Lord, well might I fear,
Fear even to ask thy grace:
So oft have I alas! drawn near,
And mock'd thee to thy face:

With

With all pollutions stain'd
 Thy hallow'd courts I tread :
 Thy name and temple I profan'd,
 And dar'd to call thee God !

3 But oh ! the jealous God
 In my behalf came down :
 Jesus himself the stronger show'd,
 And claim'd me for his own.
 My spirit he alarm'd,
 And brought into distress :
 He shook and bound the strong man arm'd
 In his self-righteousness.

4 Faded my virtuous shew,
 My form without the power :
 The sin-convincing spirit blew
 And blasted every flower.
 My mouth was stopp'd, and shame
 Cover'd my guilty face :
 I fell on the atoning Lamb,
 And I was sav'd by grace.

H Y M N LXVIII.

1 **O** That I could repent !
 With all my idols part,
 And to thy gracious eye present
 A humble, contrite heart !
 A heart with grief oppress'd,
 For having griev'd my God ;
 A troubled heart, that cannot rest,
 Till sprinkled with thy blood !

2 Jesus,

- 2 Jesus, on me bestow
 The penitent desire ;
 With true sincerity of woe,
 My aching breast inspire :
 With softening pity look,
 And melt my hardness down,
 Strike with thy love's resistless stroke,
 And break this heart of stone !

H Y M N LXIX.

- 1 **O** That I could repent !
 O that I could believe !
 Thou, by thy voice, the marble rent,
 The rock in sunder cleave !
 Thou, by thy two-edg'd sword,
 My soul and spirit part,
 Strike with the hammer of thy word,
 And break my stubborn heart.
- 2 Saviour, and Prince of peace,
 The double grace bestow,
 Unloose the bands of wickedness,
 And let the captive go :
 Grant me my sins to feel,
 And then the load remove ;
 Wound, and pour in, my wounds to heal,
 The balm of pardoning love.
- 3 For thy own mercy's sake
 The dreadful thing remove,
 And into thy protection take
 The prisoner of thy love ;

In every trying hour
 Stand by my feeble soul,
 And screen me from my nature's power
 Till thou hast made me whole.

- 4 This is thy will I know,
 That I should holy be,
 Should let my sin this moment go,
 This moment turn to thee;
 O might I now embrace
 Thy all-sufficient power,
 And never more to sin give place,
 And never grieve thee more.

H Y M N LXX.

- 1 **A**H! whither should I go,
 Burden'd, and sick, and faint?
 To whom should I my trouble show,
 And pour out my complaint?
 My Saviour bids me come,
 Ah! why do I delay?
 He calls the weary sinner home;
 And yet from him I stay.

- 2 What is it keeps me back,
 From which I cannot part?
 Which will not let my Saviour take
 Possession of my heart?
 Some evil thing unknown
 Must surely lurk within:
 Some idol, which I will not own,
 Some secret bosom-sin.

3 Jesus,

- 3 Jesus, the hinderance show,
 Which I have fear'd to see :
 Yet let me now consent to know
 What keeps me out of thee.
 Searcher of hearts, in mine
 Thy trying power display ;
 Into its darkest corners shine,
 And take the veil away.
- 4 I now believe, in thee
 Compassion reigns alone :
 According to my faith, to me
 O let it, Lord, be done !
 In me is all the bar,
 Which thou wouldst fain remove :
 Remove it, and I shall declare
 That God is only love.

H Y M N LXXI.

Trust in Providence. Psalm xxxvii. 5.

- 1 **C**OMMIT thou all thy griefs
 And ways into his hands,
 To his sure truth and tender care,
 Who earth and heaven commands;
 Who points the clouds their course,
 Whom winds and seas obey;
 He shall direct thy wand'ring feet,
 He shall prepare thy way.
- 2 Thou on the Lord rely,
 So safe shalt thou go on :

Fix on his work thy stedfast eye,
 So shall thy work be done :
 No profit canst thou gain
 By self-consuming care,
 To him commend thy cause, his ear
 Attends the softest prayer.

3 Thy everlasting truth,
 Father, thy ceaseless love,
 Sees all thy children's wants, and knows
 What best for each will prove ;
 And whatfo'er thou wilt
 Thou dost, O King of Kings !
 What thy unerring wisdom chose,
 Thy power to being brings.

4 Thou every where hast way,
 And all things serve thy might,
 Thy every act pure blessing is,
 Thy path unfullied light :
 When thou arisest, Lord,
 What shall thy work withstand ?
 When all thy children want, thou givest,
 Who, who shall stay thy hand ?

HYMN LXXII.

1 **G**IVE to the winds thy fears,
 Hope, and be undismay'd ;
 God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears,
 God shall lift up thy head ;
 Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
 He gently clears thy way ;

G

Wait

Wait thou his time, so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

2 Still heavy is thy heart,
Still sink thy spirits down ?
Cast off the weight, let fear depart,
And every care be gone ;
What though thou rulest not,
Yet heaven, and earth, and hell
Proclaim, God sitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well.

3 Leave to his sovereign sway
To chuse and to command,
So shalt thou wondering own his way,
How wise, how strong his hand ;
Far, far above thy thought
His counsel shall appear,
When fully he the work hath wrought,
That caus'd thy needless fear.

4 Thou seest our weakness, Lord,
Our hearts are known to thee ;
O lift thou up the sinking hand,
Confirm the feeble knee ;
Let us in life, in death
Thy stedfast truth declare ;
And publish with our latest breath,
Thy love and guardian care.

H Y M N LXXIII.

Judgment.

1 **W**HEN rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,

I view my Maker face to face,
O how shall I appear !

- 2 If yet while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be fought ;
My soul with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought !
- 3 When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclos'd
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul,
O how shall I appear !
- 4 O may my broken, contrite heart,
Timely my sins lament,
And early with repentant tears,
Eternal woe prevent.
- 5 Behold the sorrows of my heart,
Ere yet it be too late ;
And hear my dying Saviour's groan,
To give those sorrows weight.
- 6 For never shall my soul despair
Her pardon to secure,
Who knows thy only Son hath died,
To make that pardon sure.

H Y M N LXXIV.

Prayer for Power to withstand Temptation.

- 1 **S**HEPHERD divine, our wants relieve
In this our evil day :
To all thy tempted followers give
The power to watch and pray.

- 2 Long as our fiery trials last,
 Long as the cross we bear,
 O let our souls on thee be cast,
 In never-ceasing prayer.
- 3 The spirit of interceding grace
 Give us in faith to claim ;
 To wrestle till we see thy face,
 And know thy hidden name.
- 4 Till thou thy perfect love impart,
 Till thou thyself bestow,
 Be this the cry of every heart,
 I will not let thee go.
- 5 I will not let thee go unless
 Thou tell thy name to me ;
 With all thy great salvation bless,
 And make me all like thee.
- 6 Then let me on the mountain top
 Behold thy open face ;
 Where faith in sight is swallow'd up,
 And prayer in endless praise.

H Y M N LXXV.

- 1 JESUS, my strength and hope,
 On thee I cast my care,
 With humble confidence look up,
 And know thou hear'st my prayer.
 Give me on thee to wait,
 Till I can all things do,

On thee almighty to create,
Almighty to renew,

2 I want a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down and casts behind
The baits of pleasing ill :
A soul inur'd to pain,
To hardship, grief, and loss ;
Bold to take up, firm to sustain.
The consecrated cross.

3 I want a godly fear,
A quick discerning eye,
That looks to thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly ;
A spirit still prepar'd,
And arm'd with jealous care,
For ever standing on it's guard,
And watching unto prayer.

4 I rest upon thy word ;
The promise is for me,
My succour and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from thee :
But let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till thou my patient spirit guide
Into thy perfect love.

H Y M N LXXVI.

2 **H**ELP, Lord, to whom for help I fly,
And still my tempted soul stand by
G 3 Throughout

Throughout the evil day ;
 The sacred watchfulness impart,
 And keep the issues of my heart,
 And stir me up to pray.

- 2 My soul with thy whole armour arm,
 In each approach of sin alarm,
 And shew the danger near,
 Surround, sustain, and strengthen me,
 And fill with godly jealousy,
 And sanctifying fear.
- 3 If near the pit I rashly stray,
 Before I fully fall away
 The keen conviction dart,
 Recal me by that pitying look,
 That kind upbraiding glance which broke
 Unfaithful Peter's heart.
- 4 In me thy utmost mercy show,
 And make me like thyself below,
 Unblamable in grace !
 Ready prepar'd and fitted here,
 By perfect holiness to appear
 Before thy glorious face.

H Y M N LXXVII.

Watching in all Things.

- 1 JESUS, my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
 On whom I cast my every care :
 On whom for all things I depend,
 Inspire, and then accept my prayer.

2 If

- 2 If I have tasted of thy grace,
The grace that sure salvation brings ;
If with me now thy spirit stays,
And hov'ring hides me in his wings.
- 3 Still let him with my weakness stay,
Nor for a moment's space depart ;
Evil and danger turn away,
And keep till he renews my heart.
- 4 If to the right or left I stray,
His voice behind me may I hear,
“ Return, and walk in Christ thy way,
“ Fly back to Christ, for sin is near.”
- 5 His sacred unction from above
Be still my comforter and guide ;
Till all the hardness he remove,
And in my loving heart reside.
- 6 Jesus, I fain would walk in thee,
From nature's every path retreat ;
Thou art my way, my leader be,
And set upon the rock my feet.
- 7 Uphold me, Saviour, or I fall ;
O reach me out thy gracious hand !
Only on thee for help I call,
Only by faith in thee I stand.

H Y M N LXXVIII.

- 1 **C**OME, Saviour, Jesus, from above !
Assist me with thy heavenly grace !
Empty

Empty my heart of earthly love,
And for thyself prepare the place.

- 2 O let thy sacred presence fill,
And set my longing spirit free !
Which pants to have no other will,
But night and day to feast on thee.
- 3 While in this region here below,
No other good will I pursue ;
I'll bid this world of noise and show,
With all its glittering snares adieu.
- 4 That path with humble speed I'll seek,
In which my Saviour's footsteps shine ;
Nor will I hear, nor will I speak
Of any other love but thine.
- 5 Henceforth may no prophane delight
Divide this consecrated soul ;
Possess it thou, who hast the right,
As Lord and Master of the whole.
- 6 Nothing on earth do I desire,
But thy pure love within my breast ;
This, only this will I require,
And freely give up all the rest.

H Y M N LXXIX.

- 1 COME, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God in persons three !
Bring back the heavenly blessing lost
By all mankind and me.

2 Thy

- 2 Thy favour, and thy nature too,
To me, to all restore ;
Forgive, and after God renew,
And keep us evermore.
- 3 Eternal Sun of Righteousness,
Display thy beams divine,
And cause the glories of thy face
Upon my heart to shine.
- 4 Light in thy light O may I see,
Thy grace and mercy prove !
Reviv'd, and cheer'd, and blest by thee,
The God of pardoning love !
- 5 Lift up thy countenance serene,
And let thy happy child
Behold, without a cloud between,
The Godhead reconcil'd !
- 6 That all-comprising peace bestow
On me, through grace forgiven ;
The joys of holiness below,
And then the joys of heaven !

H Y M N LXXX.

CHRIST our Refuge in Temptation.

- 1 **J**ESUS, Lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high :

Hide

Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
 Till the storm of life is past ;
 Safe into the haven guide,
 O receive my soul at last.

- 2 Other refuge have I none,
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee ;
 Leave, ah ! leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me :
 All my trust on thee is stay'd,
 All my help from thee I bring ;
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of thy wing.
- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
 More than all in thee I find :
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind :
 Just and holy is thy name ;
 I am all unrighteousness ;
 Vile, and full of sin I am,
 Thou art full of truth and grace.
- 4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
 Grace to cover all my sin :
 Let the healing streams abound,
 Make and keep me pure within.
 Thou of life the fountain art,
 Freely let me take of thee ;
 Spring thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity.

HYMN LXXXI.

After Recovery.

- 1 SON of God, if thy free grace
 Again hath rais'd me up,
 Call'd me still to seek thy face,
 And given me back my hope :
 Still thy timely help afford,
 And all thy loving-kindness show ;
 Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
 And never let me go.
- 2 By me, O my Saviour, stand
 In fierce temptation's hour ;
 Save me with thy out-stretch'd hand,
 And shew forth all thy power :
 Oh ! be mindful of thy word,
 Thy all-sufficient grace bestow :
 Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
 And never let me go.
- 3 Give me, Lord, a holy fear,
 And fix it in my heart :
 That I may from evil near,
 With timely care depart.
 Sin be more than hell abhorr'd :
 Till thou destroy the tyrant-foe
 Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
 And never let me go.
- 4 Never let me leave thy breast,
 From thee, my Saviour, stray ;
 Thou art my support and rest,
 My true and living way :

My

My exceeding great reward
 In heaven above, and earth below :
 Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
 And never let me go.

H Y M N LXXXII.

In Danger.

- 1 **O** Almighty God of love,
 Thy holy arm display !
 Send me succour from above
 In this my evil day.
 Arm my weakness with thy power,
 Gracious God appear within !
 Be my safeguard and my tower
 Against the face of sin.
- 2 Could I of thy strength take hold,
 And always feel thee near,
 Confident, divinely bold,
 My soul would scorn to fear :
 Nothing should my firmness shock,
 Should the gates of hell assail,
 Were I built upon the rock,
 They never could prevail.
- 3 Rock of my salvation, haste,
 Extend thy ample shade,
 Let it over me be cast ;
 And screen my naked head :
 Save me from the trying hour ;
 Thou my sure protection be ;

Shelter

Shelter me from satan's power,
Till I am fix'd on thee.

- 4 Set upon thyself my feet,
And make me surely stand ;
From temptation's rage and heat
Cover me with thy hand :
Let me in the cleft be plac'd ;
Never from my fence remove ;
In thy arms of love embrac'd,
Of everlasting love.

H Y M N LXXXIII.

Christ our Hiding-place.

- 1 **T**O the haven of thy breast,
O Son of man, I fly ;
Be my refuge and my rest,
For Oh the storm is high !
Save me from the furious blast,
A covert from the tempest be :
Hide me, Jesus, till o'erpass
The storm of sin I see.
- 2 Welcome as the water-spring
In a dry barren place ;
Oh descend on me, and bring
Thy sweet refreshing grace ;
O'er a parch'd and weary land
As a great rock extends it's shade,
Hide me, Saviour, with thy hand,
And skreen my naked head.

- 3 In the time of my distress
 Thou hast my succour been,
 In my utter helplessness
 Restraining me from sin :
 Oh ! how swiftly didst thou move
 To save me in the trying hour !
 Still protect me with thy love,
 And shield me with thy power.

H Y M N LXXXIV.

- 1 **F**IRST and last in me perform
 The work thou hast begun :
 Be my shelter from the storm,
 My shadow from the sun :
 Sprinkle still the mercy-seat,
 And bring thy Father's anger down ;
 Screen me, Jesus, from the heat
 And terror of his frown !
- 2 Let thy merit as a cloud
 Still interpose between :
 Plead the atonement of thy blood,
 Till I am cleans'd from sin :
 Weary, parch'd with thirst, and faint,
 Till thou the abiding spirit breathe,
 Every moment, Lord, I want
 The merit of thy death.
- 3 Never shall I want it less,
 When thou the gift hast given,
 Fill'd me with thy righteousness,
 And seal'd the heir of heaven :

I shall hang upon my God
 Till I thy perfect glory see,
 Till the sprinkling of thy blood
 Shall speak me up to thee.

H Y M N LXXXV.

The Pool at Bethesda. John v. 2, 3.

- 1 JESUS, take my sins away,
 And make me know thy name !
 Thou art now, as yesterday,
 And evermore the same :
 Thou my true Bethesda be,
 I know within thy arms is room :
 All the world may unto thee,
 Their *house of mercy*, come.
- 2 See me lying at the Pool,
 And waiting for thy grace !
 Oh come down into my soul,
 Disclose thy angel-face !
 If to me thy bowels move ;
 If now thou dost my sickness feel,
 Let the spirit of thy love
 The helpless sinner heal.
- 3 Persons thou dost not respect ;
 Whoe'er for mercy call
 Thou in no-wise wilt reject :
 Thy mercy is for all.
 Thou wouldst freely all restore,
 Would all the gracious season find ;

Fill with goodness, love and power,
And with a healthful mind.

- 4 Mercy then there is for me,
(Away my doubts and fears)
Plagu'd with an infirmity,
For many tedious years.
Jesus cast a pitying eye !
Thou long hast known my desperate case :
Poor and helpless here I lie,
And wait the healing grace.

H Y M N LXXXVI.

- 1 **L**ONG hath thy good spirit strove
With my distemper'd soul ;
But I still refus'd thy love,
And would not be made whole.
Hardly now at last I yield,
I yield with all my sins to part :
Let my soul be fully heal'd,
And throughly cleans'd my heart.
- 2 Pain and sickness at thy word
And sin and sorrow flies :
Speak to me, Almighty Lord,
And bid my spirit rise !
Bid me take my burden up,
The bed on which thyself didst lie,
When on Calvary's steep top,
My Jesus deign'd to die.
- 3 Bid me bear the hallow'd cross,
Which thou hast borne before ;

Walk

Walk in all thy righteous laws,
 And go and sin no more.
 Jesus, I on thee alone
 For persevering grace depend !
 Love me freely ; love thy own ;
 And love me to the end !

H Y M N LXXVII.

2 **L**AMB of God for sinners slain,
 To thee I feebly pray :
 Heal me of my grief and pain,
 Oh take my sins away !
 From this bondage, Lord, release :
 No longer let me be oppress'd :
 Jesus, Master, seal my peace,
 And take me to thy breast !

2 Wilt thou cast a sinner out,
 Who humbly comes to thee ?
 No, my God, I cannot doubt,
 Thy mercy is for me.
 Let me then obtain thy grace,
 And be of paradise posses't :
 Jesus, Master, seal my peace,
 And take me to thy breast !

3 Worldly wealth I do not want ;
 Be that to others given :
 Only for thy love I pant ;
 My all in earth and heaven.
 This the crown I fain would seize,
 The good wherewith I would be blest :
 Jesus, Master, seal my peace,
 And take me to thy breast !

- 4 This delight I fain would prove,
 And then resign my breath,
 Join the happy few whose love
 Was mightier than death !
 Let it not my Lord displease
 That I would die to be his guest !
 Jesus, Master, seal my peace,
 And take me to thy breast !

H Y M N LXXXVIII.

Convinced of Backsliding.

- 1 **D**EPTH of mercy, can there be,
 Mercy still reserv'd for me ?
 Can my God his wrath forbear ?
 Me, the chief of sinners spare ?
- 2 I have long withstood his grace ;
 Long provok'd him to his face ;
 Would not hearken to his calls ;
 Griev'd him by a thousand falls.
- 3 I have spilt his precious blood,
 Trampled on the Son of God :
 Fill'd with pangs unspeakable !
 I, who yet am not in hell !
- 4 Whence to me this waste of love ?
 Ask my Advocate above !
 See the cause in Jesu's face,
 Now before the throne of grace.

- 5 Lo ! I cumber still the ground :
Lo ! an Advocate is found !
“ Hasten not to cut him down
“ Let this barren soul alone.”
- 6 Jesus speaks and pleads his blood !
He disarms the wrath of God ;
Now my Father’s bowels move ;
Justice lingers into love.
- 7 Kindled his relentings are ;
Me he now delights to spare :
Cries ‘ “ How shall I give thee up ? ”
Let the lifted thunder drop.
- 8 There for me the Saviour stands ;
Shews his wounds and spreads his hands !
God is love ! I know, I feel :
Jesus weeps ; and loves me still !

H Y M N LXXXIX.

- 1 JESUS, answer from above :
Is not all thy nature love !
Wilt thou not the wrong forget ?
‘ Suffer me to kiss thy feet ?
- 2 If I rightly read thy heart,
If thou all compassion art,
Bow thy ear, in mercy bow !
Pardon and accept me now.
- 3 Pity from thy eye let fall ;
By a look my soul recal ;

Now

Now the stone to flesh convert,
Cast a look and break my heart.

- 4 Now incline me to repent !
Let me now my fall lament :
Now my foul revolt deplore !
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

H Y M N XC.

- 1 **W**HEN, gracious Lord, when shall it be
That I shall find my all in thee !
The fulness of thy promise prove,
The seal of thy eternal love ?
- 2 Thee, only thee, I fain would find,
And cast the world and flesh behind :
Thou, only thou, to me be given,
Of all thou hast in earth or heaven.
- 3 When from the arm of flesh set free;
Jesus, my soul shall fly to thee :
Jesus, when I have lost my all,
I shall upon thy bosom fall.
- 4 Whom man forsakes thou wilt not leave,
Ready the out-casts to receive :
Though all my simpleness I own,
And all my faults to thee are known.
- 5 Ah wherefore did I ever doubt !
Thou wilt in no wise cast me out,
Under thy mighty hand I stoop ;
Oh lift the abject sinner up !

6 Lord

- 6 Lord, I am blind ; be thou my fight !
 Lord, I am weak ; be thou my might !
 A helper of the helpless be,
 And let me find my all in thee !

H Y M N XC1.

The Woman of Canaan. Matt. xv. 25, 28.

- 1 **L**ORD, I cannot part with thee ;
 I will not let thee go :
 Mercy, mercy upon me,
 Thou Son of David show !
 Vilest of the sinful race
 On thee importunate I call :
 Help me, Jesus ; shew thy grace ;
 Thy grace is free for all.
- 2 Nothing am I in thy sight,
 Nothing have I to plead :
 Unto dogs it is not right
 To cast the childrens' bread.
 Yet the dogs the crumbs may eat,
 That from their master's table fall :
 Let the fragments be my meat :
 Thy grace is free for all.
- 3 Give me Lord the victory,
 My heart's desire fulfil ;
 Let it now be done to me
 According to my will !
 Give me living bread to eat,
 And say, in answer to my call,
Canaanite,

Canaanite, thy faith is great !
My grace is free for all.

- 4 If thy grace for all is free,
Thy call now let me hear :
Shew this token upon me,
And bring salvation near.
Now the gracious word repeat,
The word of healing to my soul ;
Canaanite, thy faith is great !
Thy faith hath made thee whole.

H Y M N XCII.

- 1 **J**ESUS, Friend of sinners, hear,
Yet once again I pray ;
From my debt of sin set clear,
For I have nought to pay :
Speak, Oh speak the kind release,
A poor backsliding soul restore :
Love me freely, seal my peace,
And bid me sin no more.
- 2 Though my sins as mountains rise,
And swell and reach to heaven,
Mercy is above the skies,
I may be still forgiven ;
Infinite my sins increase,
But greater is thy mercy's store :
Love me freely, seal my peace,
And bid me sin no more.
- 3 Sin's deceitfulness hath spread
A hardness o'er my heart ;

But

But if thou thy spirit shed,
 The stony shall depart :
 Shed thy love, thy tenderneſs,
 And let me feel thy ſoftening power ;
 Love me freely, ſeal my peace,
 And bid me ſin no more.

- 4 For this only thing I pray,
 And this will I require ;
 Take the power of ſin away,
 Fill me with chaſte deſire ;
 Perfeſt me in holineſs ;
 Thy image to my ſoul reſtore :
 Love me freely, ſeal my peace,
 And bid me ſin no more.

HYMN XCIII.

- 1 **O** Thou, whom fain my ſoul would love,
 Whom I would gladly die to know,
 This veil of unbelief remove,
 And ſhow me all thy goodneſs, ſhow ;
 JESUS, thyſelf in me reveal,
 Tell me thy name, thy nature tell.

- 2 Haſt thou been with me Lord ſo long,
 Yet thee *my* Lord, have I not known ?
 I claim thee with a faltering tongue,
 I pray thee in a feeble groan :
 Tell me, Oh tell me, who thou art,
 And ſpeak thy name into my heart.

- 3 If now thou talkeſt by the way,
 With ſuch an abjeſt worm as me,

Thy

Thy mysteries of grace display,
 Open my eyes that I may see ;
 That I may understand thy word,
 And now cry out, it is the Lord !

HYMN XCIV.

1 **J**ESUS, in whom the weary find
 Their late but permanent repose,
 Physician of the sin-sick mind,
 Relieve my wants, assuage my woes ;
 And let my soul on thee be cast,
 'Till life's fierce tyranny be past.

2 Loos'd from my God, and far remov'd,
 Long have I wander'd to and fro,
 O'er earth in endless circles rov'd,
 Nor found whereon to rest below ;
 Back to my God, at last I fly :
 For Oh the waters still are high !

3 Selfish pursuits, and nature's maze,
 The things of earth for thee I leave :
 Put forth thy hand, thy of grace,
 Into the ark of love receive !
 Take this poor fluttering soul to rest,
 And lodge it, Saviour, in thy breast !

4 Fill with inviolable peace,
 'Stablish and keep my settled heart ;
 In thee may all my wanderings cease,
 From thee no more may I depart ;
 Thy utmost goodness call'd to prove,
 Lov'd with an everlasting love.

HYMN XCV.

- 1 **F**ATHER of Jesus Christ the Just,
 My Friend and Advocate with thee,
 Pity a soul that fain would trust
 In him who liv'd and died for me ;
 But only thou canst make him known,
 And in my heart reveal thy Son.
- 2 If, drawn by thy alluring grace,
 My want of living faith I feel,
 Shew me in Christ thy smiling grace,
 What flesh and blood can ne'er reveal ;
 Thy co-eternal Son display,
 And call my darkness into day.
- 3 The gift unspeakable impart ;
 Command the light of faith to shine ;
 To shine in my dark, drooping heart,
 And fill me with the life divine :
 Now bid the new creation be !
 O God, let there be faith in me.

HYMN XCVI.

- 1 **C**AST on the fidelity
 Of my redeeming Lord,
 I shall his salvation see,
 According to his word :
 Credence to his word I give,
 My Saviour in distresses past
 Will not now his servant leave,
 But bring me through at last.

I

2 New

- 2 Now as yesterday the same,
In all my troubles nigh,
Jesus on thy word and name
I stedfastly rely,
Sure as now the grief I feel,
The promis'd joy I soon shall have ;
Sav'd again, to sinners tell
Thy power and will to save.
- 3 To thy blessed will resign'd,
And stay'd on that alone,
I thy perfect strength shall find,
Thy faithful mercies own ;
Compass'd round with songs of praise,
My All to my Redeemer give ;
Spread thy miracles of grace,
And for thy glory live.

H Y M N XCVII.

- 1 **F**ATHER, in the name I pray
Of thy incarnate Love,
Humbly ask, that as my day
My suffering strength may prove ;
When my sorrows most increase,
Let thy strongest joys be given ;
Jesus, come with my distress,
And agony is heaven.
- 2 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
For good remember me !
Me, whom thou hast caus'd to trust
For more than life on thee :

With

With me in the fire remain,
 Till like burnish'd gold I shine,
 Meet, through consecrated pain,
 To see thy face divine.

HYMN XCVIII.

In Affliction or Pain.

- 1 **T**HOU Lamb of God, thou Prince of peace,
 For thee my thirsty soul doth pine!
 My longing heart implores thy grace,
 Oh make me in thy likeness shine!
- 3 With fraudless, even, humble mind,
 Thy will in all things may I see;
 In love be every wish resign'd,
 And hallow'd my whole heart to thee.
- 3 When pain o'er my weak flesh prevails,
 With lamb-like patience arm my breast;
 When grief my wounded soul assails,
 In lowly meekness may I rest.
- 4 Close by thy side still may I keep,
 Howe'er life's various current flow;
 With steadfast eye mark every step,
 And follow thee where'er thou go.
- 5 Thou, Lord, the dreadful fight hast won;
 Alone thou hast the wine-press trod:
 In me thy strength'ning grace be shown,
 Oh may I conquer through thy blood!

- 6 So when on Sion thou shalt stand,
 And all heaven's host adore their king,
 Shall I be found at thy right hand,
 And free from pain thy glories sing.

H Y M N XCIX.

Repentance, and Faith in Christ. Psalm li.

- 1 **O** Thou that hear'st when sinners cry,
 Though all my sins before thee lie,
 Behold me not with angry look,
 But blot their memory from thy book.
- 2 Create my nature pure within,
 And form my soul averse to sin:
 Let thy good spirit ne'er depart,
 Nor hide thy presence from my heart.
- 3 I cannot live without thy light,
 Cast out and banish'd from thy sight:
 Thy saving strength, O Lord, restore,
 And guard me that I fall no more.
- 4 Though I have griev'd thy Spirit, Lord,
 His help and comfort still afford:
 And let a wretch come near thy throne,
 To plead the merits of thy Son.
- 5 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
 And owns thy dreadful sentence just:
 Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
 And save the soul condemn'd to die.

6 Then

- 6 Then will I teach the world thy ways,
Sinners shall learn thy sovereign grace :
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pardoning God.
- 7 Oh may thy love inspire my tongue,
Salvation shall be all my song ;
And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

H Y M N C.

Prayer for divine Influence.

- 1 **T**HOU great mysterious God unknown,
Whose love hath gently led me on,
Even from my infant days,
My inmost soul expose to view,
And tell me if I ever knew
Thy justifying grace.
- 2 If I have only known thy fear,
And follow'd with an heart sincere,
Thy drawings from above ;
Now, now the farther grace bestow,
And let my sprinkled conscience know
Thy sweet forgiving love.
- 3 Short of thy love I would not stop,
A stranger to the gospel-hope,
The sense of sin forgiven ;
I would not, Lord, my soul deceive,
Without thy inward witness live,
That antepast of heaven.

4 If now the witness were in me,
 Would be not testify of thee,
 In Jesus reconcil'd?
 And should I not with faith draw nigh,
 And boldly "Abba, Father!" cry,
 I know myself thy child?"

5 Ah! never let thy servant rest,
 Till of my part in Christ possess,
 I on thy mercy feed:
 Unworthy of the crumbs that fall,
 Yet rais'd by him who died for all,
 To eat the children's bread.

H Y M N C I.

1 **S**TAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay,
 Though I have done thee such despite,
 Nor cast the sinner quite away,
 Nor take thy everlasting flight.

2 Though I have most unfaithful been,
 Of all who e'er thy grace receiv'd,
 Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
 Ten thousand times thy goodness griev'd.

3 Yet Oh! the chief of sinners spare,
 In honour of my great High-priest,
 Nor in thy righteous anger swear
 To exclude me from thy people's rest.

4 If yet thou canst my sins forgive,
 From now, O Lord, relieve my woes;
 Into thy rest of love receive,
 And bless me with the calm repose.

5 From

- 5 From now my weary soul release,
 Up-raise me with thy gracious hand,
 And guide into thy perfect peace,
 And bring me to the promis'd land.

HYMN CII.

GOD'S love to Mankind.

- 1 **O** God of good the unfathom'd sea,
 Who would not give his heart to thee?
 Who would not love thee with his might?
 O Jesus, lover of mankind,
 Who would not his whole soul and mind,
 With all his strength to thee unite?
- 2 Thou shin'st with everlasting rays;
 Before the insufferable blaze
 Angels with both wings veil their eyes;
 Yet free as air thy bounty streams
 On all thy works, thy mercy's beams
 Diffusive as thy sun's arise.
- 3 Astonish'd at thy frowning brow,
 Earth, hell, and heaven's strong pillars bow,
 Terrible majesty is thine!
 Who then can that vast love express,
 Which bows thee down to me, who less
 Than nothing am, 'till thou art mine?
- 4 High-thron'd on heaven's eternal hill,
 In number, weight, and measure still
 Thou sweetly orderest all that is:
 And yet thou deign'st to come to me,
 And guide my steps that I with thee
 Inthron'd, may reign in endless bliss.

HYMN CIII.

- 1 **F**OUNTAIN of good, each blessing flows
 From thee ; no want thy fulness knows :
 What but thyself canst thou desire ?
 Yes ; self-sufficient as thou art,
 Thou dost desire my worthless heart ;
 This only this thou dost require.
- 2 Primeval beauty ! in thy sight
 The first-born fairest sons of light
 See all their brightest glories fade ;
 What then to me thy eyes could turn,
 In sin conceiv'd, of woman born,
 A worm, a leaf, a blast, a shade !
- 3 Hell's armies tremble at thy nod,
 And trembling own the almighty God,
 Sovereign of earth, hell, air, and sky :
 But who is this that comes from far,
 Whose garments roll'd in blood appear ?
 'Tis God made man, for man to die.
- 4 O God of good the unfathomed sea,
 Who would not give his heart to thee ?
 Who would not love thee with his might ?
 O Jesus, lover of mankind,
 Who would not his whole soul and mind,
 With all his strength to thee unite ?

HYMN CIV.

Isaiah xliii. 1, 2

- 1 **P**EACE, doubtful heart, my God's I am ;
 Who form'd me man, forbids my fear :
 The Lord hath call'd me by my name ;
 The Lord protects, for ever near :
 His blood for me did once atone,
 And still he loves, and guards his own.
- 2 When passing through the watry deep,
 I ask in faith his promis'd aid :
 The waves an awful distance keep,
 And shrink from my devoted head :
 Fearless their violence I dare :
 They cannot harm, for God is there !
- 3 To him my eyes of faith I turn,
 And through the fire pursue my way :
 The fire forgets it's power to burn,
 The lambent flames around me play :
 I own his power, accept the sign,
 And shout to prove the Saviour mine.
- 4 Still nigh me, O my Saviour, stand,
 And guard in fierce temptation's hour,
 Hide in the hollow of thy hand,
 Shew forth in me thy saving power :
 Still be thy arms my sure defence ;
 Nor earth, nor hell shall pluck me thence.

HYMN CV.

Courage in time of danger.

- 1 **S**INCE thou hast bid me come to thee
 (Good as thou art, and strong to save)
 I'll walk o'er life's tempestuous sea,
 Up-borne by the unyielding wave :
 Dauntless, though rocks of pride be near,
 And yawning whirlpools of despair !
- 2 When darkness intercepts the skies,
 And sorrow's waves around me roll,
 When high the storms of passion rise,
 And half o'erwhelm my sinking soul ;
 My soul a sudden power shall feel,
 And hear a whisper, *Peace, Be still.*
- 3 Though in affliction's furnace tried,
 Unhurt, on snares and death I'll tread ;
 Though sin assail, and hell thrown wide
 Pour all its flames upon my head :
 Like *Moses'* bush I'll mount the higher,
 And flourish unconsum'd in fire.

HYMN CVI.

*Christ's compassion for the Tempted, Heb. iv. 15, 16.
 Matt. xii. 20.*

- 1 **W**ITH joy we meditate the grace
 Of our High Priest above ;
 His heart is made of tenderness,
 His bowels melt with love.

Touch'd

2 Touch'd with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame ;
He knows what fore temptations mean,
For he hath felt the same.

3 He in the days of feeble flesh,
Pour'd out strong cries and tears ;
And in his measure feels afresh
What every member bears.

4 He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame ;
The bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.

5 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power ;
We shall obtain delivering grace
In the distressing hour.

H Y M N CVII.

Confederate Nations defied by those who sanctify God.

Isaiah viii. 9, 14.

1 GREAT God of Hosts, attend our prayer,
And make the *British* isles thy care :
To thee we raise our suppliant cries,
When angry nations round us rise.

2 But 'midst the thunder of their Rage,
We thy protection would engage :
Now raise thy saving arm on high,
And bring renew'd deliverance nigh.

3 May

- 3 May *Britain*, as one man, be led
To make the Lord her fear and dread ;
Our souls no other fear shall know,
Though earth were leagu'd with hell below.
- 4 Give ear, ye countries from afar :
Ye proud associate nations, hear ;
While fix'd on him who rules the sky,
Our hearts your threaten'd war defy.
- 5 Ye people, gird your selves in vain,
Your scatter'd force unite again ;
Again shall all that force be broke,
When God with us shall deal the stroke.
- 6 Now he records our humble tears,
With ardent vows for future years,
And destines for approaching days
Victorious shouts and songs of praise.
- 7 *Immanuel's* land shall safe remain,
Blest with it's Saviour's gentle reign ;
Till every hostile rumour cease
In the fair realms of perfect peace.

H Y M N CVIII.

God intreated for Zion. Isaiah lxii. 6, 7.

- 1 **I**NDULGENT sovereign of the skies,
And wilt thou bow thy gracious ear ?
While feeble mortals raise their cries,
Wilt thou, the great JEHOVAH, hear ?
- 2 Look

- 2 Look down, O God, with pitying eye,
And view the desolation round;
See what wide realms in darkness lie,
And hurl their idols to the ground.
- 3 Loud let the gospel-trumpet blow,
And call the nations from afar;
Let all the isles their Saviour know,
And earth's remotest ends draw near.
- 4 With gentle beams on *Britain* shine,
And bless her Princes, and her Priests;
And, by thy energy divine,
Let sacred love o'erflow their breasts.
- 5 Triumphant here let *Jesus* reign,
And on his vineyard sweetly smile;
While all the virtues of his train
Adorn our church, adorn our isles.
- 9 On all our souls let grace descend,
Like heavenly dew in copious showers,
That we may call our God our friend,
That we may hail salvation ours.
- 7 Then shall each age and rank agree
United shouts of joy to raise;
And *Zion* made a praise by thee,
To thee shall render back the praise.

HYMN CIX.

Lamenting national Sins. Ezek. ix. 4, 6.

- 1 **O** Righteous God, thou Judge supreme,
We tremble at thy dreadful name,
And all our crying guilt we own
In dust and tears before thy throne.
- 2 So manifold our crimes have been,
Such crimson tincture dyes our sin,
That, could we all it's horrors know,
Our streaming eyes with blood might flow.
- 3 Justly might this polluted land
Prove all the vengeance of thy hand ;
And bath'd in heaven thy sword might come
To drink our blood, and seal our doom.
- 4 Yet hast thou not a remnant here,
Whose souls are fill'd with pious fear ?
Oh bring thy wonted mercy nigh,
While prostrate at thy feet they lie.
- 5 Behold their tears, attend their moan,
Nor turn away their secret groan :
With these we join our humble prayer ;
Our nation shield, our country spare.
- 6 But if the sentence be decreed,
And our dear native land must bleed,
By thy sure mark may we be known,
And save in life or death thy own.

HYMN CX.

Humbled under the hand of God. 1 Peter v. 6.

- 1 **O**UR souls with reverence, Lord, bow down
Struck by the splendour of thy throne :
Humbled, while in thy house we stand,
Beneath thy great tremendous hand.
- 2 That hand, which bears the steady pole,
While nature's wheels unwearied roll ;
That hand, which gives each creature food,
And fills the world with various good.
- 3 That hand, which pierc'd thy darling Son
To expiate crimes, that we had done :
That hand, which scatters grace abroad
To turn thy foes to sons of God.
- 4 But Oh ! with what distracted rage
Have we presum'd that hand to engage !
And, while long patience hath been shewn,
Struggled to force thy vengeance down !
- 5 Here might thy wrath begin to flame,
And vindicate thy injur'd name :
Till the red thunders of thy hand
Had dealt destruction round our land.
- 6 With humble hearts our God we meet :
Oh raise the suppliants at thy feet !
And let that glorious arm this day
Embrace the rebels it might slay.

HYMN CXI.

Humiliation. 1 Peter. v. 6.

- 1 **S**EE, gracious God, before thy Throne
Thy mourning people bend !
'Tis on thy sovereign grace alone
Our humble hopes depend.
- 2 Tremendous judgments from thy hand,
Thy dreadful power display ;
Yet mercy spares this guilty land,
And still we live to pray.
- 3 Great God, and why is *Britain* spar'd,
Ungrateful as we are !
Oh make thy awful warnings heard,
While mercy cries, " forbear."
- 4 What numerous crimes increas'ing rise,
Through this illumin'd isle !
What land so favour'd of the skies,
And yet what land so vile,
- 5 How chang'd, alas ! are truths divine,
For error, guilt, and shame !
What impious numbers, bold in sin,
Disgrace the Christian name !
- 6 Regardless of thy smile or frown,
Their pleasures they require ;
And sink with gay indifference down
To everlasting fire.

- 7 Oh turn us, turn us, mighty Lord,
 By thy abundant grace ;
 Then shall our hearts obey thy word,
 And humbly seek thy face.
- 8 Then, should insulting foes invade,
 We shall not sink in fear ;
 Secure of never-failing aid,
 If God, our God, is near.

HYMN XCII.

Gen. xviii. 23, 33.

- 1 **W**HEN Abram, full of sacred awe,
 Before Jehovah stood,
 And with a humble fervent prayer,
 For guilty Sodom sued
- 2 With what success, what wonderful grace,
 Was his petition crown'd !
 The Lord would spare if in the place
 Ten righteous men were found.
- 3 And could a single holy soul
 So rich a grant obtain ?
 Great God, and shall a nation cry,
 And plead with thee in vain ?
- 4 *Britain*, all guilty as she is,
 Her numerous saints can boast,
 And now their fervent prayers ascend,
 And can those prayers be lost ?

- 5 Are not the righteous dear to thee,
Now as in ancient times ?
Or does this sinful land exceed
Gomorrab in it's crimes ?
- 6 Still are we thine, we bear thy name,
Here yet is thy abode ;
Still may thy presence bless our land ;
Forfake us not, O God.

H Y M N CXIII.

Day of Prayer for Success in War.

- 1 **L**ORD, how shall wretched sinners dare
Look up to thy divine abode ?
Or offer their imperfect prayer
Before a just, a holy God ?
- 2 Bright terrors guard thy awful seat,
And dazzling glories veil thy face ;
Yet mercy calls us to thy feet,
Thy throne is still a throne of Grace.
- 3 Oh may our souls thy grace adore,
May Jesus plead our humble claim ;
While thy protection we implore,
In his prevailing glorious name.
- 4 With all the boasted pomp of war
In vain we dare the hostile field ;
In vain, unless thou Lord art there ;
Thy arm alone is Britain's shield.

5 Let

- 5 Let past experience of thy care
 Support our hope, our trust invite !
 Again attend our humble prayer !
 Again be mercy thy delight !
- 6 Our arms succeed, our councils guide,
 Let thy right hand our cause maintain ;
 Till war's destructive rage subside,
 And peace resume her gentle reign.
- 7 Oh when shall time the period bring
 When raging war shall waste no more ;
 When peace shall stretch her balmy wing
 From Europe's coast to India's shore ?
- 8 When shall the gospel's healing ray
 (Kind source of amity divine !)
 Spread o'er the world celestial day ?
 When shall the nations, Lord, be thine ?

H Y M N CXIV.

*National Judgments deprecated, and National Mercies
 pleaded. Amos iii. 1, 6.*

- 1 **W**HILE oe'r our guilty land, O Lord,
 We view the terrors of thy sword ;
 Oh ! whither shall the helpless fly ?
 To whom but thee direct their cry ?
- 2 The helpless sinner's cries and tears
 Are grown familiar to thy ears ;
 Oft has thy mercy sent relief,
 When all was fear and hopeless grief.
- 3 On

- 3 On thee, our guardian God, we call,
Before thy throne of grace we fall;
And is there no deliverance there?
And must we perish in despair?
- 4 See, we repent, we weep, we mourn,
To our forsaken God we turn;
Oh spare our guilty country, spare
The church which thou hast planted here.
- 5 We plead thy grace, indulgent God;
We plead thy Son's atoning blood;
We plead thy gracious promises,
And are they unavailing pleas?
- 6 These pleas, presented at thy throne,
Have brought ten thousand blessings down
On guilty lands in helpless woe;
. Let them prevail to save us too!

H Y M N CXV.

Peace prayed for.

- 1 **O**N Britain, long a favour'd isle,
Now overwhelm'd with guilt and shame,
Deign, mighty God, once more to smile;
The same thy power, thy grace the same.
- 2 Let peace descend with balmy wing,
And all it's blessings round her shed;
Her liberties be well secur'd,
And commerce lift it's fainting head:

3 Let

- 3 Let the loud cannon cease to roar,
The warlike trump no longer sound ;
The din of arms be heard no more,
Nor human blood pollute the ground.
- 4 Let hostile troops drop from their hands
The useless sword, the glittering spear ;
And join in friendship's sacred bands,
Nor one dissentient voice be there.
- 5 Thus save, O Lord, a sinking land,
Millions of tongues shall then adore,
Resound the honours of thy name,
And spread thy praise from shore to shore.

H Y M N CXVI.

Secret Prayer. Matt. vi. 6.

- 1 **F**ATHER divine, thy piercing eye
Sees through the darkest night ;
In deep retirement thou art nigh,
With heart discerning sight.
- 2 There may that piercing eye survey
My duteous homage paid,
With every morning's dawning ray,
And every evening's shade.
- 4 Oh let thy own celestial fire
The incense still inflame ;
While my warm vows to thee aspire,
Through my Redeemer's name.

- 4 So shall the visits of thy love
My soul in secret bless;
So shalt thou deign in worlds above
Thy suppliant to confess.

P A U S E.

- 5 Mercy, good LORD, mercy I ask,
This is the total sum;
Mercy, through CHRIST, is all my suit,
LORD, let thy mercy come.

H Y M N CXVII.

Blind Bartimeus. Luke xviii. 35, 38.

- 1 **S**INFUL, and blind, and poor,
And lost without thy grace,
Thy mercy I implore,
And wait to see thy face :
Begging I sit by the way-side,
And long to know the crucify'd.

- 2 JESUS, attend my cry,
Thou Son of *David* hear,
If now thou passest by,
Stand still and call me near ;
The darkness from my heart remove,
And shew me now thy pardoning love.

H Y M N

HYMN CXVIII.

Ezekiel's *Vision of the dry Bones.* Ezek. xxxvii. 3.

- 1 **L**OOK down, O Lord, with pitying eye;
See *Adam's* race in ruin lie;
Sin spreads it's trophies o'er the ground,
And scatters slaughter'd heaps around.
- 2 And can these mouldering corpses live !
And can these perish'd bones revive ?
That, mighty God, to thee is known;
That wonderous work is all thy own.
- 3 Thy ministers are sent in vain
To prophesy upon the slain;
In vain they call, in vain they cry,
Till thy almighty aid is nigh.
- 4 But if thy Spirit deign to breathe,
Life spreads through all the realms of death;
Dry bones obey thy powerful voice;
They move, they waken, they rejoice :
- 5 So when thy trumpet's awful sound
Shall shake the heavens and rend the ground,
The saints shall from their tombs arise,
And spring to life beyond the skies.

HYMN CXIX.

Now is the accepted Time.

- 1 **C**OME, guilty souls, and flee away
To CHRIST, and heal your wounds;
This

This is the welcome gospel day
Wherein free grace abounds.

- 2 God lov'd the world, and gave his Son
To drink the cup of wrath :
And Jesus says he'll cast out none
That come to him by faith.

H Y M N CXX.

Jabez's *Prayer*. 1 Chron. iv. 9, 10.

- 1 “ O that the LORD indeed
“ Would me his servant blest,
“ From every evil shield my head,
“ And crown my paths with peace !
- 2 “ Be his almighty hand
“ My helper and my guide,
“ Till, with his saints in *Canaan's* land,
“ My portion he divide.

H Y M N CXXI.

Pfalm lxxxiv. 8.

- 1 LORD GOD, omnipotent to blest,
My supplication hear ;
Guardian of *Jacob*, to my voice
Incline thy gracious ear.
- 2 If I have never yet begun
To tread the sacred road,
Oh teach my wandering feet the way
To *Zion's* blest abode !

- 3 Or, if I'm travelling in the path,
 Assist me with thy strength,
 And let me swift advances make,
 And reach thy heaven at length.
- 4 My care, my hope, my first request,
 Are all compris'd in this,
 To follow where thy saints have led,
 And then partake their bliss.

H Y M N CXXII.

Deut. xiii. 9.

- 1 GREAT God of heaven and nature, rise,
 And hear our loud united cries :
 See *Britain* bow before thy face
 Through all her coasts, and seek thy grace.
- 2 No arm of flesh we make our trust ;
 Nor sword, nor horse, nor ships we boast :
 Thine is the land, and thine the main,
 And human force and skill are vain.
- 3 Our guilt might draw thy vengeance down
 On every shore, on every town ;
 But view us, Lord, with pitying eye,
 And lay thy dreadful thunder by.
- 4 Forgive the follies of our times,
 And purge our land from all it's crimes ;
 Reform'd, and deck'd with grace divine,
 Let princes, priests, and people shine.

- 5 Oh may no God-provoking sin
Through all the camps and navies reign;
No foul reproach to drive from thence
Our surest glory and defence.
- 6 So shall our God delight to bless,
And crown our arms with wide success:
Our foes shall dread Jehovah's sword,
And conqu'ring *Britain* praise the Lord.

H Y M N CXXIII.

The Lord's Prayer. Matt. vi. 9, 13.

- 1 OUR Father, whose eternal sway
The bright angelic hosts obey,
Oh lend a pitying Ear:
When on thy awful name we call
And at thy feet submissive fall
Oh condescend to hear.
- 2 Far may thy glorious reign extend,
May rebels to thy sceptre bend,
And yield to sovereign love:
May we take pleasure to fulfil,
The sacred dictates of thy will,
As Angels do above.
- 3 From thy kind hand each temporal good,
Our raiment and our daily food,
In rich abundance come:
Lord, give us still a fresh supply;
If thou withhold thy hand we die
And fill the silent tomb.

4 Pardon

- 4 Pardon our Sins, O God ! that rise
 And call for vengeance from the skies ;
 And while we are forgiven,
 Grant that revenge may never rest,
 Nor malice harbour in that breast
 Which feels the love of heaven.
- 5 Protect us in the dangerous hour,
 And from the wily tempter's power
 Oh set our Spirits free ;
 And if temptation should assail,
 May mighty grace o'er all prevail,
 And lead our hearts to thee.
- 6 Thine is the power, to thee belongs
 The constant tribute of our songs,
 All glory to thy name :
 Let every creature join our lays,
 In one resounding act of praise,
 Thy wonders to proclaim,

H Y M N CXXIV.

1 **W**ORLD adieu, thou real cheat !
 Oft have thy deceitful charms
 Fill'd my heart with fond conceit,
 Foolish hopes and false alarms :
 Now I see as clear as day,
 Now thy follies pass away.

2 Vain thy entertaining sights,
 False thy promises renew'd,
 All the pomp of thy delights
 Does but flatter and delude :
 Thee I quit for heaven above,
 Object of the noblest love.

3 Farewel honour's empty pride !
 Thy own nice uncertain gust,
 If the least mischance betide,
 Lays thee lower than the dust :
 Worldly honours end in gall,
 Rise to day, to morrow fall.

4 Lord, how happy is my heart
 While it after thee aspires !
 True and faithful as thou art,
 Thou shalt answer it's desires :
 I shall see the glorious scene
 Of thy everlasting reign.

H Y M N CXXV.

1 **F**OOLISH Vanity, farewell,
 More inconstant than the wave !
 Where thy soothing fancies dwell,
 Purest tempers they deprave :
 He, to whom I fly, from thee
 JESUS CHRIST shall set me free.

2 Never may my wandering mind
 Follow after fleeting toys,
 Since in GOD alone I find
 Solid and substantial joys :
 Joys that never overpast,
 Through eternity shall last.

H Y M N CXXVI.

Blessed are they that mourn. Matt. v. 4.

1 **G**RACIOUS soul, to whom are given
 Holy hungerings after heaven,
 Restless

Restless breathings, earnest moans,
 Deep, unutterable groans,
 Agonies of strong desire,
 Love's supprest, *unconscious* fire.

2 Turn again to God thy rest,
 Jesus hath pronounc'd thee blest :
 Humbly to thy Jesus turn
 Comforter of all that mourn :
 Happy mourner, hear, and see,
 Claim the promise made to thee.

3 Lift to him thy weeping eye,
 Heaven behind the cloud descry :
 If with Christ thou suffer here,
 When his glory shall appear,
 Christ his suffering son shall own ;
 Thine the cross, and thine the crown.

4 Just through him behold thy way
 Shining to the perfect day :
 Dying thus to all beneath,
 Fashion'd to the Saviour's death,
 Him the resurrection prove,
 Rais'd to all the life of love.

H Y M N CXXVII.

1 **W**HAT if here a while thou grieve,
 God shall endless comfort give :
 Sorrow may a night endure,
 Joy returns as day-light sure :
 Praise shall then thy life employ :
 Sow in tears, and reap in joy.

L 3

2 Doth

- 2 Doth thy Lord prolong his stay ?
Mercy wills the kind delay :
Hides he still his lovely face ?
Lo ! he waits to shew his grace :
Seems he absent from thy heart ?
He will come, and ne'er depart.
- 3 Gently will he lead the weak,
Bruised reeds he ne'er will break ;
Touch'd with sympathizing care,
Thee he in his arms shall bear ;
Bless with late but lasting peace,
Fill with all his righteousness.
- 4 Couldst thou the Redeemer see,
How his bowels yearn on thee !
How he marks with pitying eye,
Hears his new-born children cry,
Bears what every member bears,
Groans their groans, and weeps their tears !

H Y M N CXXVIII.

- 1 **F**EEBLY then thy hands lift up,
Hope, amidst despairing hope :
Stand beneath thy load of grief,
Stagger not through unbelief ;
Make thy own election sure,
Faithful to the end endure.
- 2 God, to keep thee safe from harms,
Spreads his everlasting arms,

Feeds

Feeds with secret strength divine,
 Waits to whisper, " thou art mine ! "
 His that thou may'st ever be,
 He will shew himself to thee.

- 3 Meekly then persist to mourn,
 He has promis'd to return :
 Call on him, he hears thy cry ;
 Soon he will, he must draw nigh ;
 This the hope, which nought can move,
 God is truth, and God is love !

H Y M N CXXIX.

- 1 **H**OW happy is the man,
 Who sees his misery,
 Who ever feels his nature's chain,
 Nor murmurs to be free.
- 2 Who waits in patient hope,
 And languishing for home,
 With cheerful confidence looks up,
 And says, my Lord will come.
- 3 He neither hopes nor fears
 Evil or good below,
 But sighs for God, and lets his tears
 In secret silence flow.
- 4 Oh that I thus resign'd
 Might bear my nature's load !
 Oh that in me were such a mind
 To leave the whole to God !

With him to trust my cause,
 And quietly endure,
 Till he remove the hallow'd cros,
 And all my sickness cure !

6 I would (but thou canst tell)
 I would be humble, Lord,
 My burden every moment feel,
 And tremble at thy word.

7 I would be stripp'd of all,
 And calmly wait thy stay ;
 Poor at thy feet, and helpless fall,
 And weep my life away.

8 I would be truly still,
 Nor set a time to thee,
 But act according to thy will,
 And speak, and think, and be.

9 I would with thee be one,
 And till the grace is given,
 Incessant pray, Thy will be done
 In earth, as 'tis in heaven.

H Y M N CXXX.

1 **I**S there no balm of love
 Within thy bosom found,
 My anguish to remove,
 And heal my spirit's wound ?
 Or, wilt thou, Lord, my cure disclaim,
 Who need of healing have ?

Because

Because the sinner's chief I am
Wilt thou refuse to save ?

- 2 Most helpless is my soul
Of all the sin-sick race ;
Thou therefore make it whole,
In honour of thy grace :
More honour will thy grace receive
By freely pard'ning me,
Than if ten thousand sinners live
Converted all to thee.

- 3 Come then and shew thy art,
Physician most divine,
Bind up my broken heart,
Pour in thy oil and wine ;
Into my heart the Spirit pour
Of love, and joy, and peace ;
To perfect health my soul restore,
To perfect holiness.

H Y M N CXXXI.

- 1 **J**ESUS, thou all-redeeming Lord,
Who preacheft still the gospel-word,
In these thy Spirit's days ;
My helpless soul with pity see,
And fet me now at liberty,
By justifying grace.
- 2 Where two or three thy presence claim,
Assembled in thy saving name,
Thy saving power is near :
Sure as thou art in heaven above,

Thou

Thou in the Spirit of thy love,
And God in thee is here.

- 3 Myself alas ! I cannot raise,
Or lift my heart in prayer and praise,
Or rectify my will ;
I own, cut off from human hope,
To lift a fallen spirit up,
With man impossible.
- 4 But Oh ! thou seest my desperate case,
Pronounce the word of pardoning grace,
And call me, Lord, to thee ;
Inspeak the power into my heart,
And say this moment, loos'd thou art
From thy infirmity.

H Y M N CXXXII.

- 1 **L**AY but thy hand upon my soul,
And instantaneously made whole,
My soul by faith shall rise ;
Shall rise by faith and upright stand,
And answer all thy just command,
In all it's faculties.
- 2 Strait as the rule, the written word,
My soul in righteousness restor'd,
Thy image shall retrieve,
That ancient rectitude divine ;
And in a land of darkness shine,
And to thy glory live.
- 3 Thine, Jesus, thine alone I am ;
And *ought* I not my Lord to claim,
With all thy righteousness ?

I ought, I *do* thy love receive,
 And now thou dost my sins forgive,
 And bid my bondage cease.

- 4 The sabbath of my soul I see,
 The day of gospel-liberty,
 No more inthrall'd, oppress'd;
 And lo ! in holiness I rise,
 To claim the rest of paradise,
 And heaven's eternal rest !

H Y M N CXXXIII.

Daniel ix.

- 1 **O** God, the great, the fearful God,
 To thee we humbly sue for peace,
 Groaning beneath a nation's load,
 And crush'd by our own wickedness;
 Our guilt we tremble to declare,
 And pour out our sad souls in prayer.
- 2 Thee we revere, the faithful Lord,
 Keeping the cov'nant of thy grace,
 True to thy everlasting word,
 Loving to all who seek thy face ;
 And keep thy kind commands, and prove
 Their faith by their obedient love.
- 3 But we have only evil wrought,
 Have done to our good God despite,
 Rebellious with our Maker fought,
 And sinn'd against the gospel-light ;
 Departed

Departed from his righteous ways,
And fallen, fallen from his grace.

- 4 But Oh, forgivenesses are thine,
Far above all our hearts conceive ;
The glorious property divine
Is still to pity and forgive ;
With thee is full redemption found,
And grace doth more than sin abound.
- 5 O Lord, according to thy love,
Thy utmost power of love we pray,
Thy anger and thy plague remove ;
Turn from *Jerusalem* away
The curse and punishment we feel,
Thou know'st we are thy people still.

H Y M N CXXXIV.

- 1 **N**OW, LORD, acknowledge us for thine,
Regard thy humbled servant's prayer,
And cause on us thy face to shine,
The ruins of thy church repair !
Oh for the sake of Christ, the Lord,
Let all our souls be now restor'd.
- 2 My God, incline thy ear and hear,
Open thy eyes our wastes to see,
Thy fallen, desolate Sion cheer,
The city which is nam'd by thee,
Nor for our cry the grace be shown,
But hear, in Jesus hear thy own.

3 All our desert we own is hell,
 But spare us for thy mercy's sake,
 We humbly to thy grace appeal,
 And Jesu's wounds our refuge make;
 Oh let us all thy mercy prove,
 The riches of thy pardoning love.

4 O Lord, attend, O Lord, forgive,
 O Lord, regard our prayer, and do:
 Hasten, my God, and bid us live,
 The fulness of thy mercy shew:
 The city, and thy people own,
 And perfect all our souls in one.

HYMN CXXXV.

1 **W**HO is the trembling sinner, who
 That owns eternal death his due,
 Waiting his fearful doom to feel,
 And hanging o'er the mouth of hell!

2 Peace, troubled soul, thou need'st not fear,
 Thy Jesus cries, Be of good cheer:
 Only on Jesu's blood rely,
 He died, that thou might'st never die.

HYMN CXXXVI.

1 **A** Guilty soul, by sin oppress'd,
 Weary of wandering after rest,
 Wretched, and bare, and poor, and blind,
 I now my want of all things find.

- 2 All things I want, but one is nigh,
My want of all things to supply ;
Pardon, and peace, and liberty,
Jesus, I all things have in thee.

HYMN CXXXVII.

Waiting for Redemption.

- 1 **I** Am not worthy, Lord, that thou
To such an abject worm should'st bow,
Or enter my poor soul :
But only speak the gracious word,
And I shall be at once restor'd,
And perfectly made whole.
- 2 A begging *Bartimeus* I,
Naked, and blind, for mercy cry,
If mercy is for me ;
Jesus, thou Son of David, hear,
Stand still, and call, and draw me near,
And bid the sinner see.
- 3 A leper at thy feet I fall ;
And still for mercy, mercy call,
Till I am purg'd from sin ;
With pity see my desperate case,
And Oh ! put forth thy hand of grace,
And touch my nature clean.
- 4 Borne by the prayer of faith I lie ;
And long to meet thy pitying eye,
And feebly gasp to heaven :
Oh make in me thy power appear,
And answer, Son, be of good cheer,
Thy sins are all forgiven.

- 5 O Son of Man, thy power make known,
 That all with me may gladly own,
 Thou canst on earth forgive,
 Bid me take up my bed, and go,
 Cause me to walk with thee below,
 And then to heaven receive.

H Y M N CXXXVIII.

- 1 **O** Saviour, cast a pitying eye,
 A sinner at thy feet I lie,
 And will not hence depart
 Till thou regard my ceaseless moan ;
 Oh speak, and take away the stone,
 The unbelieving heart.
- 2 Till thou the mountain-load remove
 I groan beneath my want of love,
 Oh hear my bitter cry :
 Without thy love I cannot live,
 Give Jesus, Friend of sinners, give
 Me love, or else I die.
- 3 Dost thou not all my sufferings know,
 Dost thou not see my eyes o'erflow,
 My labouring bosom move ?
 Why do I all this burden bear ?
 Need I to thee the cause declare ?
 Thou know'st I cannot love.
- 4 Thou then, O God, thy hand lay to,
 And let me all the means look through,

And trust to thee alone;
 To thee alone for all things trust,
 And say to thee, Who sav'st the lost,
 Thy only will be done.

HYMN CXXXIX.

Lord, save us; we perish. Matt. viii. 25.

- 1 **G**OD of my salvation, hear
 In this my time of need;
 See the day of battle near,
 And skreen my naked head;
 Send me succour from on high,
 And hide me till the storm is o'er;
 Save me, save me, or I die,
 I fall to rise no more.
- 2 Thou hast oft my refuge been,
 And thou art still the same;
 Snatch me from the jaws of sin,
 Oh quench the violent flame;
 Bring the great salvation nigh,
 Stir up thy interposing power;
 Save me, save me, or I die,
 I fall to rise no more.
- 3 Help on thee, thou mighty One,
 For all mankind is laid;
 Let it now on me be shown,
 Be thou my present aid,
 Oh come quickly, and stand by
 My soul throughout the trying hour;
 Save me, save me, or I die,
 I fall to rise no more.

- 4 Help me now, but let me still
 My want of help confess ;
 Hang upon thy arm, and feel
 My utter helplessness ;
 Only this be all my cry,
 Till thou my ruin'd soul restore
 Save me, save me, or I die,
 I fall to rise no more.

H Y M N CXL.

The Multitude sought to touch him. Luke vi. 19.

- 1 **G**OD arise, thou jealous God,
 And all thy foes subdue ;
 Claim the purchase of thy blood,
 Create my soul anew ;
 Let it now no longer rove,
 Now let me taste how good thou art :
 Touch me, Jesus, with thy love,
 And justify my heart.
- 3 Saviour, purify my soul,
 As thou my God art pure,
 Make my wounded spirit whole,
 And all my sickness cure ;
 From thee never let me move,
 Thou my sufficient portion art :
 Touch me, Jesus, with thy love,
 And sanctify my heart.
- 4 From all filthiness of flesh,
 And spirit make me clean ;
 Stamp thy image, Lord, afresh,
 And purge me from all sin ;

Thee, my God, my All I prove,
Ah! never more from me depart :
Fill, O Jesus, with thy love,
My vindicated heart.

H Y M N CXL I.

- 1 **T**HOU see'st my heart's desire,
Lord, unto thee is bent :
Still does my longing soul aspire
To an entire consent.
- 2 Not even a work or look
Do I approve or own,
But by the model of thy book,
Thy sacred book alone.
- 3 Although I fail, I weep ;
Although I halt in pace,
Yet still with trembling steps I creep
Unto the throne of grace.
- 4 Oh then let wrath remove :
For love will do the deed !
Love will the conquest gain ; with love
Ev'n stony hearts will bleed.
- 5 For love is swift of foot ;
Love is a man of war ;
Love can resistless arrows shoot,
And hit the mark from far.

6 Who

- 6 Who can escape his bow ?
That which hath wrought on thee,
Which brought the King of glory low,
Must surely work on me.

H Y M N CXLII.

Pfalm lv. 6.

- 1 **O**H that I had the silver wings
Of the mild, holy Dove,
To bear me far from earthly things,
And every creature love.
- 2 Then would I swiftly fly away
To Christ, and be at rest ;
O him my fluttering spirit stay,
And hide me in his breast.
- 3 Jesus, my hiding-place, to thee
I know not how to fly,
Long have I struggled to be free,
Nor found deliverance nigh.
- 4 Full oft in faultless, fond desire
I to the desert ran,
But could not from myself retire,
Or 'scape the inner man.
- 5 I took the morning's wings and fled
For rest to worlds unknown ;
Sin found me in the secret shade,
And claim'd me for his own.

- 6 Oh who shall bid this self depart,
This world of sin exclude?
Empty and make my peaceful heart
An holy solitude?
- 7 A vile unworthy worm, my eyes
I dare not lift to heaven,
Let him, who sees me from the skies
Speak if I am forgiven.

H Y M N CXLIII.

- 1 **C**OMFORT, ye ministers of grace,
Comfort my people, faith our God!
Ye soon shall see his smiling face,
His golden sceptre, not his rod;
And own, when now the cloud's remov'd,
He only chasten'd whom he loved.
- 2 Who sow in tears, in joy shall reap,
The Lord shall comfort those that mourn,
Who now go on our way and weep,
With joy we doubtless shall return;
And bring our sheaves with vast increase,
And have our fruit to holiness.
- 3 Then let us patiently attend,
And wait the leisure of our Lord,
Surely we all shall in the end
Experience his abiding word:
Shall all his gracious power declare,
And fruit unto perfection bear.

HYMN CXLIV.

In Temptation.

- 1 **J**ESUS, hear a sinner's prayer,
 Lo ! I flee Unto thee,
 Cast on thee my care.
 - 2 If, O Lord, I have found favour
 In thy fight, Be my might,
 Be my loving Saviour.
 - 3 To my soul in sore temptation
 Let thy aid Be convey'd,
 Shew me thy salvation.
 - 4 Christ the tempted, hear my crying,
 Sinner's friend, Succour send,
 See my soul is dying.
 - 5 Lord, I cannot cease from sinning
 Till thou art In my heart
 Ending as beginning.
 - 6 Jesus, for thy love I languish,
 Only love Can remove
 All my grief and anguish.
 - 7 I shall all in thee inherit,
 Thirst no more, If thou pour
 Into me thy Spirit.
 - 8 Jesu's love than sin is stronger ;
 When I prove Jesu's love
 I shall sin no longer.
- 9 Faithful

- 9 Faithful to thy spirit's leading,
I shall rest On thy breast,
Find my long-sought *Eden*.
- 10 Neither life nor death shall sever ;
When thou art In my heart
Thou art there for ever.

H Y M N CXLV.

In Affliction.

- 1 **A**ND shall I, Lord, the cup decline,
So wisely mixt by love divine,
And tasted first by thee ?
The bitter draught thou drankest up,
And but this single sacred drop
Hast thou reserv'd for me.
- 2 Lo ! I receive it at thy hand,
And bear by thy benign command .
The salutary pain ;
With thee to live I gladly die,
And suffer here, above the sky
With my dear Lord to reign.
- 3 Here only can I shew my love,
By suffering my obedience prove ;
But when thy heaven I share,
I cannot mourn for Jesu's sake,
I cannot there thy cup partake,
I cannot suffer there.
- 4 Full gladly then for thee I grieve,
The honour of thy cross receive

And

And blefs the happy load ;
 Who would not in thy footsteps tread,
 Who would not bow with thee his head,
 And sympathize with God !

H Y M N CXLVI.

- 1 **J**ESUS, thy fovereign name I blefs !
 Sorrow is joy and pain is eafe
 To thofe that trust in thee ;
 All things together work for good
 To me the purchafe of thy blood,
 The much-lov'd finner me.
- 2 With thee, O Chrift, on earth I reign
 In all the awful pomp of pain ;
 But fend me piercing eyes
 The eternal things unfeen to fee,
 The crown of life referv'd for me,
 And glittering through the fkies.
- 3 As fure as now thy crofs I bear,
 I fhall thy heavenly kingdom fhare,
 And take my feat above ;
 Celeftial joy is in this pain ;
 It tells me, I with joy fhall reign
 In everlafting love.
- 4 The more my fufferings here increafe
 The greater is my future blifs ;
 And thou my griefs doft tell :
 They in thy book are noted down ;
 A jewel added to my crown
 Is every pain I feel.

- 3 So be it then, if thou ordain,
Croud all my happy life with pain,
And let me daily die :
I bow, and blefs the facred sign,
And bear the crofs by grace divine,
Which lifts me to the fky.

H Y M N CXLVII.

- 1 **O**BEDIENT to the voice of God,
I foon fhall quit this earthly clod,
Shall lay my body down ;
The immortal principle afpires,
And fwells my foul with ftrong defires
To grafp the ftarry crown.
- 2 The more the outward man decays,
The inner feels thy ftrengthening grace,
And knows that thou art mine :
Partaker of my glorious hope,
There fhall I after thee wake up,
Shall in thy image fhine,
- 3 Thou wilt not leave thy work undone,
But finifh what thou haft begun,
Before I hence remove ;
Oh make me, Saviour, as thou art,
Holy, and meek, and pure in heart,
And perfected in love.
- 4 Thou wilt cut fhort thy work of grace,
And perfect in a babe thy praife,
And ftrength for me ordain,

Thy

Thy blood shall make me throughly clean,
 And not one spot of inbred sin
 Shall in my flesh remain.

- 5 Dear Lamb, if thou for me couldst die,
 Thy love shall wholly sanctify,
 Thy love shall seal me thine ;
 Thou wilt from me no more depart,
 My all in life and death thou art,
 Thou art for ever mine.

H Y M N CXLVIII.

- 1 **I**N humble faith on thee I call,
 Saviour, and sovereign Lord of all,
 My Brother and my Friend :
 Lead me my few remaining days,
 And finish thy great work of grace,
 And love me to the end.
- 2 Till I from all my sins am freed,
 Oh may I lean my languid head
 On thy dear loving breast :
 Thou, Jesus, catch my parting breath,
 And let me smoothly glide through death
 To my eternal rest.
- 3 Saviour, bring near the joyful hour,
 The fulness of thy spirit pour ;
 And while I here remain,
 Christ let it be that lives, not I ;
 Or now, permit me now to die ;
 To die is greatest gain.

- 4 Come then, my health, my hope, my home,
My love, my life eternal come,
Me to thyself receive ;
Soul, flesh, and spirit sanctify,
And bid me live in thee to die,
And die in thee to live.

H Y M N CXLIX.

- 1 **O**UT of myself for help I go,
Thy only love resolv'd to know,
Thy love my plea I make ;
Give me thy love ; 'tis all I claim ;
Give for the honour of thy name,
Give for thy mercy's sake.
- 2 Canst thou deny thy love to me ?
Say, thou incarnate Deity,
Thou Man of sorrows say :
Thy glory why didst thou inhume,
In such a clod of earth as mine,
And wrap thee in my clay ?
- 3 Ancient of days, why didst thou come,
And stoop to a poor virgin's womb,
Contracted to a span ?
Flesh of our flesh why wast thou made ?
And humbly in a manger laid,
The new-born son of man ?
- 4 Why didst thou in this vale of tears,
For more than thirty mournful years,

A life of suffering lead ?
 Why did thy eyes with tears o'erflow ?
 Why wouldst thou chuse to want below
 A place to lay thy head ?

HYMN CL.

For the Tempted.

- 1 **M**EET, patient, Son of God and man,
 With us in our temptations stay ;
 Our fainting, feeble minds sustain,
 And keep throughout the evil day ;
 The evil day of doubts and fears,
 And fightings, till thy face appears.
- 2 We have not an High-Priest in thee
 Who cannot our afflictions feel !
 The tempted soul's infirmity
 With kind concern affects thee still ;
 Touch'd with our every grief thou art,
 And bleeds for us thy pitying heart.
- 3 Us, and our brethren in distress,
 Patient within thy kingdom keep ;
 Sure all thy fulness to possess,
 Our harvest in the end to reap ;
 Thy sinless nature to retrieve,
 And glorious in thy image live.

HYMN CLI.

Lam. iii. 1. Sol. Song iii. 3, 4.

- 1 **I** am the man that have known
 Distress by the stroke of his rod ;

N 2

And

And still through the anguish I groan,
And long for the presence of God :
The happy in Jesus may sleep ;
But Oh ! 'till in me he appears,
Be this my employment to weep,
And water my couch with my tears.

2 Or rather, if any are nigh
Forlorn and afflicted like me,
All night let us lift up our cry,
And mourn his appearing to see :
(As watchmen expecting the morn)
Look out for the light of his face,
And wait for his mercy's return,
And long to recover his grace.

3 Ye watchmen of Israel, declare
If ye our Beloved have seen,
And point to that heavenly Fair,
Surpassing the children of men :
Our Lover and Lord from above,
Who only can quiet our pain,
Whom only we languish to love,
Oh where shall we find him again.

4 The joy and desire of our eyes,
The end of our sorrow and woe,
Our hope, and our heavenly prize,
Our height of ambition below ;
Once more, if he shew us his face,
He never again shall depart,
Detain'd in our closest embrace,
Eternally held in our heart.

HYMN CLII.

Who in the days of, &c. Heb. v. 7, 8.

- 1 **T**HOU man of griefs, remember me!
 Thou, Jesus, never canst forget
 Thy last mysterious agony,
 Thy fainting pangs, and bloody sweat!
- 2 When, wrestling in the strength of prayer,
 Thy spirit sunk beneath it's load;
 Thy feeble flesh abhorr'd to bear
 The wrath of an almighty God.
- 3 Father, if I may call thee so,
 Regard my fearful heart's desire!
 Remove this load of guilty woe,
 Nor let me in my sins expire.
- 4 I tremble, lest the wrath divine,
 Which bruises now my wretched soul,
 Should bruise this wretched soul of mine
 Long as eternal ages roll.
- 5 To thee my last distress I bring!
 The heighten'd fear of death I find:
 The tyrant brandishing his sting
 Appears, and hell is close behind.
- 6 I deprecate that death alone,
 That endless banishment from thee:
 Oh save, and give me to thy Son,
 Who trembled, wept, and bled for me.

H Y M N CLIII.

My Soul is exceeding sorrowful. Matt. xxvi. 38.

1 **T**HE man of sorrow now
 Thou dost indeed appear,
Beneath my guilty burden bow,
 And tremble with my fear.

2 Thy pain is my relief,
 And doth my load remove,
For Oh, if all thy soul is grief,
 Yet all thy heart is love.

H Y M N CLIV.

He fell on his face and prayed. Matt. xxvi. 39.

1 **W**HAT posture should I use, who see
 The prostrate Son of God
In tears, in mortal agony,
 And bath'd in his own blood ?

2 A sense of Jesu's grief unknown,
 Father, to me impart,
And hear his humble Spirit groan
 In my poor broken heart.

H Y M N CLV.

*By thy fasting, and temptation; by thy agony, and
 bloody sweat, &c. Litany.*

1 **B**Y thy fasting and temptation
 Mortify our vain desires,

Take

Take away what sinful passion,
 Appetite, or flesh requires :
 Arm us with thy self-denial,
 Every tempted soul defend,
 Save us in the fiery trial,
 Make us faithful to the end.

2 By thy forer sufferings save us,
 Save us when conform'd to thee,
 By thy miseries relieve us,
 By thy painful agony ?
 When beneath thy frown we languish,
 When we feel thy anger's weight,
 Save us by thy unknown anguish,
 Save us by thy bloody sweat.

3 By that highest point of passion,
 By thy sufferings on the tree,
 Save us from the indignation
 Due to all mankind and *me* :
 Hanging, bleeding, panting, dying,
 Gasping out thy latest breath,
 By thy precious death's applying,
 Save us from eternal death.

H Y M N CLVI.

There was darkness, &c. Matt. xxviii. 45.

1 **A**LAS ! and did my Saviour bleed ?
 And did my Sovereign die ?
 Would he devote that sacred head
 For such a worm as I ?

2 Was

- 2 Was it for crimes that I had done
 He groan'd upon the tree ?
 Amazing pity ! grace unknown !
 And love beyond degree !
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
 And shut his glories in ;
 When Christ, the mighty Maker, died
 For man the creature's sin !
- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
 While his dear cross appears ;
 Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
 And melt my eyes to tears.
- 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
 The debt of love I owe ;
 Here, Lord, I give myself away,
 'Tis all that I can do.

HYMN CLVII.

The Vail of the Temple was rent. Matt. xxvii. 51.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the Saviour of mankind
 Nail'd to the shameful tree ;
 How vast the love that him inclin'd
 To bleed and die for thee !
- 2 Hark, how he groans ! while nature shakes,
 And earth's strong pillars bend !
 The temple's vail in sunder breaks,
 The solid marbles rend.

3 'Tis

- 3 'Tis done ! the precious ransom's paid,
 " Receive my soul," he cries !
 See, where he bows his sacred head !
 He bows his head and dies,
- 4 But soon he'll break death's envious chain,
 And in full glory shine :
 O Lamb of God ! was ever pain,
 Was ever love like thine !

H Y M N C L V I I I .

Lam. i. 12. John xix. 5.

- 1 **Y**E that pass by, behold the man !
 The man of griefs condemn'd for you !
 The Lamb of God, for sinners slain,
 Weeping to Calvary pursue !
- 2 See how his back the scourges tear,
 While to the bloody pillar bound !
 The ploughers make long furrows there,
 Till all his body is one wound.
- 3 His sacred limbs they stretch, they tear,
 With nails they fasten to the wood
 His sacred limbs—expos'd, and bare,
 Or only cover'd with his blood.
- 4 See there ! his temples crown'd with thorns !
 His bleeding hands extended wide,
 His streaming feet, transfixt and torn !
 The fountain gushing from his side !
5 Where

- 5 Where is the King of Glory now !
The everlasting Son of God !
The Immortal hangs his languid brow,
The Almighty faints beneath his load.
- 6 O thou dear suffering Son of God,
How doth thy heart to sinners move !
Oh cleanse me by thy precious blood,
And fill me with thy dying love !

H Y M N CXLIX.

The Earth did quake, &c. Matt. xxvii. 51, 52.

- 1 **T**HE earth could to her centre quake,
Convuls'd while her Creator died :
Oh ! let my inmost nature shake,
And die with Jesus crucified.
- 2 At thy last gasp the graves display'd
Their horrors to the upper skies ;
Oh ! that my soul could burst the shade,
And quicken'd by thy death arise.
- 3 The rocks could feel thy powerful death,
And tremble, and asunder part :
Oh ! rend with thy expiring breath,
The harder marble of my heart.
- 4 Thy grace I surely shall receive ;
Thy death hath bought the grace for me ;
Be this my whole desire to live,
To live, and then to die in thee.

HYMN CLX.

Is it nothing to you, &c. Lam. i. 12.

- 1 **A**LL ye that pass by, to Jesus draw nigh :
To you is it nothing that Jesus should die ?
Your ransom and peace, your surety he is,
Come, see if there ever was sorrow like his.
- 2 For what you have done his blood must atone :
The Father hath punish'd for you his dear Son.
The Lord in the day of his anger did lay
Your sins on the Lamb, and he bore them away.
- 3 He answer'd for all, Oh come at his call,
And low at his cross with astonishment fall.
But lift up your eyes at Jesus's cries :
Impassive he suffers, immortal he dies.
- 4 He dies to atone for sins not his own :
Your debt hath he paid, and your work hath
he done.
Ye all may receive the peace he did leave,
Who made intercession, " My Father, forgive ! "
- 5 For you and for me he pray'd on the tree ;
The prayer is accepted, the sinner is free.
The sinner am I, who on Jesus rely,
And come for the pardon God cannot deny.
- 6 My pardon I claim, for a sinner I am,
A sinner believing in Jesus's name.
He purchas'd the grace, which now I embrace ;
O Father, thou know'st he hath died in my place.

- 7 His death is my plea, my Advocate see,
And hear the blood speak that hath answer'd
for me :
Acquitted I was, when he bled on the cross,
And by losing his life he hath carried my cause.

H Y M N CLXI.

John i. 14.

- 1 **W**HAT could my Redeemer move
To leave his Father's breast ?
Pity drew him from above,
And would not let him rest ;
Swift to succour sinking man,
Sinking into endless woe,
Jesus to our rescue ran,
And God appear'd below.
- 2 God in this dark vale of tears
A man of griefs was seen :
Here for three and thirty years
He dwelt with sinful man.
Did they know the Deity ?
Did they own him, who he was ?
See the friend of sinners, see !
He hangs on yonder cross !
- 3 Glorious Saviour of my soul,
I lift it up to thee ;
Thou hast made the sinner whole,
Hast set the captive free :
Thou my debt of death hast paid ;
Thou hast rais'd me from my fall ;
Thou hast an atonement made ;
My Saviour died for all.

HYMN CLXII.

- 1 **L**AMB of God, whose bleeding love
 We now recall to mind,
 Send the answer from above,
 And let us mercy find;
 Think on us, who think on thee,
 And every struggling soul release :
 Oh remember *Calvary*,
 And bid us go in peace.
- 2 By thy agonizing pain,
 And bloody sweat, we pray,
 By thy dying love to man,
 Take all our sins away :
 Burst our bonds, and set us free,
 From all iniquity release :
 Oh remember *Calvary*,
 And bid us go in peace.
- 3 Let thy blood by faith applied
 The sinner's pardon seal,
 Speak us freely justified,
 And all our sickness heal :
 By thy passion on the tree,
 Let all our griefs and trouble cease :
 Oh remember *Calvary*,
 And bid us go in peace.
- 4 Never let us hence depart
 Till thou our wants relieve,
 Write forgiveness on our heart,
 And all thy image give :

Still our souls shall cry to thee
Till perfected in holiness :
Oh remember *Calvary*,
And bid us go in peace.

H Y M N CLXIII.

- 1 **G**OD of unexampled grace,
Redeemer of mankind,
Matter of eternal praise
We in thy passion find :
Still our choicest strains we bring,
Still the joyful theme pursue,
Thee the friend of sinners sing,
Whose love is ever new.
- 2 Endless scenes of wonder rise
With that mysterious tree,
Crucified before our eyes
Where we our Maker see :
Jesus, Lord, what hast thou done !
Publish we the death divine,
Stop, and gaze, and fall, and own
Was never love like thine !
- 3 Never love nor sorrow was
Like that my Jesus show'd,
See him stretch'd on yonder cross,
And crush'd beneath our load !
Now discern the Deity,
Now his heavenly birth declare !
Faith cries out, 'tis he, 'tis he,
My God that suffers there !
- 4 Lord,

- 4 Lord, we blefs thee for thy grace
And truth which never fail,
Hastening to behold thy face
Without a dimming veil :
We shall see our heavenly King,
All thy glorious love proclaim,
Help the angel-choirs to sing
Our dear triumphant Lamb.

H Y M N CLXIV.

- 1 JESUS drinks the bitter cup ;
The wine-press treads alone,
Tears the graves and mountains up
By his expiring groan :
Lo ! the powers of heaven he shakes ;
Nature in convulsions lies,
Earth's profoundest centre quakes,
The great JEHOVAH dies !
- 2 Dies the glorious Cause of all,
The true eternal Pan,
Falls to raise us from our fall,
To ransom sinful man :
Well may Sol withdraw his light,
With the sufferer sympathize,
Leave the world in sudden night,
While his CREATOR dies.
- 3 Well may heaven be cloath'd in black,
And solemn sackcloth wear,
Jesu's agony partake,
The hour of darkness share :

Mourn the astonish'd hosts above,
 Silence saddens all the skies,
 Kindler of seraphic love,
 The God of angels dies.

4 O my God, he dies for me !
 Unutterable smart !
 See him hanging on the tree—
 A sight that breaks my heart !
 Oh that all to thee might turn !
 Sinners ye may love him too,
 Look on him ye pierc'd, and mourn
 For one who bled for you.

5 Weep o'er your desire and hope,
 With tears of humblest love :
 Sing, for Jesus is gone up,
 And reigns enthron'd above !
 Lives our head to die no more ;
 Power is all to Jesus given,
 Worshipp'd as he was before,
 The immortal King of heaven.

H Y M N CLXV.

1 **H**EARTS of stone, relent, relent,
 Break, by Jesu's cross subdu'd,
 See his body mangled, rent,
 Cover'd with a gore of blood !
 Sinful soul, what hast thou done ?
 Murder'd God's eternal Son !

2 Yes,

2 Yes, our sins have done the deed,
 Drove the nails that fix'd him here,
 Crown'd with thorns his sacred head,
 Pierc'd him with the soldier's spear,
 Made his soul a sacrifice;
 For a sinful world he dies.

3 Shall we let him die in vain?
 Still to death pursue our God?
 Open tear his wounds again,
 Trample on his precious blood!
 No; with all our sins we part,
 Saviour take my broken heart!

HYMN CLXVI.

1 'TIS done! the atoning work is done;
 Jesus the world's Redeemer dies!
 All nature feels the important groan,
 Loud echoing through the earth and skies.
 The earth doth to her centre quake,
 And heaven as hell's deep gloom is black!

2 The temple's veil is rent in twain,
 While Jesus meekly bows his head,
 The rocks resent his mortal pain,
 The yawning grave gives up their dead,
 The bodies of the saints arise,
 Reviving as their Saviour dies.

3 And shall not we his death partake,
 In sympathetic anguish groan?
 O Saviour, let thy passion shake
 Our earth, and rend our hearts of stone.

To second life our souls restore,
And wake us that we sleep no more.

HYMN CLXVII.

- 1 **O** Love divine ! What hast thou done !
The immortal God hath died for me !
The Father's co-eternal Son
Bore all my sins upon the tree :
'The immortal God for me hath died ;
My Lord, my Love is crucified.
- 2 Behold him, all ye that pass by,
The bleeding Prince of life and peace !
Come see, ye worms, your Maker die,
And say was ever grief like his !
Come feel with me his blood applied :
My Lord, my Love is crucified.
- 3 Is crucified for me and you,
To bring us rebels back to God ;
Believe, believe the record true,
Ye all are brought with Jesu's blood :
Pardon for all flows from his side ;
My Lord, my Love is crucified.
- 4 Then let us sit beneath his cross,
And gladly catch the healing stream,
All things for him account but loss,
And give up all our hearts to him :
Of nothing think or speak beside,
My Lord, my Love is crucified.

HYMN CLXVIII.

- 1 **S**EE, finners, in the gospel-glass,
 The Friend and Saviour of mankind !
 Not one of all the apostate race,
 But may in him salvation find ;
 His thoughts, and words, and actions prove,
 His life and death—that God is love !
- 2 Behold the Lamb of God, who bears
 The sins of all the world away !
 A servant's form he meekly wears,
 He sojourns in a house of clay ;
 His glory is no longer seen,
 But God with God, is man with men.
- 3 See where the God-incarnate stands,
 And calls his wandering creatures home !
 He all day long spreads out his hands,
 “ Come, weary souls, to Jesus come !
 “ Ye all may hide you in my breast ;
 “ Believe, and I will give you rest.
- 4 “ Ah ! do not of my goodness doubt,
 “ My saving grace for all is free ;
 “ I will in no wise cast him out,
 “ That comes a sinner unto me ;
 “ I can to none myself deny :
 “ Why, finners, will you perish, why ?”

HYMN CLXIX.

- 1 **W**OULD Jesus have the sinner die ?
 Why hangs he then on yonder tree ?
 — What

What means that strange expiring cry?
(Sinners, he prays for you and me)
“ Forgive them, Father, Oh forgive,
“ They know not that by me they live !”

- 2 Adam descended from above,
Our loss of Edom to retrieve,
Great God of universal love,
If all the world in thee may live,
In us a quickening spirit be,
And witness thou hast died for me.
- 3 Thou loving, all-atoning Lamb,
Thee, by thy painful agony,
Thy bloody sweat, thy grief and shame,
Thy cross, and passion on the tree,
Thy precious death and life, I pray,
Take all, take all my sins away !
- 4 Oh let thy love my heart constrain,
Thy love for every sinner free,
That every fallen soul of man
May taste the grace that found out me ;
That all mankind with me may prove
Thy free, thy everlasting love.

H Y M N CLXX.

- 1 **L**ET earth and heaven agree,
Angels and men be join'd,
To celebrate with me
The Saviour of mankind ;
To adore the all-atoning Lamb,
And bless the sound of Jesu's name.
- 2 Jesus,

- 2 Jesus, transporting sound !
The joy of earth and heaven ;
No other name is found ;
No other name is given,
By which we can salvation have ;
But Jesus came the world to save.
- 3 Jesus, harmonious name !
It charms the hosts above !
They evermore proclaim,
And wonder at his love ;
'Tis all their happiness to gaze,
'Tis heaven to see our Jesu's face.
- 4 His name the sinner hears,
And is from sin set free ;
'Tis music in his ears,
'Tis life and victory :
New songs do now his lips employ,
And his glad heart exults for joy.
- 5 Stung by the scorpion sin,
My poor expiring soul
The balmy sound drinks in,
And is at once made whole :
See there my Lord upon the tree !
I hear, I feel, he died for me.

H Y M N CLXXI.

- 1 **O**H unexampled love !
Oh all redeeming grace !
How swiftly didst thou move
To save a fallen race !

What

What shall I do to make it known
What thou for all mankind hast done !

- 2 Oh for a trumpet's voice
On all the world to call,
To bid their hearts rejoice
In him who died for all !
For all my Lord was crucified,
For all, for all my Saviour died !

H Y M N CLXXII.

- 1 **A**RISE, my soul, arise,
Shake off thy guilty fears ;
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears ;
Before the throne my surety stands ;
My name is written on his hands.
- 2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede ;
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead :
His blood aton'd for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
- 3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
Receiv'd on Calvary ;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly speak for me :
Forgive him, Oh ! forgive, they cry,
Nor let that ransom'd sinner die.

- 4 The Father hears him pray,
His dear anointed One ;
He cannot turn away
The presence of his Son :
His spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.
- 5 My God is reconcil'd,
His pardoning voice I hear ;
He owns me for his child,
I now no longer fear :
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba Father, cry !

H Y M N CLXXIII.

- 1 **A**ND can it be that I should gain
An interest in the Saviour's blood ?
Died he for me, who caus'd his pain !
For me ! who him to death pursu'd :
Amazing love ! how can it be
That thou, my God, should'st die for me ?
- 2 'Tis mystery all : the immortal dies !
Who can explore his strange design ?
In vain the first-born seraph tries
To sound the depths of love divine :
'Tis mercy all ! let earth adore ;
Let angel-minds enquire no more.
- 3 He left his Father's throne above,
(So free, so infinite his grace !)
Emptied himself of all but love,
And bled for Adam's helpless race :
'Tis

'Tis mercy all, immense and free,
For, O my God, it found out me !

- 4 Long my imprison'd spirit lay
Fast bound in sin and nature's night :
Thy eye diffus'd a quickening ray ;
I woke ; the dungeon flam'd with light :
My chains fell off, my heart was free,
I rose, went forth, and follow'd thee.
- 5 No condemnation now I dread,
Jesus, and all in him, is mine :
Alive in him, my living head,
And cloath'd in righteousness divine,
Bold I approach the eternal throne,
And claim the crown, through Christ, my own.

H Y M N CLXXIV.

- 1 **W**EARY souls that wander wide
From the central point of bliss,
Turn to Jesus crucified,
Fly to those dear wounds of his ;
Sink into the purple flood ;
Rise into the life of God.
- 2 Find in Christ the way of peace,
Peace unspeakable, unknown,
By his pain he gives you ease,
Life by his expiring groan ;
Rise, exalted by his fall,
Find in Christ your all in all.

3 Oh believe the record true,
 God to you his Son hath given !
 Ye may now be happy too ;
 Find on earth the life of heaven ;
 Live the life of heaven above,
 All the life of glorious love.

4 This the universal bliss,
 Bliss for every soul design'd :
 God's original promise this,
 God's great gift to all mankind :
 Blest in Christ this moment be !
 Blest to all eternity !

H Y M N CLXXV.

The resignation.

1 **O**H let thy love constrain
 And force me to thy breast.
 When shall my soul return again
 To her celestial rest ?
 Ah ! what avails my strife,
 My wandering to and fro !
 Thou hast the words of endless life,
 Ah ! whither should I go ?

2 Thy condescending grace
 To me did freely move :
 It calls me still to seek thy face,
 And stoops to ask my love.
 Lord, at thy feet I fall.—
 I groan to be set free,
 I fain would now obey the call,
 And give up all for thee.

3 To rescue me from woe,
 Thou didst with all things part,
Didst lead a suffering life below,
 To gain my worthless heart :
 My worthless heart to gain,
 'The God of all that breathe,
Was found in fashion as a man,
 And died a cursed death.

4 And can I yet delay
 My little all to give ?
To tear my soul from earth away,
 For Jesus to receive ?
 Nay, but I yield, I yield !
 I can hold out no more :
I sink, by dying love compell'd,
 And own thee conqueror !

H Y M N CLXXVI.

1 **T**HOUGH late I all forsake,
 My friends, my all resign :
Gracious Redeemer, take, Oh take,
 And seal me ever thine.

2 Come, and possess me whole,
 Nor hence again remove :
Settle and fix my wavering soul
 With all thy weight of love.

3 My one desire be this,
 Thy only love to know,
To seek and taste no other bliss,
 No other good below.

4 My

- 4 My life, my portion thou,
Thou all-sufficient art ;
My hope, my heavenly treasure, now
Enter, and keep my heart.

HYMN CLXXVII.

Behold the Lamb. John i. 29.

- 1 JESUS, the name high over all
In hell, or earth, or sky :
Angels and men before it fall ;
And devils fear and fly.
- 2 Jesus the name to sinners dear,
The name to sinners given !
It scatters all their guilty fear :
It turns their hell to heaven.
- 3 Jesus the prisoner's fetters breaks,
And bruises Satan's head :
Power into strengthless souls it speaks,
And life into the dead.
- 4 Oh that the world might taste and see
The riches of his grace !
The arms of love that compass me
Would all mankind embrace.
- 5 Oh that my Jesu's heavenly charms
Might every bosom move !
Fly, sinners, fly into those arms
Of everlasting love !

6 His only righteousness I show,
His saving truth proclaim :
'Tis all my business here below
To cry, Behold the Lamb !

7 Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but gasp his name !
Preach him to all, and cry in death,
Behold ! behold the Lamb !

H Y M N CLXXVIII.

1 **W**ITH glorious clouds incompass'd round,
Whom Angels dimly see,
Will the Unsearchable be found,
Or God appear to me ?

2 Will he forsake his throne above,
Himself to worms impart ?
Answer thou man of grief and love,
And speak it to my heart !

3 In manifested love explain
Thy wonderful design ;
What meant the suffering Son of man ?
The streaming blood divine ?

4 Didst thou not in our flesh appear,
And live and die below,
That I might now perceive thee near,
And my Redeemer know ?

5 Come

- 5 Come then, and to my soul reveal
 The heights and depths of grace,
 The wounds, which all my sorrows heal,
 That dear disfigur'd face.
- 6 Before my eyes of faith confest,
 Stand forth a slaughter'd Lamb;
 And wrap me in thy crimson vest,
 And tell me all thy name.
- 7 Jehovah in thy person show,
 Jehovah crucified:
 And then the pardoning God I know,
 And feel the blood applied.
- 8 I view the Lamb in his own light,
 Whom angels dimly see:
 And gaze, transported at the sight,
 To all eternity.

H Y M N CLXXIX.

- 1 **L**OVER of souls, thou know'st to prize,
 What thou hast bought so dear;
 Come then, and in thy people's eyes
 With all thy wounds appear!
- 2 Appear, as when of old confest
 The suffering Son of God;
 And let them see thee in thy vest
 But newly dipt in blood.

- 3 The stony from their hearts remove,
Thou who for all hast died :
Shew them the tokens of thy love,
Thy feet, thy hands, thy side.
- 4 Thy feet were nail'd to yonder tree,
To trample down their sin ;
Thy hands they all stretch'd out may see,
To take thy murderers in.
- 5 Thy side an open fountain is,
Where all may freely go,
And drink the living streams of bliss,
And wash them white as snow.
- 6 Ready thou art the blood to' apply,
And prove the record true ;
And all thy wounds to sinners cry
" I suffer'd this for you !"

H Y M N CLXXX.

- 1 **L**OVERS of pleasure more than God,
For you he suffer'd pain,
Swearers, for you he spilt his blood ;
And shall he bleed in vain ?
- 2 Misers, for you his life he paid,
Your basest crime he bore :
Drunkards, your sins on him were laid,
That you might sin no more.

- 3 The God of love, to earth he came,
That you might come to heaven ;
Believe, believe in Jesu's name,
And all your sin's forgiven.
- 4 Believe in him who died for thee !
And sure as he hath died,
Thy debt is paid, thy soul is free,
And thou art justified.

H Y M N C L X X X I .

- 1 **O**H for a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise !
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace !
- 2 My gracious Master, and my God,
Assist me to proclaim !
To spread through all the earth abroad
The honours of thy name.
- 3 Jesus the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease :
'Tis music in the sinner's ears ;
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 4 He breaks the power of cancell'd sin,
He sets the prisoner free ;
His blood can make the foulest clean :
His blood avail'd for me.

- 5 Look unto him, ye nations, own
Your God, ye fallen race ;
Look, and be sav'd through faith alone,
Be justified by grace.
- 6 See all your sins on Jesus laid ;
The Lamb of God was slain,
His soul was once an offering made
For every soul of man.
- 7 With me your chief you then shall know,
Shall feel your sins forgiven ;
Anticipate your heaven below,
And own that love is heaven.

H Y M N CLXXXII.

Praise to the Redeemer.

- 1 **P**LUNG'D in a gulph of dark despair
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheering beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day.
- 2 With pitying eyes the Prince of grace
Beheld our helpless grief ;
He saw, and (Oh amazing love !)
He came to our relief.
- 3 Down from the shining seats above
With joyful taste he fled ;
Hung on the cross in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

4 Oh

- 4 Oh for this love, let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.
- 5 Angels, assist our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold ;
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

H Y M N CLXXXIII.

Attraction of the Cross. John xii. 32.

- 1 **Y**ONDER, amazing sight ! I see
The incarnate Son of God,
Expiring on the accursed tree,
And weltering in his blood.
- 2 Behold, the purple torrents run
Down from his hands and head :
The crimson tide puts out the sun ;
His groans awake the dead.
- 3 The trembling earth and darken'd sky
Proclaim the truth aloud !
And with the amaz'd centurion cry,
“ *This was the Son of God.* ”
- 4 So great, so vast a sacrifice
May well my hope revive :
If God's own Son thus bleeds and dies,
The sinner sure may live.

5 Oh

- 5 Oh that these cords of love divine
Might draw me, Lord, to thee !
Thou hast my heart, it shall be thine—
Thine may it ever be !

H Y M N CLXXXIV.

Invitation to the Gospel Feast. Luke xiv. 22.

- 1 **S**EE, Jesus stands with open arms ;
He calls, he bids you come :
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms ;
But see, there yet is room.
- 2 Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart ;
There love and pity meet ;
Nor will he bid the foul depart,
That trembles at his feet.
- 3 In him the Father reconcil'd
Invites you now to come ;
The rebel shall be call'd a child,
And kindly welcom'd home.
- 4 Oh come, and with his children taste
The blessings of his love ;
While hope attends the sweet repast
Of nobler joys above.
- 5 There with united heart and voice,
Before the eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,
In extasies unknown.

7 And

- 6 And yet ten thousand thousand more,
Yea all the world, may come :
Ye longing souls, the grace adore ;
Approach, for there is room.

H Y M N CLXXXV.

- 1 **J**ESUS, to take away our guilt,
A willing victim fell,
And on his cross triumphant broke
The bands of death and hell.
- 2 Our foes were mighty to destroy ;
He mighty was to save :
He died, but could not long be held
A prisoner in the grave.
- 3 Jesus, who mighty art to save,
Still push thy conquests on ;
Extend the triumphs of thy cross,
Where'er the sun has shone.

H Y M N CLXXXVI.

Wonders of Redemption.

- 1 **A**ND did the Holy and the Just,
The Sovereign of the skies,
Stoop down to wretchedness and dust,
That guilty worms might rise ?
- 2 Yes, the Redeemer left his throne,
His radiant throne on high,
(Surprising mercy ! Love unknown !)
To suffer, bleed, and die.

- 3 He took the dying traitor's place,
And suffer'd in his stead ;
For man, (Oh miracle of grace !)
For man the Saviour bled !
- 4 Dear Lord, what heavenly wonders dwell
In thy atoning blood ?
By this are sinners snatch'd from hell,
And rebels brought to God.
- 5 Jesus, my soul adoring bends
To love so full, so free ;
And may I hope that love extends
It's sacred power to me ?
- 6 What glad return can I impart,
For favours so divine ?
Oh take my all—this worthless heart,
And make it only thine.

H Y M N CLXXXVII.

- 1 **T**O our Redeemer's glorious name,
Awake the sacred song !
Oh may his love (immortal flame !)
Tune every heart and tongue.
- 2 His love, what mortal thought can reach ?
What mortal tongue display ?
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.

- 3 He left his radiant throne on high,
Left the bright realms of bliss,
And came to earth to bleed and die !
Was ever love like his !
- 4 O Lord, while we adoring pay
Our humble thanks to thee ;
May every heart with rapture say,
The Saviour died for me.
- 5 Oh may the sweet, the blissful theme
Fill every heart and tongue ;
Till strangers love thy charming name,
And join the sacred song.

H Y M N CLXXXVIII.

- 1 **S**TRETCH'D on the cross the Saviour dies ;
Hark ! his expiring groans arise !
See, from his hands, his feet, his side,
Runs down the sacred crimson tide !
- 2 But life attends the deathful sound,
And flows from every bleeding wound ;
The vital stream, how free it flows,
To save and cleanse his rebel foes !
- 3 To suffer in the traitor's place,
To die for man, surprising grace !
(Yet pass rebellious angels by)
Oh why for man, dear Saviour, why ?

- 4 And didst thou bleed, for sinners bleed ?
And could the sun behold the deed ?
No, he withdrew his sickening ray,
And darkness veil'd the mourning day.
- 5 Can I survey this scene of woe,
Where mingling grief and wonder flow ;
And yet my heart unmov'd remain,
Insensible to love or pain ?
- 6 Come, dearest Lord, thy power impart,
To warm this cold, this stupid heart ;
Till all it's powers, and passions move
In melting grief, and ardent love.

H Y M N CLXXXIX.

*The dying Love of CHRIST, constraining to thankful
Devotion. 2 Cor. v. 14, 15.*

- 1 **S**EE, Lord, thy willing subjects bow,
Adoring low before thy throne :
Accept our humble, cheerful vow,
Thou art our Sovereign, thou alone.
- 2 Beneath thy soul-reviving ray,
Even cold affliction's wintry gloom
Shall brighten into vernal day,
And hopes and joys immortal bloom.
- 3 Smile on our souls, and bid us sing
In concert with the choir above,
The glories of our Saviour King,
The condescension of his love.
- 4 Amazing

- 4 Amazing love ! that stoop'd so low,
To view with *pity's* melting eye
Vile men, deserving endless woe !
Amazing love !—did Jesus *die* ?
- 5 He died, to raise to life and joy
The vile, the guilty, the undone ;
Oh let his praise each hour employ,
Till hours no more their circles run !
- 6 He died !—ye seraphs tune your songs,
Resound, resound the Saviour's name :
For nought below immortal tongues
Can ever reach the wonderful theme.

HYMN CXI.

- 1 **C**OME, great Redeemer, open wide
The curtains of the parting sky ;
On a bright cloud in triumph ride,
And on the wind's swift pinions fly.
- 2 Come, King of kings, with thy bright train,
Cherubs, and seraphs, heavenly host ;
Assume thy right, enlarge thy reign
As far as earth extends her coasts.
- 3 Come, Lord, and where thy cross once stood,
There plant thy banner, fix thy throne ;
Subdue the rebels by thy word,
And claim the nations for thy own.

HYMN CXCI.

- 1 **J**ESUS, when faith with fixed eyes
Beholds thy wonderous Sacrifice,
Love rises to an ardent flame,
And we all other hope disclaim.
- 2 With cold affections who can see
The thorns, the scourge, the nails, the tree,
Thy flowing tears, and purple sweat,
Thy bleeding hands, and head, and feet?
- 3 Look, saints, into his opening side,
The breach how large, how deep, how wide;
Thence issues forth a double flood,
Of cleansing water, pardoning blood.
- 4 Hence, O my soul, a balsam flows,
To heal thy wounds and cure thy woes;
Immortal joys come streaming down,
Joys, like his griefs, immense, unknown.
- 5 Thus I could ever ever sing
The sufferings of my heavenly King;
With growing pleasure spread abroad
The mysteries of a dying God.

HYMN CXCII.

See him above all the Principalities and Powers—worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive Glory, and Blessing. Ephes. i. 21. Rev. v. 12.

- 1 **N**OW far above the starry skies,
Our Jesus fills his brighter throne,
Invisible

Invisible to mortal eyes,
But not to humble faith unknown.

- 2 [The countless hosts that round him stand,
The subjects of his sovereign power;
Fly through the world at his command,
Or prostrate at his feet adore,
- 3 Satan, and all his rebel crew,
That rag'd to pull his kingdom down;
Crush'd by his hand, in ruin now
Lie trembling at his awful frown.
- 4 His name above all creatures great,
He all sustains and all controls;
Yet from his high exalted state,
Looks kindly down on humble souls.]
- 5 Though in the glories he possess'd,
Long e'er this world or time began,
He shines, the SON OF GOD confess'd,
Yet owns himself the SON OF MAN.
- 6 Here once in agonies he died,
Now in the heavens he ever lives;
Of joy *there* pours the eternal tide,
Here saves the sinner who believes.
- 7 All hail! thou great IMMANUEL, hail!
Ten thousand blessings on thy name:
While thus thy wondrous love we tell,
Our bosoms feel the sacred flame.

- 8 Come, quickly come, immortal King !
 On earth thy regal honours raise ;
 The full salvation promis'd bring,
 Then every tongue shall sing thy praise !

HYMN CXCIH.

- 1 **T**O Jesus our exalted Lord,
 Dear name, by heaven and earth ador'd !
 Fain would our hearts and voices raise
 A cheerful song of sacred praise.
- 2 But all the notes, which mortals know,
 Are weak and languishing and low ;
 Far, far above our humble songs,
 'The theme demands immortal tongues.
- 3 Before his throne of grace we meet,
 And humbly worship at his feet :
 Oh let our warm affections move
 In glad returns of grateful love !
- 4 Let faith our feeble senses aid,
 To see thy wondrous love display'd,
 Thy broken flesh, thy bleeding veins,
 Thy dreadful agonizing pains.
- 5 Let humble penitential woe,
 With painful pleasing anguish flow ;
 And thy forgiving smiles impart
 Life, hope, and joy to every heart.

HYMN CXCV.

- 1 **M**Y Saviour, who this deed hath done ?
Who could thy sacred body wound ?
No guilt thy spotless heart hath known,
No guile hath in thy lips been found.
- 2 'Tis I have done the dreadful deed !
'Tis I thy sacred flesh have torn :
My sins have caus'd thee, Lord, to bleed ;
Pointed the nail, and fix'd the thorn.
- 3 My Saviour, how shall I proclaim ?
How pay the mighty debt I owe ?
Let all I have, and all I am,
Ceaseless to all thy glory show.
- 4 Too much to thee I cannot give ;
'Too much I cannot do for thee :
Let all thy love, and all thy grief,
Graven on my heart for ever be !
- 5 The meek, the still, the lowly mind,
Oh may I may learn from thee, my God ;
And love, with softest pity join'd,
For those that trample on thy blood !
- 6 Still let thy tears, thy groans, thy sighs,
O'erflow my eyes, and heave my breast,
'Till loose from earth and flesh I rise,
And ever in thy bosom rest.

H Y M N CXCV.

Come, for all things are now ready. Luke xiv. 17.

- 1 **C**OME, sinners, to the gospel-feast ;
 Let every soul be Jesu's guest ;
 You need not one be left behind ;
 For God hath bidden all mankind.
- 2 Sent by my Lord, on you I call ;
 The invitation is to all :
 Come all the world, come, sinner, thou !
 All things in Christ are ready now.
- 3 Come all ye souls by sin oppress'd,
 Ye restless wanderers after rest ;
 Ye poor, and maim'd, and halt, and blind,
 In Christ a hearty welcome find.
- 4 My message as from God receive :
 Ye all may come to Christ, and live :
 Oh let his love your hearts constrain,
 Nor suffer him to die in vain !
- 5 His love is mighty to compel :
 His conquering love consent to feel :
 Yield to his love's resistless power ;
 And fight against your God no more.
- 6 See him set forth before your eyes,
 That precious, bleeding sacrifice !
 His offer'd benefits embrace,
 And freely now be sav'd by grace !

- 7 This is the time ; no more delay !
 This is your acceptable day :
 Come in, this moment, at his call,
 And live for him who died for all !

HYMN CXCVI.

- 1 **S**INNERS, obey the gospel-word !
 Haste to the supper of my Lord :
 Be wise to know your gracious day !
 All things are ready ; come away !
- 2 Ready the Father is to own,
 And kifs his late returning son :
 Ready your loving Saviour stands,
 And spreads for you his bleeding hands.
- 3 Ready the spirit of his love
 Just now the stony to remove :
 To' apply and witness with the blood,
 And wash, and seal the sons of God.
- 4 Ready for you the angels wait
 To triumph in your blest estate :
 Tuning their harps they long to praise
 The wonders of redeeming grace.
- 5 The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
 Is ready with their shining host :
 All heaven is ready to resound,
 " The dead's alive ! The lost is found."

HYMN CXCVII.

- 1 **C**OME then, ye sinners, to your Lord,
In Christ to paradise restor'd,
His proffer'd benefits embrace,
The plentitude of gospel-grace.
- 2 A pardon written with his blood,
The favour and the peace of God;
The seeing eye, the feeling sense,
The mystic joys of penitence:
- 3 The godly grief, the pleasing smart,
The meltings of a broken heart:
The tears that tell your sins forgiven:
The sighs, that waft your souls to heaven:
- 4 The guiltless shame, the sweet distress,
The unutterable tenderness;
The genuine, meek humility;
The wonder "Why such love to me!"
- 5 The o'erwhelming power of saving grace,
The sight that veils the seraph's face;
The speechless awe that dares not move,
And all the silent heaven of love.

HYMN CXCVIII.

1 Cor. ii. 2.

- 1 **V**AIN, delusive world, adieu,
With all of creature-good,
Only Jesus I pursue,
Who bought me with his blood!

All thy pleasures I forego,
I trample on thy wealth and pride ;
Only Jesus may I know,
And Jesus crucified !

2 Other knowledge I disdain,
'Tis all but vanity :
Christ, the Lamb of God was slain,
He tasted death for me !
Me to save from endless woe,
The sin-atoning victim died !
Only Jesus may I know,
And Jesus crucified !

3 Here may I set up my rest,
My fluctuating heart
From the haven of his breast
Shall then no more depart :
Whither should a sinner go ?
His wounds for me stand open wide ;
Only Jesus may I know,
And Jesus crucified !

4 Him to know is life and peace,
And pleasure without end ;
This is all my happiness
On Jesus to depend ;
Daily in his grace to grow,
And ever in his faith abide :
Only Jesus may I know,
And Jesus crucified !

HYMN CXCIX.

- 1 **T**URNING to my rest again,
 The Saviour I adore.
 He relieves my grief and pain,
 And bids me weep no more:
 Rivers of Salvation flow
 From out his head, his hands, his side;
 Only Jesus may I know,
 And Jesus crucified.
- 2 Him in all my works I seek,
 Who hung upon the tree;
 Only of his love I speak,
 Who freely died for me:
 While I sojourn here below,
 Of nothing may I think beside;
 Only Jesus may I know,
 And Jesus crucified.
- 3 Oh that I could all invite,
 This saving truth to prove:
 Shew the length, and breadth, and height,
 And depth of Jesu's love!
 Fain I would to sinners show
 The blood by faith alone applied:
 Only Jesus may I know,
 And Jesus crucified.

HYMN CC.

- 1 **H**OW shall I commend the grace
 Which all with me may prove;
 Magnify thy mercy's praise,
 Thy all-redeeming love?

Oh!

Oh ! 'tis more than tongue can tell ?
 Who the mystery shall explain ?
 Angels, that in strength excel,
 Would search it out in vain.

- 2 Far above their noblest songs,
 Thy glorious mercies rise ;
 Praise sits silent on their tongues,
 And wonder lulls the skies !
 Oh ! might I with them be one,
 Lost in holy rapture fall ;
 Cast my crown before thy throne,
 Thou Lamb that died'st for all.

H Y M N C C I.

Why will ye die, O House of Israel. Ezekiel xviii. 31.

- 1 **S**INNERS, turn, why will you die ?
 God, your Maker, asks you why ?
 God, who did your being give,
 Made you with himself to live.
 He the fatal cause demands,
 Asks the work of his own hands,
 Why, ye thankless creatures, why
 Will ye cross his love, and die ?

- 2 Sinners turn, why will you die ?
 God, your Saviour, asks you why :
 God, who did your souls retrieve,
 Died himself that you might live.
 Will you let him die in vain ?
 Crucify your Lord again ?

R

Why,

Why, ye ransom'd finners, why
Will you slight his grace and die ?

3 Sinners turn, why will you die ?
God, the Spirit, asks you why :
He, who all your lives hath strove,
Waits to manifest his love.
Will you not the grace receive ?
Will you still refuse to live ?
Why, ye long-sought finners, why
Will you grieve your God and die ?

4 Dead, already dead within,
Spiritually dead in sin,
Dead to God while here you breathe,
Pant ye after second death ?
Will you still in sin remain,
Greedy of eternal pain ?
O ye dying finners, why,
Why will you for ever die ?

H Y M N C L I.

1 **W**HAT could your Redeemer do
More than he hath done for you ?
To procure your peace with God,
Could he more than shed his blood ?
After all his waste of love,
All his drawings from above,
Why will you your Lord deny ?
Why will you resolve to die ?

2 Turn, he cries, ye sinners turn :
By his life your God hath sworn,

He

He would have you turn and live,
 He would all the world receive.
 If your death were his delight,
 Would he you to life invite?
 Would he ask, obtest, and cry,
 Why will ye resolve to die?

- 3 Sinners, turn while God is near:
 Dare not think him insincere:
 Now, even now, your Saviour stands,
 All day long he spreads his hands;
 Cries, ye will not happy be;
 No, ye will not come to me!
 Me, who life to none deny:
 Why will you resolve to die?

- 4 Can ye doubt if God is love!
 If to all his bowels move?
 Will ye not his word receive?
 Will ye not his oath believe?
 See, the suffering God appears!
 Jesus weeps! believe his tears!
 Mingled with his blood, they cry,
 Why will you resolve to die?

HYMN CCIH.

- 1 **H**OLY Lamb, who thee receive,
 Who in thee begin to live,
 Day and night they cry to thee,
 As thou art, so let us be!

- 2 Jesus, see my panting breast:
 See, I pant in thee to rest!

R 2

Gladly

Gladly would I now be clean :
Cleanse me now from every sin.

3 Fix, Oh fix my wavering mind ;
To thy cross my spirit bind ;
Earthly passions far remove :
Swallow up our souls in love.

4 Dust and ashes though we be,
Full of guilt and misery,
Thine we are, thou Son of God :
Take the purchase of thy blood !

5 Who in heart on thee believes,
He the atonement now receives :
He with joy beholds thy face,
Triumphs in thy pardoning grace.

6 See, ye sinners, see the flame
Rising from the slaughter'd Lamb ;
Mark the new, the living way,
Leading to eternal day.

7 Jesus, when this light we see,
All our soul's athirst for thee :
When thy quickening power we prove,
All our heart dissolves in love.

8 Boundless wisdom, power divine,
Love unspeakable are thine !
Praise by all to thee be given,
Sons of earth, and hosts of heaven.

HYMN CCIV.

Is there no Balm in Gilead? Jer. viii. 22.

- 1 **Y**ES, there is, most holy God,
 Balm, abundant balm in thee,
 Rivers of atoning blood,
 Streams of living purity!
 Pour the blood upon my soul
 Plunge me in the cleansing wave,
 Close my wounds, and make me whole,
 Shew forth all thy skill to save.
- 2 Thee I seek, my pardoning Lord,
 Waits my longing soul for thee :
 Oh be mindful of thy word,
 Oh be merciful to me ;
 On my heart thy goodness seal,
 Bid me in thy image rise,
 Mounted on thy holy hill,
 Ravish'd thence to paradise.

HYMN CCV.

- 1 **J**ESUS, my life, thyself apply,
 Thy holy spirit breathe ;
 My vile affections crucify,
 Conform me to thy death.
 - 2 Conqueror of hell, and earth, and sin,
 Still with thy rebel strive ;
 Enter my soul, and work within,
 And kill, and make alive !
- R 3
3. More

- 3 More of thy life, and more I have,
As the old Adam dies :
Bury me, Saviour, in thy grave,
That I with thee may rise.
- 4 Reign in me, Lord, thy foes control,
Who would not own thy sway ;
Diffuse thy image through my soul,
Shine to the perfect day.
- 5 Scatter the last remains of sin,
And seal me thy abode ;
Oh ! make me glorious all within,
A temple built by God.

H Y M N CCVI.

- 1 **F**OREVER here my rest shall be,
Close to thy bleeding side ;
This all my hope, and all my plea,
For me the Saviour died !
- 2 My dying Saviour and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
And cleanse, and keep me clean.
- 3 Wash me, and make me thus thy own :
Wash me, and mine thou art :
Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart.

- 4 The atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to fight improve ;
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

H Y M N C C V I I .

- 1 **I**N God we put our trust ;
If we our sins confess,
Faithful he is, and just
From all unrighteousness
To cleanse us all, both you and me,
We shall from all our sins be free.

- 2 Surely in us the hope
Of glory shall appear ;
Sinners, your heads lift up,
And see redemption near ;
Again I say, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.

- 3 Who Jesu's sufferings share,
My fellow prisoners now,
Ye soon the wreath shall wear
On your triumphant brow ;
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We shall from our sins be free.

- 4 The word of God is sure,
And never can remove,
We shall in heart be pure
And perfected in love ;
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.

5 Then

- 5 Then let us gladly bring
 Our sacrifice of praise,
 Let us give thanks and sing,
 And glory in his grace ;
 Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
 We shall from all our sins be free.

HYMN CVIII.

Faith in Christ our Sacrifice. Heb. x. 4, 10.

- 1 **N**OT all the blood of beasts
 On Jewish altars slain,
 Could give the guilty conscience peace,
 Or wash away the stain.
- 2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
 Takes all our sins away ;
 A sacrifice of nobler name,
 And richer blood than they.
- 3 My faith would lay her hand
 On that dear head of thine,
 When like a penitent I stand,
 And there confess my sin.
- 4 My soul looks back to see
 The burdens thou didst bear,
 When hanging on the shameful tree,
 And hopes her guilt was there.
- 5 Believing, we rejoice
 To see the curse remove ;
 We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
 And sing his bleeding love.

H Y M N C C I X.

- 1 **C**OME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne,
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.
- 2 Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,
To be exalted thus ;
Worthy the Lamb, our hearts reply,
For he was slain for us.
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine ;
And blessings more than we can give
Be, Lord, for ever thine.
- 4 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

H Y M N C C X.

- 1 **F**ROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise ;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue.
- 2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,
Eternal truth attends thy word ;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
'Till suns shall rise and set no more.
- 3 Your

- 3 Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring,
In songs of praise divinely sing ;
The great salvation loud proclaim,
And shout for joy the Saviour's name :
- 4 In every land begin the song,
To every land the strains belong ;
In cheerful sounds all voices raise,
And fill the world with loudest praise.

H Y M N C C X I.

- 1 **A**LMIGHTY Lord, most merciful,
These thanks unfeign'd, these vows
receive ;
Thou, who when bath'd in tears I lay,
Didst hear, and quickly me relieve.

Chorus. Great God from all eternity,
Oh may our prayers ascend to thee.

- 2 Plung'd deep in woe, of hope bereft,
Destruction threaten'd me around,
Remorse was mine, and black despair,
And I no ray of comfort found.

Great God, &c.

- 3 For ever Oh recorded be
The moment when thy grace bestow'd,
Through Christ, the sight of pardoning love,
And led me to this blest abode.

Great God, &c.

4 Since

- 4 Since treading virtue's sacred paths
Alone secures the mind's content,
May the remainder of my days
In serving thee be always spent.

Chorus. Great God from all eternity,
Oh may our prayers ascend to thee.

H Y M N C C X I I.

This do in remembrance of me. 1 Cor. xi. 24.

- 1 **E**AT, drink, in memory of your friend;
An easy task enjoins our Lord;
Who death and tortures bore, that we
Might be to endless bliss restor'd.
- 2 Yes, we'll record thy matchless love,
Thou dearest, tenderest, best of friends;
Thy dying love the noblest praise
Of long eternity transcends.
- 3 'Tis pleasure more than earth can give,
Thy beauties through these veils to see;
Thy table food celestial yields,
And happy they who feast with thee.
- 4 But Oh what vast transporting joys,
Shall swell our breasts, our tongues inspire,
When we his sweet majestic form,
With prostrate cherubs, shall admire!
- 5 When these vile bodies all refin'd,
Perfect and glorious as his own,
Unwearied shall our minds obey,
And join to make his favours known!

H Y M N CCXIII.

- 1 **D**EEP in our breast let us record
The story of our dying Lord ;
As we his kind memorials view,
Our wonder and our songs renew.
- 2 Prevent me, O almighty grace !
Nor let me e'er so treacherous prove,
To crucify my Lord afresh,
And render hate from all his love.

H Y M N CCXIV.

- 1 **H**AIL sacred feast, which Jesus makes,
Memorial of his flesh and blood !
Thrice happy he, who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heavenly food !
- 2 Why are such blessings all in vain
Before unwilling hearts display'd ?
Was not for us the Victim slain ?
Are we forbid the children's bread ?
- 3 Oh let thy table honour'd be,
And furnish'd well with joyful guests ;
Let every soul salvation see,
'That here it's sacred pledges tastes !
- 4 Revive thy dying churches, Lord,
And bid our drooping graces live ;
And now that energy afford,
Which Jesu's love alone can give.

HYMN CCXV.

- 1 **O**UR Spirits join to adore the Lamb ;
Oh that our feeble lips could move
In strains exalted as his name,
And melting as his dying love !
- 2 Was ever equal pity found ?
The Prince of heaven resigns his breath,
And pours his life out on the ground,
To save us from eternal death.
- 3 In vain our mortal voices strive
To speak compassion so divine ;
Had we a thousand lives to give,
A thousand lives should all be thine.

HYMN CCXVI.

- 1 **A**T thy command, our dearest Lord,
We here attend thy dying feast ;
The bread thy broken body shows,
The wine thy blood shed for each guest.
- 2 Our faith adores thy bleeding love,
And trusts for life in one that died ;
We hope for heavenly crowns above,
From a Redeemer crucified.
- 3 Let the vain world pronounce it shame,
And fling their scandals on thy cause ;
We come to boast our Saviour's name,
And make our triumphs in his cross.

- 4 With joy we tell the scoffing age,
He that was dead hath left the tomb ;
He lives above their utmost rage,
And we are waiting till he come.

H Y M N C C X V I I .

- 1 **A**ND can we call to mind
The Lamb for sinners slain,
And not expect to find
What he for us did gain,
What God to us in him hath given,
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven ?
- 2 We now forgiveness have,
We feel his work begun,
And he shall fully save,
And perfect us in one,
Shall soon in all his image drest
Receive us to the marriage-feast.
- 3 This token of thy love
We thankfully receive,
And hence with joy remove
With thee in heaven to live,
There, Lord, we shall thy pledge restore,
And live to praise thee evermore.

H Y M N C C X V I I I .

- 1 **E**TERNAL Spirit gone up on high,
Blessings for mortals to receive,
Send

Send down those blessings from the sky
 To us thy gifts and graces give ;
 With holy things our mouths are fill'd,
 Oh let our hearts with joy o'erflow ;
 Descend in pardoning love reveal'd,
 And meet us in thy courts below.

2 Thy sacrifice without the gate
 Once offer'd up we call to mind,
 And humbly at thy altar wait,
 Our interest in thy death to find :
 We thirst to drink thy precious blood,
 We languish in thy wounds to rest,
 And hunger for immortal food,
 And long on all thy love to feast.

3 Oh that we now thy flesh may eat,
 It's virtue really receive,
 Impower'd by this immortal meat
 The life of holiness to live :
 Partakers of thy sacrifice,
 Oh may we all thy nature share,
 Till to the holiest place we rise,
 And keep the feast for ever there.

H Y M N C C X I X.

1 **G**IVE us, O Lord, the children's bread,
 By ministerial angels fed,
 (The angels of thy church below)
 Nourish us with preserving grace
 Our forty years, or forty days,
 And lead us through the vale of woe.

- 2 Strengthen'd by this immortal food,
 Oh let us reach the mount of God,
 And face to face our Saviour see :
 In songs of praise, and love, and joy,
 With all thy first-born sons employ
 An happy, whole eternity.

HYMN CCXX.

SURELY now the prayer he hears :
 Faith presents the crucified !
 Lo ! the wounded Lamb appears,
 Pierc'd his feet, his hands, his side ;
 Hangs our hope on yonder tree,
 Hangs, and bleeds to death for me !

HYMN CCXXI.

Subjection to CHRIST.

- 8 **J**ESUS, to thee my heart I bow ;
 Strange flames far from my soul remove :
 Fairest among ten thousand thou,
 Be thou my Lord, my life, my love.
- 2 All heaven thou fill'ft with pure desire :
 Oh shine upon my frozen breast ;
 With sacred love my heart inspire,
 And let me thy hid sweetness taste.
- 3 I see thy garments roll'd in blood,
 Thy streaming head, thy hand, thy side :

All hail, thou suffering, conquering God!
Now man shall live, for God hath died!

4 Oh kill in me the rebel sin,
And triumph o'er my willing breast;
Restore thy image, Lord, therein,
And lead me to thy Father's rest.

5 Let earthly loves be far away!
Saviour be thou my love alone;
No more may mine usurp the sway,
But in me thy great will be done.

6 O thou true witness, spotless Lamb!
All things for thee I count but loss;
My sole desire, my constant aim,
My only glory be thy cross!

H Y M N CCXXII.

The World is crucified unto me. Gal. vi. 14.

1 **W**HEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things which charm me most
I sacrifice to Jesu's blood.

3 See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!

Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?

- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small ;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

H Y M N CXXIII.

He is altogether lovely. Sol. Song v. 16.

- 1 **T**HE wondering world inquires to know
Why I should love my Jesus so :
All human beauties, all divine,
In him alone unite and shine.
- 2 His countenance more graceful is
Than Lebanon, with all its trees ;
And glory, like a crown, adorns
Those temples once beset with thorns.
- 3 Compassions in his heart are found,
Hard by the signals of his wound :
His sacred side no more shall bear
The cruel scourge, the piercing spear.
- 4 His heavenly hands upon the tree
Were nail'd, and torn, and bled for me :
And when I faint, he o'er my head
The banner of his love will spread.
- 5 Though once he bow'd his feeble knees,
Loaded with sins and agonies ;

Now

Now at his feet the seraphs stand,
And wait to know his high command.

- 6 All over glorious is my Lord ;
Must be belov'd, and yet ador'd :
His worth if all the nations knew,
Sure the whole earth would love him too !

H Y M N CCXXIV.

We are made nigh by the Blood of Christ. Eph. ii. 13.

- 1 **O**F him who did salvation bring,
Oh may we ever think and sing ;
Arise, ye guilty, he'll forgive,
Arise, ye needy, he'll relieve.
- 2 Ask but his grace, and lo ! 'tis given ;
Ask, and he turns your hell to heaven :
'Though sin and sorrow wound my soul,
Jesus, thy balm will make it whole.
- 3 To cleanse from sin he shed his blood,
He died to bring us near to God ;
Let all the world fall down, and know
That none but God such love could show.
- 4 Infatiate to this spring I fly ;
I drink, and yet am ever dry :
Ah ! who against his charms is proof !
Ah ! who that loves can love enough.

H Y M N CCXXV.

Christ on the Cross.

1 **C**OME, Holy Ghost, set to thy seal,
Thy inward witness give,
To all our waiting souls reveal
The death by which we live.

2 Spectators of the pangs divine
Oh that we now may be,
Discerning in the sacred sign
His passion on the tree.

3 Give us to understand the sound
Which told his mortal pain,
Tore up the graves, and shook the ground,
And rent the rocks in twain.

4 Repeat the Saviour's dying cry,
In every heart so loud,
That every heart may now reply,
" This was the Son of God !"

H Y M N CCXXVI.

1 **L**ET Him, to whom we now belong,
His sovereign right assert,
And take up every thankful song,
And every loving heart.

2 He justly claims us for his own
Who bought us with a price ;

The

The Christian lives to Christ alone,
To Christ alone he dies.

3 Jesus, thy own at last receive,
Fulfil our heart's desire;
And let us to thy glory live,
And in thy cause expire.

4 Our souls and bodies we resign,
With joy we render thee
Our all, no longer ours but thine
To all eternity !

H Y M N C C X X V I I .

1 **H**APPY the souls to Jesus join'd,
And fav'd by grace alone ;
Walking in all his ways, they find
Their heaven on earth begun.

2 The church triumphant in thy love,
Their mighty joys we know ;
They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
And we in hymns below.

3 Thee in thy glorious realms they praise,
And bow before thy throne !
We in the kingdom of thy grace ;
The kingdoms are but one.

4 The holy to the holiest leads ;
From thence our spirits rise :
And he, that in thy statutes treads,
Shall meet thee in the skies.

HYMN CCXXVIII.

- 1 **G**OD of all-redeeming grace,
By thy pardoning love compell'd,
Up to Thee our souls we raise,
Up to thee our bodies yield.
- 2 Thou our sacrifice receive,
Acceptable through thy Son,
While to Thee alone we live,
While we die to Thee alone.
- 3 Just it is, and good, and right,
That we should be wholly thine,
In thy only Will delight,
In thy blessed service join.
- 4 Oh that every thought and word
Might proclaim how good thou art,
Holiness unto the Lord
Still be written on our heart.

HYMN CCXXIX.

- 1 **T**HOU very paschal lamb,
Whose blood for us was shed,
Through whom we out of *Egypt* came;
Thy ransom'd people lead.
 - 2 Angel of gospel grace,
Fulfil thy character,
To guard and feed the chosen race,
In *Israel's* camp appear.
- 2 Throughout

2 Throughout the desert-way
Conduct us by thy light,
Be thou a cooling cloud by day,
A cheering fire by night.

4 Our fainting souls sustain,
With blessings from above,
And ever on thy people rain
The manna of thy love.

H Y M N C C X X X .

1 **S**EIZ'D by the rage of sinful man,
I see him bound, and bruis'd, and slain,
'Tis done, the martyr dies !
His life to ransom ours is given,
And lo ! the fiercest fire of heaven
Consumes the sacrifice.

2 He suffers both from man and God,
He bears the universal load
Of guilt and misery ;
He suffers to reverse our doom ;
And lo ! my Lord is here become
The bread of life to me !

H Y M N C C X X X I .

1 **O** Thou eternal Victim, slain,
A sacrifice for guilty man,
By the eternal Spirit made
An offering in the sinner's stead,

Our everlasting priest art thou,
And plead'st thy death for sinners now.

- 2 Thy offering still continues new,
Thy vesture keeps it's bloody hue,
Thou stand'st the ever slaughter'd Lamb,
Thy priesthood still remains the same,
Thy years, O God, can never fail,
Thy goodness is unchangeable.
- 3 Oh that our faith may never move,
But stand unshaken as thy love,
Sure evidence of things unseen,
Now let it pass the years between,
And view thee bleeding on the tree,
My God, who dies for me, for me !

H Y M N CCXXXII.

- 1 **O** Thou who hanging on the cross,
Didst buy our pardon with thy blood,
Canst thou not still maintain our cause,
And fill us with the life of God,
Bless with the blessings of thy throne,
And perfect all our souls in one ?
- 2 Lo, on thy bloody sacrifice
For all our graces we depend !
Supported by thy cross arise,
To finish'd holiness ascend,
And gain on earth the mountain's height,
And then salute our friends in light.

HYMN CCXXXIII.

- 1 **O** GOD of our forefathers, hear,
 And make thy faithful mercies known;
 To thee, through Jesus, we draw near,
 Thy suffering well-beloved Son:
 In whom thy smiling face we see;
 In whom thou art well-pleas'd with *me*.
- 2 With solemn faith we offer up,
 And spread before thy glorious eyes,
 That only ground of all our hope,
 That precious, bleeding sacrifice,
 Which brings thy grace on sinners down,
 And perfects all our souls in one.
- 3 Acceptance through his only name,
 Forgiveness in his blood we have;
 But more abundant life we claim
 Through him who died our souls to save;
 To sanctify us by his blood,
 And fill with all the life of God.
- 4 Father, behold thy dying Son,
 And hear the blood that speaks above,
 On us let all thy grace be shown,
 Peace, righteousness, and joy, and love;
 Thy kingdom come to every heart,
 And all thou hast, and all thou art.

HYMN CCXXXIV.

- 1 **A** H give me, Lord, my sins to mourn,
 My sins which have thy body torn;
 T Give

Give me with broken heart to see
Thy last tremendous agony :
There wept for me the Son of God ;
Who bought my pardon with his blood.

- 2 Oh could I gain the mountain's height,
And look upon that piteous fight !
Oh that with *Salem's* daughters I
Might stand and see my Saviour die ;
Smite on my breast and inly mourn,
But never from thy cross return !

H Y M N CCXXXV.

Sacrament a Sign and Means of Grace.

- 1 **J**ESUS, at whose supreme command,
We thus approach to God,
Before us in thy vesture stand,
Thy vesture dipt in blood.
- 2 Obedient to thy gracious word
We break the hallow'd bread,
Commemorate thee, our dying Lord,
And trust on thee to feed.
- 3 Now, Saviour, now thyself reveal,
And make thy nature known,
Affix the sacramental seal,
And stamp us for thy own.
- 4 The tokens of thy dying love
Oh let us all receive,

And

And feel the quickening spirit move,
And *sensibly* believe.

- 5 The cup of blessing, blest by thee,
Let it thy blood impart ;
The bread thy mystic body be,
And cheer each languid heart.
- 6 The grace which sure salvation brings
Let us herewith receive ;
Sate the hungry with good things,
The hidden manna give.
- 7 The living bread sent down from heaven
In us vouchsafe to be :
Thy flesh for all the world is given,
And all may live by thee.
- 8 Now, Lord, on us thy flesh bestow
And let us drink thy blood,
Till all our souls are fill'd below,
With all the life of God.

H Y M N CCXXXVI.

- 1 **J**ESUS, dear redeeming Lord,
Magnify thy dying word,
In thy ordinance appear,
Come, and meet thy followers here.
- 2 In the rite thou hast enjoyn'd
Let us now our Saviour find,
Drink thy blood for sinners shed,
Taste thee in the broken bread.

T 2

3 Thou

- 3 Thou our faithful hearts prepare,
Thou thy pardoning grace declare,
Thou who hast for sinners died,
Shew thyself the crucified !
- 4 All the power of sin remove,
Fill us with thy perfect love,
Stamp us with the stamp divine,
Seal our souls for ever thine.

H Y M N C C X X X V I I .

- 1 **L**ORD of life, thy followers see
Hungering, thirsting after thee,
At thy sacred table feed,
Nourish us with living bread.
- 2 Cheer us with immortal wine,
Heavenly sustenance divine,
Grant us now a fresh supply,
Now relieve us, or we die.

H Y M N C C X X X V I I I .

- 1 **O** Thou paschal Lamb of God,
Feed us with thy flesh and blood,
Life and strength thy death supplies,
Feast us on thy sacrifice.
- 2 Quicken our dead souls again,
Then our living souls sustain,
Then in us thy life keep up,
Then confirm our faith and hope.
- 3 Still,

- 3 Still, O Lord, our strength repair,
Till renew'd in love we are,
Till thy utmost grace we prove,
All thy life of perfect love.

H Y M N CCXXXIX.

- 1 **A** MAZING mystery of love !
While posting to eternal pain,
God saw his rebels from above,
And stoop'd into a mortal man.
- 2 His mercy cast a pitying look,
By love, meer causeless love inclin'd,
Our guilt and punishment he took,
And died a Victim for mankind.
- 3 His blood procur'd our life and peace,
And quench'd the wrath of hostile heaven ;
Justice gave way to our release,
And God hath all *my* sins forgiven.
- 4 Jesus, our pardon we receive,
The purchase of that blood of thine,
And now begin by grace to live,
And breathe the breath of life divine.

H Y M N CCXL.

- 1 **W**ORTHY the Lamb of endless praise,
Whose double life we here shall prove,
The pardoning and the hallowing grace,
The childlike and the perfect love.

- 2 We here shall gain our calling's prize,
 The gift unspeakable receive,
 And higher still in death arise,
 And all the life of glory live.
- 3 To make our right and title sure,
 Our dying Lord himself hath given,
 His sacrifice did all procure,
 Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.
- 4 Our life of grace we here shall feel,
 Shed in our loving hearts abroad,
 Till Christ our glorious life reveal,
 Long hidden with himself in God.
- 5 Come, dear Redeemer of mankind,
 We long thy open face to see,
 Appear, and all who seek shall find
 Their bliss consummated in thee.
- 6 Thy presence shall the cloud dispart,
 Thy presence shall the life display,
 Then, then our all in all thou art,
 Our fulness of eternal day !

HYMN CCXLI.

- 1 **A**UTHOR of life divine,
 Who hast a table spread,
 Furnish'd with mystic wine
 And everlasting bread,
 Preserve the life which thou hast given,
 And feed, and train us up for heaven.
- 2 Our

- 2 Our needy souls sustain
 With fresh supplies of love,
 Till all thy life we gain,
 And all thy fulness prove,
 And strength'ned by thy perfect grace,
 Behold without a vail thy face.

H Y M N CCXLII.

- 1 **J**ESUS, we thus obey
 Thy last and kindest word,
 Here in thy own appointed way
 We come to meet our Lord ;
 The way thou hast enjoin'd,
 Thou wilt therein appear ;
 We come with confidence to find
 Thy special presence here.

- 2 Our hearts we open wide
 To make the Saviour room ;
 And lo ! the Lamb, the crucified,
 The sinner's friend is come !
 His presence makes the feast,
 And now our bosoms feel
 The glory not to be exprest,
 The joy unspeakable.

- 3 With pure celestial bliss
 He doth our spirits cheer,
 His house of banqueting is this,
 And he hath brought us here :

He

He doth his servants feed
With manna from above ;
His banner over us is spread,
His everlasting love.

- 4 He bids us drink and eat
Imperishable food ;
He gives his flesh to be our meat,
And bids us drink his blood.
Whate'er the Almighty can
To pardon'd sinners give,
The fulness of our God made man,
We here with Christ receive.

H Y M N CCXLIII.

- 1 **W**E have in the desert tarried
Long, and nothing have to eat,
Comfort us through wandering wearied,
Feed our souls with living meat :
Still with bowels of compassion
See thy helpless people, see,
Let us taste thy great salvation,
Let us feed by faith on thee.

H Y M N CCXLIV.

- 1 **S**INNER, with awe draw near,
And find thy Saviour here,
In his ordinances still,
Touch his sacramental cloaths,
Present in his power to heal,
Virtue from his body flows.

2 His

- 2 His body is the feat
Where all our blessings meet,
Full of unexhausted worth,
Still it makes the sinner whole,
Pours divine effusions forth,
Life to every dying soul.
- 3 Pardon, and power, and peace,
And perfect righteousness
From that sacred fountain springs ;
Wash'd in his all-cleansing blood
Rise, ye worms, to priests and kings,
Rise in Christ, and reign with God.

HYMN CCXLV.

This do in remembrance of me. 1 Cor. xi. 24.

- 1 **A**ND shall I let him go ?
If now I do not *feel*
The streams of living water flow,
Shall I forsake the well ?
- 2 Because he hides his face
Shall I no longer stay,
But leave the channels of his grace,
And cast the means away ?
- 3 He bids me eat the bread,
He bids me drink the wine,
No other motive, Lord, I need,
No other word than thine.

4 I cheerfully comply
With what my Lord doth say ;
Let others ask a reason why,
My glory is to obey.

5 Because he saith, *Do this,*
This I will always do,
Till Jesus come in glorious blifs,
I *thus* his death will *shew*.

H Y M N CCXLVI.

1 JESUS, I bless thy sacred name
For favours so divine ;
All that I have, and all I am,
Shall be for ever thine.

2 Here peace and pardon sweetly flow :
Oh what delightful food !
Here is a balm for all my woe,
With every needful good.

3 Now may the God of boundless grace,
The God of hope and love,
Fill each believing soul with peace,
And every doubt remove.

H Y M N CCXLVII.

Sacrament a Pledge of Heaven.

1 WITH mystical wine he comforts us here,
And gladly we join, 'till Jesus appear,
With

With hearty thanksgiving his death to record :
The living, the living should sing of the Lord.

- 2 He hallow'd the cup, which now we receive,
The pledge of our hope with Jesus to live,
(Where sorrow and sadness shall never be found)
With glory and gladness eternally crown'd.
- 3 The fruit of the vine (the joy it implies)
Again we shall join to drink in the skies,
Exult in his favour, our triumph renew;
And I, faith the Saviour, will drink it with you.

H Y M N CCXLVIII.

- 1 **T**HEE, King of saints, we praise,
For this our living bread,
Nourish'd by thy preserving grace,
And at thy table fed.

Who in these lower parts
Of thy great kingdom feast,
We feel the earnest in our hearts
Of our eternal rest.

- 2 Yet still an higher feat
We in thy kingdom claim,
Who here begin by faith to eat
The supper of the Lamb.

That glorious heavenly prize
We surely shall attain,
And in the palace of the skies
With thee for ever reign.

HYMN CCXLIX.

- 1 **A**LL glory and praise to Jesus our Lord !
 His ransoming grace we gladly record ;
 His bloody oblation, his death on the tree
 Hath purchas'd salvation in heaven for me.
- 2 The Saviour hath died for *me* and for *you* ;
 The blood is applied, the record is true ;
 The spirit bears witness, and speaks in the blood,
 And gives us the fitness for living with God.

HYMN CCL.

- 1 **S**OON as I taste the heavenly bread,
 What manna o'er my soul is shed,
 Manna that angels never knew !
 Victorious sweetness fills my heart,
 Such as my God delights to impart,
 Mighty to save and sin subdue.
- 2 I had forgot my heavenly birth,
 My soul degenerate clave to earth,
 In sense and sin's base pleasures drown'd,
 When God assum'd humanity,
 And spilt his sacred blood for me,
 To wash and lift me from the ground.
- 3 Upborne by him, I mount, I fly ;
 Regaining swift my native sky,
 I wipe my streaming eyes, and see
 Him whom I seek, for whom I sue ;
 My God, my Saviour, there I view,
 And live with him who died for me.

HYMN CCLI.

- 1 **S**ONS of God, triumphant rise,
Shout the accomplish'd sacrifice ;
Shout your sins in Christ forgiven,
Sons of God, and heirs of heaven.
- 2 Ye that round our altars throng,
Listening angels, join the song :
Sing with us, ye heavenly powers,
Pardon, grace, and glory ours !
- 3 Christ, of all our hopes the seal,
Peace divine in him we feel ;
Pardon to our souls applied,
Dead for all, for *me* he died.
- 4 Sin shall tyrannize no more,
Purg'd it's guilt, dissolv'd it's power :
Jesus makes our hearts his throne,
There he lives and reigns alone.
- 5 Grace our every thought controls,
Heaven is open'd in our souls ;
Everlasting life is won,
Glory is on earth begun.
- 6 Christ in us ;—in Him we see
Fulness of the Deity :
Beam of the eternal Beam ;
Life divine we taste in him.

U

7 Him

- 7 Him by faith we taste below,
Mightier joys ordain'd to know,
When his utmost grace we prove,
Rise to heaven by perfect love.

H Y M N CCLII.

“ Therefore with Angels and Archangels,” &c.

- 1 **L**ORD and God of heavenly powers,
Theirs—yet oh ! benignly ours ;
Glorious King, let earth proclaim,
Worms attempt to chant thy name.
- 2 Christ to laud in songs divine,
Angels and Archangels join ;
We with them our voices raise,
Echoing thy eternal praise.
- 3 Holy, holy, holy Lord,
Live, by heaven and earth ador'd !
Full of thee, they ever cry,
Glory be to God most high !

H Y M N CCLIII.

Glory be to God on high, &c. Comm. Service.

- 1 **T**O God be glory, peace on earth,
To all mankind good-will !
We bless, we praise, we worship thee,
And glorify thee still.

2 And

- 2 And thanks for thy great glory give,
That fills our souls with light ;
O Lord ! God ! heavenly King ! the God
And Father of all Might.
- 3 And thou, begotten Son of God,
Before all time begun ;
O Jesus Christ ! God ! Lamb of God !
The Father's only Son !
- 4 Have mercy, thou that tak'st the sins
Of all the world away !
Have mercy, Saviour of mankind,
And hear us when we pray !
- 5 O thou who sitt'st at God's right-hand,
Upon the Father's throne !
Have mercy on us, thou, O Christ,
Who art the Holy One !
- 6 The Lord, who with the Holy Ghost,
Whom earth and heaven adore,
In glory of the Father art
Most high for evermore.

H Y M N CCLIV.

- 1 **O**BJECT of all our knowledge here,
Our one desire and hope below,
Jesus, the crucified, draw near,
And with thy sad disciples go :
Our thoughts and words to thee are known,
We commune of thyself alone.

- 2 How can it be, our reason cries,
 That God should leave his throne above ?
 Is it for man the immortal dies !
 For man, who tramples on his love !
 For man, who nail'd him to the tree !
 O Love ! O God ! He died for me !
- 3 Why then, if thou for me hast died,
 Dost thou not yet thyself impart ?
 We hope to feel thy blood applied,
 To find thee risen in our heart,
 Redeem'd from all iniquity,
 Sav'd to the utmost, sav'd through thee.
- 4 O Lord, if thou indeed art ours,
 If thou for us hast burst the tomb,
 Visit us with thy quickening powers,
 Come, to thy mournful followers come,
 Thyself to thy weak members join,
 And fill us with the life divine.

HYMN CCLV.

Ought not Christ to have suffered ? Luke xxiv. 25, 26.

- 1 **T**HEE, the great prophet sent from God,
 Mighty in deed and word we own ;
 Thou hast on some the grace bestow'd,
 Thy rising in *their* hearts made known ;
 They publish thee, to life restor'd,
 Attesting they have seen the Lord.
- 2 Let us, no longer slow of heart,
 With humble joy believe thy word !

The

'The prophets' only aim thou art ;
 They sang the sufferings of their Lord,
 Thy life for ours a ransom given,
 Thy rising to insure our heaven.

3 Ought not our Lord the death to die,
 And then the glorious life to live ?
 To stoop and then go up on high ?
 The pain, and then the joy receive ?
 His blood the purchase-price lay down,
 Endure the cross, and claim the crown ?

4 Ought not the members all to pass
 The way their head had pass'd before ?
 Through sufferings perfected he was,
 The garment dipt in blood he wore,
 That we with him might die, and rise,
 And bear his nature to the skies !

H Y M N CCLVI.

He expounded unto them, &c. Luke xxiv. 27, 30.

1 **N**OW, Jesus, now the veil remove,
 The folly of our darken'd heart,
 Unfold the wonders of thy love,
 The knowledge of thyself impart ;
 Our ear, our inmost soul we bow ;
 Speak, Lord ; thy servants hearken now.

2 Make not as thou wouldst farther go,
 Our friend, and counsellor, and guide,
 But stay, the path of life to shew,
 Still with our souls vouchsafe to abide,
 U 3 Constrain'd

Constrain'd by thy own mercy stay,
Nor leave us at our close of day.

- 3 Come in, with thy disciples sit,
Nor suffer us to ask in vain,
Nourish us, Lord, with living meat,
Our souls with heavenly bread sustain ;
Break to us now the mystic bread,
And bid us on thy body feed.
- 4 Honour the means ordain'd by thee,
The great unbloody sacrifice,
The deep tremendous mystery ;
Thyself in our enlighten'd eyes
Now in the broken bread make known,
And shew us Thou art all our own.

H Y M N CCLVII.

- 1 **F**ATHER, God, we glorify
Thy love to *Adam's* seed,
Love that gave thy Son to die,
And rais'd him from the dead ;
Him for our offences slain,
That we all might pardon find,
Thou hast brought to life again
The Saviour of mankind.
- 2 By thy own right-hand of power
Thou hast exalted him,
Sent the mighty conqueror,
Thy people to redeem :
King of saints, and Prince of peace,
Him thou hast to sinners given,

Sinners

Sinners from their sins to blefs,
And lift them up to heaven.

- 3 Father, God, to us impart
The gift unspeakable,
Now in every waiting heart
Thy glorious Son reveal ;
Quicken'd with our living Lord
Let us in thy Spirit rise,
Rise to all thy life restor'd,
And thank thee in the skies.

H Y M N CCLVIII.

Matt. xxviii.

- 1 **A**LL ye that seek the Lord who died,
Your God for sinners crucified,
Prevent the earliest dawn, and come
To worship at his sacred tomb.
- 2 Bring the sweet spices of your sighs,
Your contrite hearts, and streaming eyes,
Your sad complaints, and humble fears ;
Come, and embalm him with your tears.
- 3 While thus ye love your souls to employ,
Your sorrows shall be turn'd to joy :
Now, now let all your grief be o'er !
Believe ; and ye shall weep no more.
- 4 An earthquake hath the cavern shook,
And burst the door, and rent the rock ;
The Lord hath sent his angel down,
And he hath roll'd away the stone.

5 As snow behold his garment white,
His countenance as lightning bright;
He sits, and waves a flaming sword,
And waits upon his rising Lord.

6 The Lord of life is risen indeed,
To death deliver'd in your stead;
His rise proclaims your sins forgiven,
And shews the living way to heaven.

7 Go tell the followers of your Lord,
Their Jesus is to life restor'd;
He lives, that they his life may find:
He lives to quicken all mankind.

H Y M N C C L I X.

1 **C**OME ye that seek the Lord,
Him that was crucified,
Come listen to the gospel word,
And feel it now applied:
To every soul of man
The joyful news we shew,
Jesus for every sinner slain,
Is risen again for you.

2 The Lord is risen indeed,
And did to us appear,
He hath been seen, our living head,
By many a witness here.
We, who so oft denied
Our Master and our God,
May thrust our hand into his side,
And feel the streaming blood.

3 Rais'd

- 3 Rais'd from the dead we are
 The members with their Lord,
And boldly in his name declare
 The soul-reviving word :
 Salvation we proclaim
 Which every soul may find,
Pardon and peace in Jesu's name,
 And life for all mankind.
- 4 Oh might they all receive
 The bleeding Prince of peace !
Sinners, the glad report believe
 Of Jesu's witnesses :
 He lives, who spilt his blood ;
 Believe the record true,
The arm, the power, the Son of God
 Shall be reveal'd in you.

H Y M N CCLX.

- 1 **T**HE Lord is risen ! He who came
 To suffer death, and conquer too,
Is risen ; let our songs proclaim
 The praise to man's Redeemer due :
To him whom God in tender love,
 Always alike to bless inclin'd,
Sent to redeem us from above ;
 To save, to sanctify mankind.

Chorus.

Worthy of all power and praise,
He who died, and rose again :
Lamb of God, and slain to raise
Man, to life redeem'd—AMEN.

2 That

- 2 That life which Adam ceas'd to live,
 When to this world he turn'd his heart,
 And to his children could not give,
 The second Adam can impart.
 We, on our earthly parent's side,
 Could but receive a life of earth ;
 'The Lord from heaven, he liv'd and died,
 And rose to give us heavenly birth.
- 3 This mortal life, this living death,
 Shews that in Adam we all die ;
 In Christ we have immortal breath,
 And life's unperishing supply :
 He took our nature, and sustain'd
 The miseries of it's sinful state ;
 Sinless himself, for us regain'd
 To paradise an open gate.
- 4 As Adam rais'd a life of sin,
 So Christ the serpent-bruising seed,
 By God's appointment, could begin
 In us the birth of life indeed ;
 He did begin ; parental head,
 As Adam fell, so Jesus stood ;
 Fulfill'd all righteousness, and said
 'Tis finish'd !——on the sacred wood.
- 5 To tread the path that Jesus trod,
 Aided by him, be our employ ;
 To die to sin, and live to God,
 And yield him the fair purchas'd joy :
 To all the laws that love has made
 Stedfast, unshaken to attend ;
 He died, he rose, himself our aid,
 Lo ! I am with you to the end.

HYMN CCLXI.

Resurrection of Christ. Luke xxiv. 34.

- 1 **Y**ES, the Redeemer rose !
 The Saviour left the dead ;
 And o'er our hellish foes
 High rais'd his conquering head :
 In wild dismay, the guards around
 Fell to the ground, and sunk away.
- 2 **L**o ! the angelic bands
 In full assembly meet,
 To wait his high commands,
 And worship at his feet ;
 Joyful they come, and wing their way
 From realms of day to Jesu's tomb.
- 3 **T**hen back to heaven they fly,
 The joyful news to bear ;
 Hark ! as they soar on high
 What music fills the air ?
 Their anthems say, " Jesus who bled
 " Hath left the dead ;—He rose to-day."
- 4 **Y**e mortals, catch the sound,
 Redeem'd by him from hell ;
 And send the echo round
 The globe on which you dwell :
 Transported cry, " Jesus who bled
 " Hath left the dead, no more to die."

5 All-hail,

5 All-hail, triumphant Lord,
 Who sav'ft us with thy blood !
 Wide be thy name ador'd,
 Thou rifing, reigning God !
 With thee we rife, with thee we reign,
 And empires gain beyond the fkies.

H Y M N CCLXII.

- 1 **C**HRIſT, the Lord, is riſen to day, Hallelujah.
 Sons of men and angels ſay : Hallelujah.
 Raiſe your joys and triumph high ; Hallelujah.
 Sing ye heavens, and earth reply. Hallelujah.
- 2 Love's redeeming work is done,
 Fought the fight, the battle won :
 Lo ! our Sun's eclipse is o'er !
 Lo ! he ſets in blood no more.
- 3 Vain the ſtone, the watch, the ſeal,
 Chriſt hath burſt the gates of hell ;
 Death in vain forbids his riſe,
 Chriſt hath open'd paradise.
- 4 Lives again our glorious King !
 Where, O death, is now thy ſting ?
 Once he died our ſouls to ſave,
 Where's thy victory, boasting grave ?
- 5 Soar we now where Chriſt has led,
 Following our exalted head ;
 Made like him, like him we riſe,
 Ours the croſs, the grave, the ſkies.

HYMN CCLXIII.

1 JESUS Christ is risen to day ;
 Sons of men and angels say,
 Who so lately on the cross,
 Suffer'd to redeem our los.

2 Hymns of praises let us sing
 Unto Christ our heavenly King,
 Who endur'd the cross and grave,
 Sinners to redeem and save.

3 But the pains which he endur'd
 Our salvation have procur'd ;
 Now he reigns above the sky,
 Where the Angels ever cry ;

Hallelujah.

HYMN CCLXIV.

1 ANGELS, roll the stone away,
 Death yield up thy mighty prey :
 See he rises from the tomb,
 Glowing with immortal bloom.

2 'Tis the Saviour ! Angels, raise
 Fame's eternal trump of praise ;
 Let the earth's remotest bound
 Hear the joy-inspiring sound.

3 Now, ye faints, lift up your eyes,
 Now to glory see him rise,
 In long triumph up the sky,
 Up to waiting worlds on high.

X

4 Hence

- 4 Heaven displays her portals wide,
Glorious hero, through them ride ;
King of glory, mount thy throne,
Thy great Father's and thy own.
- 5 Praise him, all ye heavenly choirs,
Praise, and sweep your golden lyres ;
Shout, O earth, in rapturous song,
Let the strains be sweet and strong.
- 6 Every note with wonder swell,
Sin o'erthrown and captiv'd hell ;
Where is hell's once dreaded King ?
Where, O Death, thy mortal sting ?

H Y M N CCLXV.

- 1 **H**OSANNA to the Prince of light,
Who cloth'd himself in clay :
Enter'd the iron gates of death,
And tore the bars away.
- 2 Death is no more the king of dread,
Since our Immanuel rose ;
He took the tyrant's sting away,
And spoil'd our hellish foes.
- 3 See, how the Conqueror mounts on high,
And to his Father flies,
With scars of honour in his flesh,
And triumph in his eyes.
- 4 There our exalted Saviour reigns,
And sends his blessings down ;

Our

Our Jesus fills the middle seat
Of the celestial throne.

5 Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,
To reach his blest abode :
Sweet be the accents of your songs
To our incarnate God.

6 Bright Angels, strike your loudest strings,
Your sweetest voices raise ;
Let heaven and all created things
Sound our Immanuel's praise.

H Y M N CCLXVI.

Christ's Resurrection and Ascension. Psalm xxiv. 7.

1 **O**UR Lord is risen from the dead,
Our Jesus is gone up on high ;
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.

2 There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay ;
“ Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates ;
“ Ye everlasting doors, give way !”

3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the ethereal scene ;
He claims the mansions as his right ;
Receive the King of glory in.

4 “ Who is the King of glory, who ?”
The Lord that all his foes o'ercame,

'The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew ;
And Jesus is the Conqueror's name.

- 5 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
And Angels chant the solemn lay ;
“ Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates !
“ Ye everlasting doors, give way.”

- 6 “ Who is the King of glory, who ? ”
The Lord of glorious power possést,
The King of saints and angels too,
GOD OVER ALL, for ever blest.

H Y M N CCLXVII.

Christ dying, rising, and reigning.

- 1 **H**E dies ! the Friend of sinners dies !
Lo ! Salem's daughters weep around :
A solemn darkness veils the skies !
A sudden trembling shakes the ground !
Come, saints, and drop a tear or two
For him who groan'd beneath your load !
He shed a thousand drops for you,
A thousand drops of richest blood !

- 2 Here's love and grief beyond degree,
The Lord of glory dies for man !
But lo ! what sudden joys we see,
Jesus, the dead, revives again !
The rising God forsakes the tomb :
(In vain the tomb forbids his rise)
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies.

- 3 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
 How high our great Deliverer reigns ;
 Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
 And led the monster death in chains :
 Say, " Live for ever, wonderous King !
 " Born to redeem, and strong to save !"
 Then ask the monster—" where's thy sting?
 " And where's thy victory, boasting grave ?"

HYMN CCLXVIII.

O every one that thirsteth, &c. Isaiah Iv. 1.

- 1 COME, ye finners, poor and wretched,
 Weak and wounded, sick and sore !
 Jesus ready stands to save you,
 Full of pity, love, and power :
 He is able,
 He is willing, doubt no more.
- 2 O ye thirsty, come, and welcome ;
 God's free bounty glorify :
 True belief, and true repentance,
 Every grace that brings us nigh ;
 Without money,
 Come to Jesus Christ and buy.
- 3 Let not conscience make you linger,
 Nor of fitness fondly dream ;
 All the fitness he requireth
 Is to feel your need of him ;
 This he gives you,
 'Tis the Spirit's glimmering beam.

- 4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Lost and ruin'd by the fall,
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all;
Not the righteous,
Sinners Jesus came to call.
- 5 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo, your Maker prostrate lies !
On the bloody tree behold him ;
Hear him cry before he dies,
“ It is finish'd ! ”
Sinners, will not this suffice ?
- 6 Lo, the incarnate God ascended,
Pleads the merits of his blood ;
Venture on him, venture freely,
Let no other trust intrude ;
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.
- 7 Saints and angels, join'd in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb ;
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo with his name :
Hallelujah !
Sinners, here, may sing the same.

H Y M N CCLXIX.

CHRIST *seen of Angels.* 1 Tim. iii. 16.

1 **O** Ye immortal throng
Of angels round the throne,

Join

Join with our feeble song
To make the Saviour known :
On earth ye knew his wonderous grace,
His beauteous face in heaven ye view.

2 Ye saw the heaven-born child
In human flesh array'd,
Benevolent and mild,
While in the manger laid :
And praise to God, and peace on earth,
For such a birth, proclaim'd aloud.

3 Ye in the wilderuess
Beheld the tempter spoil'd,
Well known in every dress,
In every combat foil'd ;
And joy'd to crown the Victor's head,
When satan fled before his frown.

4 Around the bloody tree
Ye press'd with strong desire,
That wonderous sight to see,
The Lord of life expire ;
And, could your eyes have known a tear,
Had dropp'd it there in sad surprize.

5 Around his sacred tomb
A willing watch ye keep ;
Till the blest moment come
To rouse him from his sleep :
Then roll'd the stone, and all ador'd
Your rising Lord, with joy unknown.

6 When all array'd in light
The shining Conqueror rode,

Ye

Ye hail'd his rapturous flight
 Up to the throne of God ;
 And wav'd around your golden wings,
 And struck your strings of sweetest sound.

7 The warbling notes pursue,
 And louder anthems raise ;
 While mortals sing with you
 Their own Redeemer's praise ;
 And thou, my heart, with equal flame,
 And joy the same, perform thy part.

H Y M N CCLXX.

- 1 **S**INNERS, rejoice ; your peace is made,
 Your Saviour on the cross hath bled :
 Your God, in Jesus reconcil'd,
 On all his works again hath smil'd :
 Hath grace through Christ and blessings given,
 To all on earth and all in heaven.
- 2 Angel's, rejoice in Jesu's grace,
 And vie with man's more favour'd race ;
 The blood, that did for us atone,
 Confer'd on you some gift unknown ;
 Through Jesu's pains your joy abounds,
 Ye triumph by his glorious wounds.
- 3 Him ye beheld, our conquering God,
 Return with garments roll'd in blood !
 Ye saw, and kindled at the sight,
 And fill'd with shouts the realms of light,

With

With loudest hallelujahs met,
And fell and kifs'd his bleeding feet.

- 4 Nor angel-tongues can e'er express
The unutterable happiness ;
Nor human hearts can e'er conceive,
The bliss wherein through Christ ye live ;
But all your heaven, ye glorious powers,
And all your God is doubly ours !

H Y M N CCLXXI.

The Kingdom of Christ. Phil. iv. 4.

- 1 **R**EJOICE, the Lord is King !
Your Lord and King adore ;
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore :
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
With humble fear, ye saints, rejoice.

- 2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,
The God of truth and love,
When he had purg'd our stains,
He took his seat above :
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
With holy joy, ye saints, rejoice.

- 3 His kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er earth and heaven,
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given :

Lift

Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

- 4 He all his foes shall quell,
Shall all our sins destroy,
And every bosom swell
With pure seraphic joy ;
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again, I say, rejoice.
- 5 Rejoice in glorious hope,
Jesus the Judge shall come ;
And take his servants up
To their eternal home :
We soon shall hear the Archangel's voice,
The trump of God shall sound, rejoice.

H Y M N CCLXXII.

- 1 **H**AIL the day that sees him rise,
Ravish'd from our wishful eyes !
Christ awhile to mortals given,
Re-ascends his native heaven.
- 2 There the pompous triumph waits,
Lift your heads, eternal gates !
Wide unfold the radiant scene,
Take the King of glory in !
- 3 Him though highest heaven receives,
Still he loves the earth he leaves ;

Though

Though returning to his throne,
Still he calls mankind his own.

- 4 Still for us he intercedes,
Prevalent his death he pleads ;
Next himself prepares our place,
Harbinger of human race.
- 5 Master (we may ever say)
Taken from our head to-day ;
See thy faithful servants, see,
Ever gazing up to thee !
- 6 Grant, though parted from our sight ;
High above your azure height :
Grant our hearts may thither rise,
Following thee beyond the skies.
- 7 Ever upward let us move,
Wafted on the wings of love ;
Looking when our LORD shall come,
Longing, gasping after home.
- 8 There we shall with thee remain
Partners of thy endless reign ;
There thy face unclouded see,
Find our heaven of heaven in thee.

H Y M N CCLXXIII.

Love on a Cross and a Throne.

- 1 **N**OW let my soul by faith arise,
And view my Lord in all his love ;
Look

Look back to hear his dying cries,
Then mount and see his throne above.

2 See where he languish'd on the cross ;
Beneath my sins he groan'd and died ;
See where he sits to plead my cause
By his almighty Father's side.

3 If I behold his bleeding heart,
There love in floods of sorrow reigns ;
He triumphs o'er the killing smart,
And buys my pleasure with his pains.

4 Or, if I climb the eternal hills,
Where the dear Conqueror sits enthron'd,
Still in his heart compassion dwells
Near the memorials of his wound.

5 How shall a pardon'd rebel show,
How much I love my gracious God ?
Oh may I banish every foe ;
And hate the sins that cost his blood.

H Y M N CCLXXIV.

1 **J**ESUS the Lamb of God hath bled,
He bore my sins upon the tree !
Beneath my curse he bow'd his head ;
'Tis finish'd ! he hath died for me.

2 For me I now believe he died :
He made my every crime his own ;

Fully

Fully for me he satisfied :
 Father, well-pleas'd behold thy Son !

- 3 See where before the throne he stands,
 And pours the all-prevailing prayer :
 Points to his side, and lifts his hands,
 And shews that I am graven there.
- 4 He ever lives for me to pray ;
 He prays that I with him may reign ;
 Amen to what my Lord doth say,
 Jesus, thou canst not pray in vain.

H Y M N CCLXXV.

- 1 **J**ESUS, thou sovereign Lord of all,
 The same through one eternal day,
 Attend thy feeblest followers' call,
 And Oh instruct us how to pray !
 Pour out the supplicating grace,
 And stir us up to seek thy face !
- 2 We cannot think a gracious thought,
 We cannot feel a good desire,
 Till thou, who call'dst a world from nought,
 The power into our hearts inspire ;
 And then we in thy spirit groan,
 And then we give thee back thy own.
- 3 Jesus, regard the joint complaint
 Of all thy tempted followers here !
 And now supply the common want,
 And send us down the Comforter :

The spirit of ceaseless prayer impart,
And fix thy agent in our heart.

- 4 To help our soul's infirmity,
To heal thy sin-sick people's care,
To urge our God-commanding plea,
And make our hearts a house of prayer ;
The promis'd intercessor give,
And let us now thyself receive.
- 5 Come in thy pleading spirit down
To us, who for thy coming stay !
Of all thy gifts we ask but one,
We ask the constant power to pray ;
Indulge us, Lord, in this request !
Thou wilt not then deny the rest.

H Y M N CCLXXVI.

John xiv. 1, 2, 3.

- 1 **J**ESUS, we long to know thy name,
To-day as yesterday the same
Our Lord and Saviour be,
That comfort of the troubled heart,
The gift unspeakable impart,
That faith which is in thee.
- 2 Surely we do in God believe ;
Yet Oh ! we still must fear and grieve
Till thou the secret tell,
The end of thy departure shew,
The heaven-insuring faith bestow,
And all thy love reveal.

- 3 Us by thy spirit certify,
That we, even we shall in the sky
Our happy mansions find,
There in thy Father's house above,
Celestial thrones of glorious love
For us, and all mankind.
- 4 Art thou not our forerunner gone
To claim the kingdom for thy own,
Through thee to all men given,
To challenge and prepare a place
For us, and every child of grace,
And write our names in heaven ?

H Y M N CCLXXVII.

- 1 **F**ATHER of everlasting grace,
Thy goodness and thy truth we praise,
Thy goodness and thy truth we prove :
Thou hast in honour of thy Son
The Gift unspeakable sent down,
The Spirit of life, and power, and love.
- 2 Thou hast *The Prophecy* fulfill'd,
The grand original compact seal'd,
For which thy word and oath were join'd ;
The Promise to our fallen head,
To every child of *Adam* made,
Is now pour'd out on all mankind.
- 3 The purchas'd Comforter *is* given,
For Jesus is return'd to heaven
To claim and then *The Grace* impart :

Our day of Pentecost is come,
 And God vouchsafes to fix his home
 In every poor expecting heart.

- 4 Father, on thee in faith we call,
 And own thy promise is for All ;
 While every one that asks receives,
 Receives the gift and giver too,
 And witnesses that thou art true,
 And in thy Spirit walks and lives.

H Y M N CCLXXVIII.

- 1 **N**OT to a single age confin'd,
 For every soul of man design'd,
 O God, we now that Spirit claim :
 To us the Holy Ghost impart,
 Breathe him into our panting heart,
 Thou hear'st us ask in Jesu's name.
- 2 Send us the Spirit of thy Son,
 To make the depths of Godhead known,
 To make us share the life divine ;
 Send him the sprinkled blood to apply,
 Send him our souls to sanctify,
 And shew and seal us ever thine.
- 3 So shall we pray, and never cease,
 So shall we thankfully confess
 Thy wisdom, truth, and power, and love ;
 With joy unspeakable adore,
 And bless and praise thee evermore,
 And serve thee like thy host above.

4 Till

- 4 Till added to that heavenly choir,
 We raise our songs of triumph higher,
 And praise thee in a nobler strain,
 We would outsoar the seraph's flight,
 And sing with all our friends in light
 Thy everlasting love to man.

H Y M N CCLXXIX.

- 1 **S**INNERS, lift up your hearts,
 The *promise* to receive !
 Jesus himself imparts,
 He comes in man to live ;
 The Holy Ghost to man is given ;
 Rejoice in God sent down from heaven.
- 2 Jesus is glorified,
 And gives the Comforter,
 His Spirit to reside
 In all his members here :
 The Holy Ghost to man is given ;
 Rejoice in God sent down from heaven.
- 3 To make an end of sin,
 And satan's works destroy,
 He brings his kingdom in,
 Peace, righteousness, and joy :
 The Holy Ghost to man is given ;
 Rejoice in God sent down from heaven.
- 4 Sent down to make us meet
 To see his glorious face,
 And grant us each a seat
 In that thrice happy place :

The Holy Ghost to man is given ;
 Rejoice in God sent down from heaven.

- 5 From heaven he shall once more
 Triumphantly descend,
 And all his saints restore
 To joys that never end ;
 Then, then, when all our joys are given,
 Rejoice in God, rejoice in heaven.

H Y M N CCLXXX.

- 1 **F**ATHER, admit our lawful claim,
 Let us that ask receive ;
 To us that ask in Jesu's name
 Thou *wilt* thy Spirit give.
- 2 If evil we, by nature know
 To give our children food,
 Much more thou wilt on us bestow
 The soul-sustaining good.
- 3 Our holy heavenly Father thou
 Regard'st thy childrens' prayer :
 Answer, and send, Oh send us now
 The promis'd Comforter.
- 4 We seek, thou know'st we seek thy face ;
 Let us the blessing find :
 Open the door of faith and grace
 To us, and all mankind.

5 Surely

- 5 Surely thou wilt, we dare believe,
For Jesu's sake alone,
Thou wilt to us the Spirit give,
Give all good gifts in one.

· H Y M N C C L X X X I .

John xiv. 16.

- 1 JESUS, we hang upon thy word,
Our faithful souls have heard from thee ;
Be mindful of thy promise, Lord,
Thy promise made to all and me,
Thy followers who thy steps pursue,
And dare believe that God is true.
- 2 Come then, dear Lord, thyself reveal,
And let the promise now take place ;
Be it according to thy will,
According to thy word of grace ;
Thy sorrowful disciples cheer,
And send us down the *Comforter*.
- 3 He visits now the troubled breast,
And oft relieves our sad complaint,
But soon we lose the transient guest,
But soon we droop again and faint,
Repeat the melancholy moan,
Our joy is fled, our comfort gone.
- 4 Hasten him, Lord, into our heart ;
Our sure inseparable guide ;

Oh

Oh might we meet and never part,
 Oh might he in our heart *abide* ;
 And keep his house of praise and prayer,
 And rest and reign for ever there.

H Y M N CCLXXXII.

John xiv. 16.

- 1 JESUS, thy word we dare believe !
 To us the Father in thy name
 Another *Paraclete** shall give ;
 Another, yet with thee the same.
- 2 The Father shall thy Spirit send,
 Send him no more to take away,
 Send him to guide us to the end,
 And *always* in his temple stay.
- 3 The *Comforter* shall surely come,
 And all the heirs of glory seal,
 And God in us shall fix his home,
 And in his church for ever dwell.
- 4 He *doth* in all his saints reside,
 The promis'd *Paraclete* is given,
 The Saviour's word is verified,
 The *Holy Ghost* sent down from heaven.

* *Pleader, Advocate, or Comforter.*

HYMN CCLXXXIII.

John xiv. 16, 17.

- 1 **F**ATHER, glorify thy Son,
 Answer his prevailing prayer ;
 Send that intercessor down,
 Send that other Comforter,
 Whom believingly we claim,
 Whom we ask in Jesu's name.
- 2 Now we know by faith and feel
 Him, the Spirit of truth and grace ;
With us he vouchsafes to dwell,
 With us, though unseen, he stays ;
 All our help, and good we own
 Freely flows from him alone.
- 3 Yet, alas, we cannot rest
 Help'd with an *external* guide,
 'Till the transitory guest
 Enter, and *in us* abide :
 Give him, Lord, thy Spirit give,
 In us *constantly* to live.
- 4 Wilt thou not the promise seal,
 True and gracious as thou art,
 Send the Comforter to dwell
 Every moment in our heart ?
 Yes, thou wilt the grace bestow,
 Jesus said, it shall be so !

HYMN CCLXXXIV.

- 1 **O** Happy state of grace
 In which by faith we stand !—
 Who Jesu's word obeys,
 And keeps his kind command,
 Communion closer still shall know,
 And God shall dwell in him below.

- 2 Not to those earliest days
 The promise was confin'd :
 The Spirit of his grace
 Extends to all mankind,
 And all, who love the Lord, receive
 The Lord within their hearts to live.

- 3 O Son of God, to thee
 We make our bold appeal ;
 Wouldst thou the Deity
 To all the world reveal ?
 Thou, Lord, the faithful witness art ;
 Return the answer in our heart.

- 4 Come quickly from above
 And bring the Father down,
 Infuse the perfect love,
 Make all the Godhead known,
 Come, Father, Son, and Spirit, come,
 And seal us thy eternal home.

HYMN CCLXXXV.

In that Day, &c. Isaiah xii. 1, 2, 3, 4.

1 **H**APPY soul who sees the day,
 The glad day of gospel-grace !
 Thee my Lord (thou then wilt say)
 Thee will I for ever praise.
 Though thy wrath against me burn'd,
 Thou dost comfort me again ;
 All thy wrath aside is turn'd,
 Thou hast blotted out my sin.

2 Me, behold ! thy mercy spares,
 Jesus my salvation is :
 Hence my doubts, away my fears,
 Jesus is become my peace.
 Jah, Jehovah is my Lord,
 Ever merciful and just,
 I will lean upon his word,
 I will on his promise trust.

3 Strong I am, for he is strong,
 Just in righteousness divine ;
 He is my triumphal song,
 All he has, and is, are my mine.
 Mine ; and yours, whoe'er believe ;
 On his name whoe'er shall call,
 Freely shall his grace receive ;
 He is full of grace for all.

4 Therefore shall ye draw with joy
 Water from salvation's well ;
 Praise shall your glad tongues employ,
 While his streaming grace ye feel.

Each

Each to each ye then shall say,
Sinners, call upon his name ;
Oh ! rejoice to see his day :
See it, and his praise proclaim.

HYMN CCLXXXVI.

Sing unto the Lord, &c. Isaiah xii. 5, 6.

- 1 **G**LORY to his name belongs,
Great and marvellous, and high :
Sing unto the Lord your songs,
Cry, to every nation cry !
Wonderous things the Lord hath done,
Excellent his name we find ;
This to all mankind is known ;
Be it known to all mankind !
- 2 Sion, shout thy Lord and King,
Israel's holy one is he !
Give him thanks, rejoice, and sing,
Great he is, and dwells in thee.
O the grace unfearchable !
While eternal ages roll,
God delights in man to dwell,
Soul of each believing soul.

HYMN CCLXXXVII.

John xiv. 25, 26, 27.

- 1 **J**ESUS, we on that word depend,
Spoken by thee while present here :

The

The Father in thy name will send
The HOLY GHOST, the COMFORTER.

- 2 *That Promise made to Adam's race,*
Now, Lord, in us, even us fulfil,
And give the Spirit of thy grace,
To teach us all thy perfect will.
- 3 That heavenly teacher of mankind,
That guide infallible impart,
To bring thy sayings to our mind,
And write them on our faithful heart.
- 4 He only can the words apply
Through which we endless life possess,
And deal to each *his* legacy,
His Lord's unutterable peace.
- 5 That peace of God, that peace of thine,
Oh might he now to us bring in,
And fill our souls with power divine,
And make an end of fear and sin,
- 6 The length and breadth of love reveal,
The height and depth of Deity,
And all the sons of glory seal,
And change and make us all like thee !

H Y M N CCLXXXVIII.

Peace I leave with you. John xiv. 27.

- 1 SAVIOUR, Lord, who at thy death
Peace didst to thy church bequeath,
Z Now

Now confer the peace on me,
Bring me now *my* legacy.

2 Grant me, for thy mercy's sake,
Me who no return can make,
That which I can never buy,
Save, and freely justify.

3 Grant me (not as mortal men
Give, and ask their gifts again)
Peace, which none can take away,
Peace which shall for ever stay.

4 Now the benefit impart,
Speak it to my troubled heart,
Comfort and thyself restore,
Come, and bid me sin no more.

5 Come, and wipe away my tears,
Come, and scatter all my fears,
Come, and take me to thy breast,
Lull me to eternal rest.

H Y M N CCLXXXIX.

The Mighty God. Isaiah ix. 6.

1 JESUS, thou art the Mighty God,
The child and Son on us bestow'd,
Jehovah born on earth, in thee
The everlasting Son we see ;
And all the church triumphant sings
The Prince of peace, the King of kings.
2 Thou

- 2 Thou art the co-eternal Son,
 In substance with thy Father one,
 In person differing we proclaim,
 In power and majesty the same :
 For him in thee we magnify,
 And thee in him, the Lord most high.
- 3 No vain distinction we confess
 Betwixt a greater God and less :
 No inequality there is,
 But his are thine, and thine are his :
 And thee we on thy Father's seat,
 One glorious God for ever greet.

HYMN CCXC.

Moved by the Holy Ghost. 2 Pet. i. 21. 2 Tim. iii. 16.

- 1 SPIRIT of truth, essential God,
 Who didst thy ancient saints inspire !
 Shed in our hearts thy love abroad,
 And touch our lips with hallow'd fire :
 Our God from all eternity,
 World without end we worship thee !
- 2 Still we believe, Almighty Lord,
 Whose presence fills both earth and heaven,
 The meaning of the written word
 Is by thy inspiration given :
 Thou only dost thyself explain,
 The secret mind of God to man.

- 3 Come then, divine Interpreter,
The scriptures to our hearts apply :
And taught by thee, we God revere,
Him in three persons magnify :
In each the triune God adore,
Who was, and is for evermore.

H Y M N CCXCI.

- 1 **H**AIL, Holy Ghost, Jehovah, third
In order of the Three ;
Sprung from the Father and the word
From all eternity.
- 2 Thy Spirit brooding o'er the abyfs
Of formless waters lay :
Spoke into form whatever is,
And darkness into day.
- 3 In deepest hell, or heaven's height,
Thy presence who can fly ?
Known is the Father to thy sight,
The abyfs of Deity.
- 4 Thy power through Jesu's life display'd,
Quite from the virgin's womb,
Dying, his soul an offering made,
And rais'd him from the tomb.
- 5 God's image which our sins destroy,
Thy grace restores below ;
And truth and holiness and joy
From thee, their fountain, flow.
- 6 Hail,

- 6 Hail, Holy Ghost, Jehovah, third
 In order of the Three,
 Sprung from the Father and the Word
 From all eternity !

H Y M N C C X C I I .

Day of Christ—Day of God. Phil. i. 10. 2 Pet. iii. 12.

1 **T**HE day of Christ, the day of God,
 We humbly hope with joy to see,
 Wash'd in the sanctifying blood
 Of an expiring Deity.

2 Who did for us his life resign ;
 There is no other God but One :
 For all the plenitude divine
 Resides in his eternal Son.

3 Spotless, sincere, without offence,
 Oh may we to his day remain !
 Who trust the blood of God to cleanse
 Our souls from every sinful stain.

4 Lord, we believe the promise sure :
 The purchas'd Comforter impart !
 Apply thy blood, to make us pure :
 To keep us pure in life and heart !

5 Then let us see that day supreme,
 When none thy Godhead shall deny !
 Thy sovereign Majesty blaspheme,
 Or count thee less than the Most High.

- 6 When all who on their God believe,
Who here thy last appearing love,
Shall thy consummate joy receive,
And see thy glorious face above.

H Y M N CCXCIII.

My Lord and my God. John xx. 28.

- 1 **J**ESUS, my Lord, my God !
The God supreme thou art :
The Lord of hosts, whose precious blood
Is sprinkled on my heart.
- 2 Jehovah is thy name :
And through thy blood applied
Convinc'd and certified I am,
There is no God beside.
- 3 Soon as thy Spirit shows
That precious blood of thine,
The happy, pardon'd sinner knows,
It is the blood divine.
- 4 But only he who feels
My Saviour died for me,
Is sure that all the Godhead dwells
Eternally in thee.

H Y M N CCXCIV.

Knowledge of the HOLY ONES, &c. Prov. ix. 10.

- 1 **T**HE wisdom own'd by all thy sons,
To me, O God, impart !

The

The knowledge of the holy ones,
The understanding heart.

2 Thy name, O holy Father, tell
To one who would believe :
To me thy holy Son reveal !
Thy holy Spirit give !

3 'Tis life, eternal life, to know
The heavenly persons mine :
Father, and Son, and Spirit, bestow
That precious faith divine !

4 A Trinity in Unity
My soul shall then adore :
And love, and praise, and worship thee,
Jehovah, evermore.

H Y M N CCXCV.

1 **H**AIL, God the Son, in glory crown'd
E'er time began to be,
Thron'd with thy Sire through half the round
Of wide eternity !

2 Let heaven and earth's stupendous frame
Display their author's power,
And each exalted seraph's flame,
Creator, thee adore !

3 Thy wonderful love the Godhead shew'd
Contracted to a span,
The co-eternal Son of God,
The mortal son of man.

4 To

- 4 To save mankind from lost estate,
Behold his life-blood stream!
Hail, Lord! Almighty to create!
Almighty to redeem!
- 5 The Mediator's God-like sway,
His church beneath sustains;
Till nature shall her judge survey,
The King Messiah reigns.
- 6 Hail, with essential glory crown'd,
When time shall cease to be,
'Thron'd with thy Father through the round
Of whole eternity.

H Y M N CCXCVI.

God said, let us make Man. Gen. i. 26.

- 1 **H**AIL, Father, Son, and Spirit great,
Before the birth of time:
Enthron'd in everlasting state,
Jehovah, Elohim!
- 2 From thee our being we receive,
The creatures of thy grace;
And rais'd out of the earth, we live
To sing our Maker's praise.
- 3 Thy powerful, wise, and loving mind
Did our creation plan:
And all the glorious persons join'd
To form thy favourite man.

4 Again

- 4 Again thou didst in council meet,
 Thy ruin'd work restore :
 Establish'd in our first estate,
 To forfeit it no more.
- 5 And when we rise in love renew'd,
 Our souls resemble thee ;
 An image of the triune God
 To all eternity.

HYMN CCXCVII.

- 1 **H**AIL, holy, holy, holy Lord !
 Be endless praise to thee !
 Supreme, essential One, ador'd
 In co-eternal Three.
- 2 Inthron'd in everlasting state
 E'er time it's round began,
 Who join'd in council to create
 The dignity of man.
- 3 To whom *Isaiab's* vision shew'd,
 The seraphs veil their wings,
 While thee, Jehovah, Lord and God,
 The angelic army sings.
- 4 To thee by mystic powers on high
 Were humble praises given,
 When *John* beheld with favour'd eye
 The inhabitants of heaven.
- 5 All that the name of creature owns
 To thee in hymns aspire ;

May

May we as angels on our thrones
For ever join the choir !

- 6 Hail, holy, holy, holy Lord !
Be endless praise to thee ;
Supreme, essential One, ador'd
In co-eternal Three.

H Y M N C C X C V I I I .

- 1 **L**ET God the Father live
For ever on our tongues ;
Sinners from his free love derive
The ground of all their songs.
- 2 Ye saints employ your breath
In honour of the Son,
Who brought your souls from hell and death,
By offering up your own.
- 3 Give to the Spirit praise
Of an immortal strain,
Whose light, and power, and grace conveys
Salvation down to men.
- 4 While God the Comforter
Reveals our pardon'd sin ;
Oh may the blood and water bear
The same record within.
- 5 To the great One in Three
That seal the grace in heaven,
The Father, Son, and Spirit, be
Eternal glory given.

HYMN CCXCIX.

1 **B**LEST be the Father and his love,
 To whose celestial source we owe
 Rivers of endless joy above,
 And rills of comfort here below.

2 Glory to thee, great Son of God ;
 Forth from thy wounded body rolls
 A precious stream of vital blood,
 Pardon and life for dying souls.

3 We give the sacred Spirit praise,
 Who in our hearts of sin and woe
 Makes living springs of grace arise,
 And into boundless glory flow.

4 Thus, God the Father, God the Son,
 And God the Spirit we adore ;
 That sea of life and love unknown,
 Without a bottom or a shore.

HYMN CCC.

The Lord bless thee, &c. Num. vi. 24, 25, 26.

1 **J**EHOVAH, God the Father, bless
 And thy own work defend !
 With mercy's out-stretch'd arms embrace
 And keep us to the end !

2 Jehovah, God the Son, reveal
 The brightness of thy face !

And

And all thy pardon'd people fill
With plenitude of grace !

3 Shine forth with all the Deity
Which dwells in thee alone :
And lift us up, thy face to see,
On thy eternal throne !

4 Jehovah, God the Spirit, shine,
Father and Son to show ;
With bliss ineffable divine
Our ravish'd hearts o'erflow.

5 Sure earnest of that happiness,
That human hope transcends ;
Be thou our everlasting peace,
When grace in glory ends.

6 Thy blessing, grace, and peace we claim,
Great God in Persons Three ;
That incommunicable name,
Ascribing now to thee.

7 We soon shall join the harping host,
And sing thy saints among,
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The new eternal song.

H Y M N C C C I.

Holy, holy, holy is the LORD of Hosts. Isaiah vi. 3.

1 **H**AIL, holy, holy, holy Lord,
Whom One in Three we know ;

By

By all thy heavenly host ador'd,
By all thy church below.

- 2 One undivided Trinity
With triumph we proclaim :
The universe is full of thee,
And speaks thy glorious name.
- 3 Thee, Holy Father, we confess ;
Thee, Holy Son, adore :
Thee, Spirit of truth and holiness,
We worship evermore.
- 4 The incommunicable right,
Almighty God, receive !
Which angel-choirs, and saints in light,
And saints embodied give.
- 5 Hail, holy, holy, holy Lord,
(Our heavenly song shall be)
Supreme, essential One, ador'd
In co-eternal Three !

H Y M N CCCII.

- 1 **H**OLY, holy, holy Lord,
God the Father and the Word !
God the Comforter, receive
Blessings more than we can give !
- 2 Mixt with those beyond the sky,
Chanters to the Lord most high ;
We our hearts and voices raise,
Echoing thy eternal praise.

A a

3 One

- 3 One inexplicably Three ;
One in simplest unity,
God, incline thy gracious ear,
Us thy lisping creatures hear !
- 4 Thee, while dust and ashes sings,
Angels shrink within their wings ;
Prostrate Seraphim above
Breathe unutterable love.
- 5 Happy they who never rest,
With thy heavenly presence blest :
They the heights of glory see,
Sound the depths of Deity !
- 6 Fain with them our souls would rise ;
Sink as low, and mount as high ;
Fall o'erwhelm'd with love, or soar ;
Shout or silently adore !

H Y M N C C C I I I .

- 1 **C**OME, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Whom one all-perfect God we own ;
Restorer of thy image lost,
Thy various offices make known :
Display, our fallen souls to raise,
Thy whole oeconomy of grace.
- 2 Jehovah in three persons come,
And draw, and sprinkle us, and seal,
Poor guilty, dying worms, in whom
Thou dost eternal life reveal :

The

The knowledge of thyself bestow,
And all thy glorious goodness show.

- 3 Soon as our pardon'd hearts believe
That thou art pure, essential love,
The proof we in ourselves receive
Of the three witnesses above ;
Sure as the saints around thy throne,
That Father, Word, and Spirit, are one.
- 4 O that we now in love renew'd
Might blameless in thy sight appear !
Wake we in thy similitude ;
Stamp'd with the triune character ;
Flesh, spirit, soul to thee resign,
And live and die entirely thine.

HYMN CCCIV.

- 1 **W**E praise the Trinity ador'd
By all the hosts above ;
And one thrice holy God and Lord
Through endless ages love.
- 2 Triumphant host ! they never cease
To laud and magnify
The triune God of holiness,
Whose glory fills the sky.
- 3 Whose glory to this earth extends,
While God himself imparts,
And the whole Trinity descends
Into our faithful hearts.

- 4 By faith the upper choir we meet,
And challenge them to sing,
Jehovah on his shining seat,
Our Maker and our King.
- 5 But God made flesh is wholly ours,
And asks our nobler strain ;
The Father of celestial powers,
The Friend of earth-born man !
- 6 Ye seraphs, nearest to the throne
With rapturous amaze ;
On us poor ransom'd worms look down,
For heaven's superior praise !
- 7 The King whose glorious face ye see,
For us his crown resign'd !
That fulness of the Deity !
He died for all mankind !

H Y M N CCCV.

- 1 **T**HEE, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Inexplicably one and three,
As worshipp'd by the heavenly host,
Thy church on earth we worship thee.
- 2 Three uncompounded persons, one,
One undivided God proclaim ;
In essence, nature, substance one,
Through all eternity the same.
- 3 One person of the Sire we praise,
Another of the Son adore,

Another

Another of the Spirit confess,
Equal in majesty and power.

4 To each the glory appertains,
The Godhead of the three in one :
And one supreme Jehovah reigns,
High on his everlasting throne.

5 The Father, Son, and Spirit of love,
One uncreated God we hail !
Not fully known by saints above,
To us incomprehensible.

6 The Father, Son, and Spirit of grace,
All-wise, almighty, and most high :
One true eternal God we bless,
And spread his fame through earth and sky.

7 The Father is both God and Lord :
Both God and Lord is Christ the Son :
The Holy Ghost, the glorious Third,
Both God and Lord his people own.

8 Both God and Lord we him believe,
Each person by himself we name :
Yet not three Gods or Lords receive,
But one essentially the same.

H Y M N CCCVI.

1 **O** All creating God,
At whose supreme decree,
Our body rose, a breathing clod,
Our souls sprang forth from thee.

- 2 For this thou hast design'd,
 And form'd us man for this :
 'To know, and love thyself, and find
 In thee our endless bliss.

H Y M N CCCVII.

- 1 **O** May thy powerful word
 Inspire a feeble worm
 To rush into thy kingdom, Lord,
 And take it as by storm !
 Oh ! may we all improve
 The grace already given,
 'To seize the crown of perfect love,
 And scale the mount of heaven.

H Y M N CCCVIII.

- 1 **C**OME, holy celestial Dove,
 To visit a sorrowful breast :
 My burden of guilt to remove,
 And bring me assurance and rest :
 Thou only hast power to relieve
 A sinner o'erwhelm'd with his load,
 The sense of acceptance to give,
 And sprinkle his heart with thy blood.
- 2 With me if of old thou hast strove,
 And strangely with-held me from sin ;
 And tried by the lure of thy love
 My worthless affections to win ;

The

The work of thy mercy revive,
 Thy uttermost mercy exert,
 And kindly continue to strive,
 And hold 'till I yield thee my heart.

3 Thy call if I ever have known,
 And sigh'd from myself to get free,
 And groan'd the unspeakable groan,
 And long'd to be happy in thee ;
 Fulfil the imperfect desire,
 Thy peace to my conscience reveal ;
 The sense of thy favour inspire,
 And give me my pardon to feel.

4 Most pitiful Spirit of grace,
 Relieve me again. and restore ;
 My spirit in holiness raise,
 To fall and to suffer no more.
 Come, heavenly Comforter, come,
 True witness of mercy divine ;
 And make me thy permanent home,
 And seal me eternally thine.

H Y M N C C C I X.

It is expedient for you that I go away. John xvi. 6, 7.

1 JESUS, once thy love we tasted,
 Cheer'd by thee with living bread :
 But how short a time it lasted !
 Oh how soon the joy is fled !
 Where is now our boasted Saviour,
 Where our rapture of delight !

Haft

Hast thou, Lord, withdrawn thy favour,
Art thou vanish'd from our sight ?

- 2 Yet thou hast the cause unfolded,
Could we but the truth receive,
Thou in humbling love hast told it,
Needful 'tis for us to grieve.
After a short night of mourning
We again shall see thy face,
Triumph in thy full returning,
Glory in thy perfect grace.

- 3 For thy transient outward Presence
We thy endless love shall feel,
Seated in our utmost essence
Thou shalt by thy Spirit dwell :
Jesus come ! thyself the giver,
Let us now the gift receive ;
Let us live in God for ever,
God in us for ever live !

H Y M N C C C X.

John xv. 26, 27.

- 1 JESUS, our exalted head,
Regard thy people's prayer,
Send us in thy body's stead
The abiding Comforter ;
From thy dazzling throne above,
From thy Father's glorious seat
Send thy Spirit of truth and love,
The eternal *Paraclete*,

2 God

2 God of God, and light of light,
Thee let him now reveal,
Justify us by thy right,
And stamp us with thy seal,
Fill our souls with joy and peace,
Wisdom, grace, and utterance give,
Constitute thy witnesses,
And in thy members live.

3 By the *Holy Ghost* we wait,
To say, thou art *the Lord*,
Sav'd, and to our first estate
In perfect love restor'd,
Then we shall in every breath
Testify the power we prove,
Publish thee in life and death
The God of truth and love.

H Y M N C C C X I.

1 John iv. 16, 2 Cor. vi. 16.

1 **L**OVE divine, all loves excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down,
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown !
Jesus, thou art all compassion !
Pure, unbounded love thou art :
Visit us with thy salvation !
Enter every trembling heart,

2 Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy grace receive ;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave :

Thee

Thee we would be always blessing;
 Serve thee as thy hosts above;
 Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
 Glory in thy perfect love.

- 3 Finish then thy new creation,
 Pure and spotless let us be:
 Let us see thy great salvation,
 Perfectly restor'd in thee;
 Chang'd from glory into glory,
 Till in heaven we take our place,
 Till we cast our crowns before thee,
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

HYMN CCCXII.

The Spirit itself beareth witness, &c. Rom. viii. 16.

- 1 **W**HEN shall I hear the inward voice,
 Which only faithful souls can hear?
 Pardon, and peace, and heavenly joys
 Attend the promis'd Comforter:
 Oh! come, and righteousness divine,
 And Christ, and all with Christ is mine.

- 2 Oh that the Comforter would come!
 Nor visit as a transient guest,
 But fix in me his constant home,
 And keep possession of my breast;
 And make my soul his lov'd abode,
 The temple of indwelling God!

3 Come,

3 Come, Holy Ghost, my heart inspire !
Attest that I am born again :
Come, and baptize me now with fire,
Nor let thy former gifts be vain :
Grant me the sense of sin forgiven :
Oh give the earnest of my heaven.

4 Grant the undubitable seal
That ascertains the kingdom mine ?
The powerful stamp I long to feel,
The signature of love divine !
Oh shed it in my heart abroad !
Fulness of love, of heaven, of God !

H Y M N CCCXIII.

1 COME, Holy Ghost, all-quickenings fire,
Come, and in me delight to rest :
Drawn by the lure of strong desire,
Oh ! come and consecrate my breast :
The temple of my soul prepare,
And fix thy sacred presence there !

2 If now thy influence I feel,
If I in thee begin to live ;
Still to my heart thyself reveal ;
Give me thyself, for ever give :
A point my good, a drop my store,
Eager I ask, I pant for more.

3 My peace, my life, my comfort thou,
My treasure and my all thou art !

True

True witness of my son-ship, now
Engrave a pardon on my heart :
Seal of my sins in Christ forgiven,
Earnest of love, and pledge of heaven.

- 4 Come then, my God, mark out thy heir,
Of heaven a larger earnest give !
With clearest light thy witness bear !
More sensibly within me live :
Let all my powers thy entrance feel,
And deeper stamp thyself the seal !

H Y M N CCCXIV.

John vii. 38, 39.

- 1 **J**ESUS, from whom all blessings flow,
The gift divine I ask of thee ;
The living water now bestow,
Thy Spirit, and thyself on me :
Thou, Lord of life the fountain art :
Oh could I find thee in my heart.
- 2 Thee let me drink, and thirst no more
For drops of finite happiness :
Spring up, O well, in heavenly power,
In streams of pure, perennial peace ;
In joy, that none can take away,
In life, which shall for ever stay.
- 3 Father, on me thy grace bestow,
Unblameable before thy sight,
Whence all the streams of mercy flow :
Mercy, thy own supreme delight,

To

To me for Jesu's sake impart,
And plant thy nature in my heart.

- 4 Oh may I shew the spirit within,
Which purges me from every stain,
Unspotted from the world and sin,
My faith's integrity maintain ;
The truth of my religion prove
By perfect purity and love.

HYMN CCCXV.

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, send down those beams
Which gently flow in silent streams
From the eternal throne above :
Come, thou enricher of the poor,
Thou bounteous source of all our store,
Fill us with faith, and hope, and love.
- 2 Come, thou our soul's delightful guest,
The wearied pilgrim's sweetest rest,
The fainting sufferer's best relief :
Come, thou our passion's cool allay ;
Thy comfort wipes all tears away,
And turns to peace and joy, all grief.
- 3 All glory to the sacred Three ;
One everlasting Deity !
All love and power, and might and praise !
As at the first, ere time begun,
May the same homage still be done
When earth, and heaven itself, decays.

HYMN CCCXVI.

Breathing after the Holy Spirit.

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers ;
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys ;
Our souls, how heavily they go
To reach eternal joys !
- 3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise ;
Hosanna's languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.
- 4 Father, shall we then ever live
At this poor dying rate ?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great ?
- 5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers ;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

HYMN CCCXVII.

The witnessing Spirit.

- 1 WHY should the children of a king
Go mourning all their days ?

Great

Great Comforter, descend and bring
Some tokens of thy grace !

- 2 Dost thou not dwell in all thy saints,
And seal the heirs of heaven ?
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And shew my sins forgiven ?
- 3 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood ;
And bear thy witness with my heart,
That I am born of God.
- 4 Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come ;
May thy blest wings, celestial Dove,
Safely convey me home !

H Y M N CCCXVIII.

- 1 **F**ATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One in three, and three in one,
As by the celestial host
Let thy will on earth be done :
Praise by all to thee be given,
Glorious Lord of earth and heaven !
- 2 Vilest of the sinful race,
Lo ! I answer to thy call :
Meanest vessel of thy grace,
Grace divinely free for all :
Lo, I come to do thy will,
All thy counsel to fulfil.

- 3 If so poor a worm as I
 May to thy glory live,
 All my actions sanctify,
 All my words and thoughts receive :
 Claim me, for thy service claim,
 All I have, and all I am.
- 4 Take my soul and body's powers ;
 Take my memory, mind and will ;
 All my goods, and all my hours,
 All I know and all I feel !
 All I think, or speak, or do :
 Take my heart : but make it new !
- 5 Now, O God, thy own I am :
 Now I give thee back thy own :
 Freedom, friends, and health, and fame,
 Consecrate to thee alone :
 Thine I live, thrice happy I !
 Happier still, if thine I die.

H Y M N CCCXIX.

The Lord, he is the God. 1 Kings xviii. 39.

- 1 **T**HOU God that answerest by fire,
 On thee in Jesu's name we call :
 Fulfil our faithful heart's desire,
 And let on us thy spirit fall.

- 2 Bound on the altar of thy cross
 My old offending nature lies :
 Now, for the honour of thy cause,
 Come, and consume the sacrifice !

3 Consume

- 3 Consume our sins as rotten wood,
Consume the stony hearts within :
Consume the dust, the serpent's food,
And lick up all the streams of sin.
- 4 It's body totally destroy !
Thyself the Lord, the God, approve !
And fill our hearts with holy joy,
And fervent zeal, and perfect love !
- 5 Oh that the fire from heaven might fall !
Our sins, it's ready victims, find !
Seize on our sins, and burn up all,
Nor leave the least remains behind.
- 6 Then shall our prostrate souls adore ;
The Lord, he is the God, confess :
He is the God of saving power !
He is the God of hallowing grace !

H Y M N C C C X X X .

I am come to send fire on the earth. Luke xii. 49.

- 1 **O** Thou, who camest from above
The pure celestial fire to impart,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
On the mean altar of my heart.

- 2 There let it for thy glory burn
With inextinguishable blaze,
And trembling to it's source return,
In humble love, and fervent praise.

- 3 Jesus, confirm my heart's desire,
To work, and speak, and think for Thee :
Still let me guard the holy fire,
And still stir up thy gift in me.
- 4 Ready for all thy perfect will,
My acts of faith and love repeat ;
Till death thy endless mercies seal,
And make the sacrifice compleat.

H Y M N C C C X X X I .

Receive ye the Holy Ghost. John xx. 22.

- 1 **S**EE, Jesus, thy disciples see,
The promis'd blessing give !
Met in thy name, we look to thee,
Expecting to receive.
- 2 Thee we expect, our faithful Lord,
Who in thy name are join'd :
We wait, according to thy word,
Thee in the midst to find.
- 3 With us thou art assembled here :
But Oh thyself reveal !
Son of the living God, appear !
Let us thy presence feel.
- 4 Breathe on us, Lord, in this our day,
And these dry bones shall live :
Speak peace into our hearts, and say,
“ The Holy Ghost receive ! ”

- 5 Whom now we seek Oh may we meet !
Jesus, the crucified,
Shew us thy bleeding hands and feet,
Thou who for us hast died.
- 6 Cause us the record to receive !
Speak, and the tokens shew !
“ Oh ! be not faithless, but believe
In him who died for you ! ”

H Y M N CCCXXII.

Rom. viii. 15, 16.

- 1 **W**HEN shall I see the welcome hour
That plants my God in me !
Spirit of health, and life, and power,
And perfect liberty !
- 2 Jesus, thy all-victorious love
Shed in my heart abroad !
Then shall my feet no longer rove,
Rooted and fixt in God.
- 3 Love can bow down the stubborn neck,
The stone to flesh convert ;
Softens, and melt, and pierce, and break
An adamantine heart.
- 4 Oh that in me the sacred fire
Might now begin to glow !
Burn up the dross of base desire,
And make the mountains flow !

5 Oh

- 5 Oh that in now from heaven might fall,
And all my sins consume !
Come, Holy Ghost, for thee I call ;
Spirit of burning, come.
- 6 Refining fire, go through my heart,
Illuminate my soul ;
Scatter thy life through every part,
And sanctify the whole.
- 7 Sorrow and sin shall then expire,
While enter'd into rest ;
I only live my God to admire,
My God for ever blest.

HYMN CXXXIII.

God our Light in Darkness.

- 1 **M**Y God, the spring of all my joy,
The life of my delight,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights.
- 2 In darkest shades, if thou appear,
My dawning is begun ;
Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
And thou my rising sun.
- 3 The opening heavens around me shine,
With beams of sacred bliss,
If Jesus shows his mercy mine,
And whispers, I am his.

- 4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word,
Run up with joy the shining way,
To see and praise my Lord.
- 5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe ;
The wings of love and arms of faith
Would bear me conqueror through.

HYMN CCCXXIV.

The Doctrine of the Trinity, and the Use of it.

Eph. ii. 18.

- 1 FATHER of glory, to thy name
Immortal praise we give,
Who dost an act of grate proclaim,
And bid us rebels live.
- 2 Immortal honour to the Son,
Who makes thy anger cease ;
Our lives he ransom'd with his own,
And died to make our peace.
- 3 To thy Almighty Spirit be
Immortal glory given,
Whose influence brings us near to thee,
And trains us up for heaven.
- 4 Let men, with their united voice,
Adore the eternal God,
And spread his honours and their joys,
Through nations far abroad.

5 Let

- 5 Let faith, and love, and duty join,
One general song to raise,
Let saints in earth and heaven combine,
In harmony and praise.

H Y M N C C C X X V .

The Incomprehensibility of God.

- 1 **G**OD is a name my soul adores,
The Almighty Three, the Eternal One:
Nature and grace, with all their powers,
Confess the infinite unknown.
- 2 Thy voice produc'd the seas and spheres,
Bid the waves roar, and planets shine ;
But nothing like thyself appears,
Through all the spacious works of thine.
- 3 Still restless nature dies and grows ;
From change to change the creatures run ;
Thy being no succession knows,
And all thy vast designs are one.
- 4 Thrones and dominions round thee fall,
And worship in submissive forms ;
Thy presence shakes this lower ball,
This little dwelling-place of worms.
- 5 How shall affrighted mortals dare
To sing thy glory or thy grace,
Beneath thy feet we lie so far,
And see but shadows of thy face ?

- 6 Who can behold the blazing light ?
Who can approach consuming flame ?
None but thy wisdom knows thy might ;
None but thy word can speak thy name.

H Y M N C C C X X X V I .

To Wisdom.

- 1 **E**TERNAL wisdom, thee we praise,
Thee the creation sings :
With thy lov'd name, rocks, hills and seas,
And heaven's high palace rings.
- 2 Thy hand, how wide it spreads the sky !
How glorious to behold !
'Ting'd with a blue of heavenly dye,
And starr'd with sparkling gold.
- 3 Thy glories blaze all nature round,
And strike the gazing sight,
Through skies, and seas, and solid ground,
With terror and delight.
- 4 Infinite strength and equal skill
Shine through the worlds abroad ;
Our souls with vast amazement fill,
And speak the Builder God.
- 5 But still the wonders of thy grace
Our softer passions move ;
Pity divine in JESU's face
We see, adore, and love.

HYMN CCCXXVII.

Our God for ever and ever. Psalm xlviii. 14.

THIS, this is the God we adore,
Our faithful unchangeable friend ;
Whose love is as great as his power,
And neither knows measure nor end :
'Tis Jesus the first and the last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home ;
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come.

HYMN CCCXXVIII.

The Peace of God shall keep, &c. Phil. iv. 7.

1 **T**HE peace which God alone reveals,
And by his word of grace imparts,
Which only the believer feels,
Direct, and keep, and cheer our hearts.

2 And may the holy Three in One,
The Father, Word, and Comforter,
Pour an abundant blessing down
On every soul assembled here !

HYMN CCCXXIX.

May the Grace, &c. 2 Cor. xiii. 14.

MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favour,
Rest upon us from above !

Thus

Thus may we abide in union
 With each other, and the Lord;
 And possess, in sweet communion,
 Joys which earth can not afford.

H Y M N C C C X X X.

The Worship of Heaven. John xvii. 14.

- 1 **O**H for a sweet, inspiring ray,
 To animate our feeble strains,
 From the bright realms of endless day,
 The blissful realms where Jesus reigns !
- 2 There, low before his glorious throne,
 Adoring saints and angels fall ;
 And with delightful worship own
 His smile their bliss, their heaven, their all.
- 3 Immortal glories crown his head,
 While tuneful hallelujahs rise ;
 And love, and joy, and triumph spread
 Through all the assemblies of the skies.
- 4 He smiles, and seraphs tune their songs
 To boundless rapture while they gaze ;
 Ten thousand thousand joyful tongues
 Resound his everlasting praise.
- 5 There all the followers of the Lamb
 Shall join at last the heavenly choir ;
 Oh may the joy-inspiring theme
 Awake our faith and warm desire !

- 6 Dear Saviour, let thy Spirit seal
Our interest in that blissful place ;
Till death remove this mortal veil,
And we behold thy lovely face.

H Y M N CCCXXXI.

- 1 **S**ERAPHS, with elevated strains,
Circle the throne around ;
And move, and charm the starry plains
With an immortal sound.
- 2 Jesus, the Lord, their harps employ ;
Jesus, my Lord, they sing :
Jesus, the life of all our joys,
Sounds sweet from every string.
- 3 Hark, how beyond the narrow bounds
Of time and space they run ;
And echo in majestic sounds
The Godhead of the Son !
- 4 But, when to *Calvary* they turn,
Silent their harps abide :
Suspended songs, a moment, mourn
The God that lov'd and died.
- 5 Then, all at once, to living strains
They summon every chord :
Tell how he triumph'd o'er his pains,
And chant the rising Lord.

6 Now

- 6 Now let me mount, and join their songs
And be an angel too :
My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue,
Here's joyful work for you.
- 7 I would begin the music here,
And so my soul shall rise ;
Oh for some heavenly notes to bear
My passions to the skies !

H Y M N C C C X X X I I .

The Operations of the Holy Spirit.

- 1 **E**TERNAL Spirit ! we confess,
And sing the wonders of thy grace ;
Thy power conveys our blessings down
From God the Father and the Son.
- 2 Enlight'ned by thy heavenly ray,
Our shades and darkness turn to day ;
Thy inward teachings make me know
Our danger and our refuge too.
- 3 Thy power and glory work within,
And break the chains of reigning sin ;
Our vile imperious lusts subdue,
And form our wretched hearts anew.
- 4 The troubled conscience knows thy voice,
Thy cheering words awake our joys ;
Thy words allay the stormy wind,
And calm the furies of the mind.

HYMN CCCXXXIII.

Baptism. Matt. xxviii. 19. Acts ii. 38.

- 1 **T** WAS the commission of our Lord,
Go teach the nations and baptize.
 The nations have receiv'd the word,
 Since he ascended to the skies.
- 2 He sits upon the eternal hills,
 With grace and pardon in his hands,
 And sends his covenant with the seals,
 To bless the distant British lands.
- 3 *Repent and be baptiz'd, he saith,*
For the remission of your sins ;
 And thus our sense assists our faith,
 And shews us what his gospel means.
- 4 Our souls he washes in his blood,
 As water makes the body clean ;
 And the good Spirit from our God
 Descends like purifying rain.
- 5 Then we engage our souls to thee,
 And seal our covenant with the Lord :
 Oh may the great Eternal Three,
 In heaven our solemn vows record !

HYMN CCCXXXIV.

Children devoted to God. Gen. xvii. 7, 10. Acts

xvi. 14, 15, 33.

- 1 **T**HUS faith the mercy of the Lord,
*I'll be a God to thee ;
 I'll bleſs thy numerous race, and they
 Shall be a ſeed for me.*
- 2 Abraham believ'd the promis'd grace,
 And gave his ſons to God,
 But water ſeals the bleſſing now
 That once was ſeal'd with blood.
- 3 Thus Lydia ſanctified her houſe,
 When ſhe receiv'd the word ;
 Thus the believing Jailor gave
 His houſehold to the Lord.
- 4 Thus later ſaints, eternal King,
 Thy ancient truth embrace :
 To thee their infant offspring bring,
 And humbly claim the grace.

HYMN CCCXXXV.

- 1 **T**HUS did the ſons of Abraham paſs
 Under the bloody ſeal of grace
 The young diſciples bore the yoke,
 Till Chriſt the painful bondage broke.

- 2 By milder ways doth Jesus prove
His Father's covenant, and his love ;
He seals to saints his glorious grace,
And not forbids their infant race.
- 3 Their seed is sprinkled with his blood,
Their children set apart for God ;
His Spirit on his offspring shed,
Like water pour'd upon the head.
- 4 Let every saint with cheerful voice,
In this large covenant rejoice :
Young children, in their early days,
Shall give the God of Abraham praise.

HYMN CCCXXXVI.

Infant Baptism.

- 1 **F**ATHER, if such thy sovereign will,
If Jesus *did* the rite injoin,
Annex thy hallowing Spirit's seal,
And let the grace attend the sign ;
'The seed of endless life impart,
Seize for thy own this infant's heart.
- 2 Answer on *him* thy wisdom's end
In present and eternal good ;
Whate'er thou didst for man intend,
Whate'er thou hast on man bestow'd,
Now to this favoured babe be given
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.

- 3 In presence of thy heavenly host,
Thyself we faithfully require ;
Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
By blood, by water, and by fire,
And fill up all thy human shrine,
And seal our souls for ever thine.

H Y M N CCCXXXVII.

Infant Baptism.

- 1 **G**OD of eternal truth and love,
Vouchsafe the promis'd grace we claim,
Thy own great ordinance approve,
This child baptiz'd into thy name
Partaker of thy nature make,
And give *him* all thy image back.
- 2 Born in the dregs of sin and time,
These darkest, last, apostate days ;
Burden'd with Adam's curse and crime
Thou in thy mercy's arms embrace,
And wash out all *his* guilty load,
And quench the brand in Jesu's blood.

H Y M N CCCXXXVIII.

- 1 **M**Y Saviour, and my sovereign Prince,
Reigns far above the skies ;
But brings his graces down to sense,
And helps my faith to rise.

2 My

- 2 My eyes and ears shall bless his name,
 'They read and hear his word ;
 My touch and taste shall do the same,
 When they receive the Lord.
- 3 Baptifmal water is design'd
 To feal his cleansing grace,
 While at his feaft of bread of wine,
 He gives his faints a place.
- 4 But not the waters of a flood
 Can make my flefh fo clean,
 As by his Spirit and his blood
 He'll wafh my foul from fin.
- 5 Not choicest meats, or noblest wines,
 So much my heart refresh,
 As when my faith goes through the figns,
 And feeds upon his flefh.
- 6 I love the Lord, that ftoops fo low
 To give his word a feal :
 But the rich grace his hands beftow,
 Exceeds the figure ftill.

H Y M N CCCXXXIX.

- 1 **F**ATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 In folemn power come down !
 Prefent with thy heavenly hoft,
 Thy ordinance to crown :
 See a finful worm of earth !
 Bless to *him* the cleansing flood !

Plung

Plung him by a second birth
Into the depths of God.

- 2 Let the promis'd, inward grace
Accompany the sign :
On his new-born soul impress
The character divine !
Father, all thy love reveal !
Jesus, all thy name impart !
Holy Ghost renew and dwell
For ever in *his* heart !

H Y M N CCCXL.

At the Baptism of Adults.

- 1 **C**OME, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Honour the means ordain'd by thee !
Make good our apostolic boast,
And own thy glorious ministry.
- 2 We now thy promis'd presence claim,
Sent to disciple all mankind,
Sent to baptize into thy name,
We now thy promis'd presence find.
- 3 Father, in *these* reveal thy Son,
In *these* for whom we seek thy face :
The hidden mystery make known,
The inward, pure, baptizing grace.
- 4 Jesus, with us thou always art :
Effectuate now the sacred sign ;

The

The gift unspeakable impart,
And bless the ordinance divine.

5 Eternal Spirit, descend from high,
Baptizer of our spirits thou !
The sacramental seal apply,
And witness with the water now !

6 Oh that the *souls* baptiz'd therein
May now thy truth and mercy feel !
May rise, and wash away *their* sin :
Come, Holy Ghost, *their* pardon seal !

H Y M N CCCXLI.

Christ baptized in Jordan. Matt. iii. 6, 16, 17.

1 **I**N Jordan's tide the Baptist stands,
Immerfing the repenting Jews ;
The Son of God the rite demands,
Nor dares the holy man refuse :
Jesus descends beneath the wave,
The emblem of his future grave.

2 But lo ! from yonder opening skies,
What beams of dazzling glory fpread !
Dove-like the ETERNAL SPIRIT flies,
And lights on the Redeemer's head ;
Amaz'd they fee the Power divine
Around the Saviour's temples fhine.

3 Attend, my foul, hear, and adore !
What founds are thofe that roll along,
Not

Not like loud Sinai's awful roar,
 But soft and sweet as Gabriel's song !
 " This is my well-beloved Son,
 " I see well-pleas'd what he hath done."

- 4 Thus the eternal Father spoke,
 Who shakes creation with a nod ;
 Through parting skies the accents broke,
 And bade us hear the Son of God :
 Oh hear the awful word to-day,
 Hear all ye nations and obey !

H Y M N C C C X L I I .

Buried with Christ in Baptism. Rom. vi. 4.

- 1 **J**ESUS, mighty King in Sion !
 Thou alone our guide shalt be ;
 Thy commission we rely on,
 We would follow none but thee.
- 2 As an emblem of thy passion,
 And thy victory o'er the grave ;
 We who know thy great salvation
 Are baptiz'd beneath the wave.
- 3 Fearless of the world's despising,
 We the ancient path pursue ;
 Buried with our Lord, and rising
 To a life divinely new.

HYMN CCCXLIII.

ETERNAL Spirit, heavenly Dove,
On these baptismal waters move ;
That we through energy divine,
May have the substance with the sign.

HYMN CCCXLIV.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
We humbly dedicate our powers :
If with Jehovah's blessing crown'd,
Immortal happiness is ours.

HYMN CCCXLV.

An Address to the Holy Spirit.

1 **D**ESCEND, celestial Dove,
And make thy presence known ;
Reveal the Saviour's love
And seal us for thy own,
Unblest'd by thee our works are vain,
Nor can we e'er acceptance gain,

2 When our incarnate God,
The sovereign Prince of light,
In Jordan's swelling flood
Receiv'd the holy rite,
In open view thy form came down,
And Dove-like flew the King to crown.

3 The day was never known,
Since time began it's race,

On

On which such glory shone,
 On which was shewn such grace,
 As that which shed, in Jordan's stream,
 On Jesu's head the heavenly beam.

- 4 Continue still to shine,
 And fill with holy fire :
 This ordinance is thine,
 Do thou our souls inspire !
 " Till time shall end " thy promise runs,
 Thou wilt attend on all thy sons.

H Y M N CCCXLVI.

Practical Improvement of Baptism. Col. iii. 1.

- 1 **A**TTEND, ye children of our God ;
 Ye heirs of glory, hear ;
 For accents, so divine as these,
 Might charm the dullest ear.

- 2 Baptiz'd into your Saviour's death,
 Your souls to sin must die ;
 With Christ your Lord ye live anew,
 With Christ ascend on high.

- 3 There by his Father's side he sits,
 Enthron'd divinely fair ;
 Yet owns himself your brother still,
 And your fore-runner there.

- 4 Rise from these earthly trifles, rise,
 On wings of faith and love ;

D d

Above

Above your choicest treasure lies,
Oh, keep your hearts above.

- 5 Left earth and sin should drag us down,
When we attempt to fly ;
Lord, send thy strong attractive power
To raise and fix us high.

HYMN CCCXLVII.

Fellowship.

- 1 **J**ESUS, united by thy grace,
And each to each endear'd,
With confidence we seek thy face,
And know our prayer is heard.
- 2 Make us into one spirit drink ;
Baptize into thy name ;
And let us always kindly think,
And sweetly speak the same.
- 3 Touch'd by the loadstone of thy love,
Let all our hearts agree ;
And ever towards each other move,
And ever move towards thee.
- 4 To thee inseparably join'd
Let all our spirits cleave ;
Oh may we all the loving mind
That was in thee receive !
- 5 This is the bond of perfectness,
Thy spotless charity ;
Oh let us still, we pray, possess
The mind that was in thee !

- 6 Grant this, and then from all below
 Insensibly remove :
Our souls their change shall scarcely know,
 Made perfect first in love.
- 7 With ease our souls through death shall glide
 Into their paradise ;
And thence on wings of angels ride
 Triumphant through the skies.
- 8 Yet when the fullest joy is given,
 The same delight we prove,
In earth, in paradise, in heaven,
 Our all in all is love.

H Y M N C C C X L V I I I .

John xiv. 18.

- 1 **T**RY us, O God, and search the ground
 Of every sinful heart ;
Whate'er of sin in us is found,
 Oh bid it all depart !
- 2 If to the right or left we stray,
 Leave us not comfortless ;
But guide our feet into the way
 Of everlasting peace.
- 3 Help us to help each other, Lord,
 Each other's crosses to bear :
Let each his friendly aid afford,
 And feel his brother's care.
- 4 Help us to build each other up,
 Our little stock improve ;

Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love.

- 5 Up into thee, our living head,
Let us in all things grow,
Till thou hast made us free indeed,
And spotless here below.
- 6 Then, when the mighty work is wrought,
Receive thy ready bride ;
Give us in heaven a happy lot
With all the sanctified.

H Y M N C C C X L I X.

John x. 12.

- 1 JESUS, great Shepherd of thy sheep,
To thee for help we fly :
Thy little flock in safety keep !
For Oh the wolf is nigh !
- 2 He comes, of hellish malice full,
To scatter, tear, and slay :
He seizes every wandering soul,
As his own lawful prey.
- 3 Us into thy protection take,
And gather with thy arm !
Unless the fold we first forsake,
The wolf can never harm.
- 4 We now defy his cruel power,
While by our shepherd's side :
The sheep he never can devour,
Unless he first divide.

5 Oh

5 Oh do not suffer him to part
The souls that here agree !
But make of us one mind and heart,
And keep us one in thee !

6 Together let us sweetly live !
Together let us die !
And each a starry crown receive,
And reign above the sky.

H Y M N C C C L .

Luke xxiv. 32.

1 **T**ALK with us, Lord, thyself reveal,
While here o'er earth we rove :
Speak to our hearts, and let us feel
The kindling of thy love.

2 With thee conversing, we forget
All time, and toil, and care :
Labour is rest, and pain is sweet,
If thou, my God, art here.

3 Here then, O God, vouchsafe to stay,
And bid my heart rejoice :
My grateful heart shall own thy sway,
And echo to thy voice.

4 Thou callest me to seek thy face :
'Tis all I wish to seek :
To attend the whispers of thy grace,
And hear thee inly speak.

- 5 Let this my every hour employ,
'Till I thy glory see !
Enter into my master's joy,
And find my heaven in thee.

H Y M N C C C L I.

- 1 **O**UR life is hid with Christ in God ;
Our life shall soon appear,
And shed his glory all abroad
On all his members here.
- 2 The heavenly treasure now we have
In a vile house of clay ;
But he shall to the utmost save,
And keep it to that day.
- 3 Our souls are in his mighty hand,
And he shall keep them still ;
And you and I may surely stand
With him on Sion's hill !
- 4 Him eye to eye we there shall see ;
Our face like his shall shine :
Oh what a glorious company,
When saints and angels join !
- 5 Oh what a joyful meeting there !
In robes of white array'd,
Palms in our hands we all shall bear,
And crowns upon our head.
- 6 Then let us lawfully contend,
And fight our passage through ;

Bear

Bear in our faithful minds the end,
And keep the prize in view.

- 7 Then let us hasten to the day,
When all shall be brought home !
Come, O Redeemer, come away !
O Jesus, quickly come !

H Y M N C C C L I I .

- 1 **A**ND if our bodies part,
To different climes repair !
Inseparably join'd in heart
The friends of Jesus are !

- 2 Jesus, the corner-stone,
Did first our hearts unite !
And still he keeps our spirits one,
Who walk with him in white.

- 3 Oh let our heart and mind
Continually ascend,
That haven of repose to find,
Where all our labours end ?

- 4 Where all our toils are o'er,
Our sufferings and our pain !
Who meet on that eternal shore
Shall never part again.

- 5 O happy, happy place,
Where saints and angels meet !
There we shall see each other's face,
And all our brethren greet.

- 6 The church of the first-born !
 We shall with them be blest,
 And, crown'd with endless joy, return
 To our eternal rest.
- 7 With joy we shall behold,
 In yonder blest abode,
 'The patriarchs and prophets old,
 And all the saints of God.
- 8 To gather home his own
 God shall his angels send,
 And bid our blifs on earth begun
 In deathless triumphs end.

HYMN CCCLIII.

- 1 **A**ND are we yet alive,
 And see each other's face ?
 Glory and praise to Jesus give
 For his redeeming grace !
- 2 Preserv'd by power divine
 To full salvation here,
 Again in Jesu's praise we join,
 And in his sight appear.
- 3 What troubles have we seen !
 What conflicts have we past !
 Fightings without, and fears within,
 Since we assembled last :
- 4 But out of all the Lord
 Hath brought us by his love :

And

And still he doth his help afford,
And hide our life above.

5 Then let us make our boast
Of his redeeming power,
Which saves us to the uttermost,
'Till we shall sin no more :

6 Let us take up the cross,
'Till we the crown obtain,
And gladly reckon all things loss,
So we may Jesus gain.

H Y M N CCCLIV.

Fellowship.

1 JESUS, Lord, we look to thee,
Let us in thy name agree ;
Shew thyself the Prince of peace :
Bid our jars for ever cease.

2 By thy reconciling love,
Every stumbling block remove ;
Each to each unite, endear :
Come, and spread thy banner here !

3 Make us of one heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful, and kind ;
Lowly, meek in thought and word,
Altogether like our Lord.

4 Let us each for other care,
Each the other's burden bear ;
To thy church thy pattern give,
Shew how true believers live.

- 5 Free from anger and from pride,
 Let us thus in God abide ;
 All the depths of love express,
 All the heights of holiness !
- 6 Let us then with joy remove
 To the family above :
 On the wings of angels fly ;
 Shew how true believers die.

H Y M N CCCLV.

- 1 **J**ESUS, soft, harmonious name,
 Every faithful heart's desire !
 See thy followers, O Lamb,
 All at once to thee aspire :
 Drawn by thy uniting grace,
 After thee we swiftly run :
 Hand in hand we seek thy face ;
 Come, and perfect us in one !
- 2 Mollify our harsher will :
 Each to each our tempers suit
 By thy modulating skill,
 Heart to heart, as lute to lute :
 Sweetly on our spirits move !
 Gently touch the trembling strings !
 Make the harmony of love
 Music for the King of kings !
- 3 Jesu's love be all our song :
 While we Jesu's praise repeat,
 Glide our happy hours along,
 Trample sin beneath our feet :

Far,

Far from sorrow, guilt, and fear,
 'Till we take our seats above,
 Live we all as angels here,
 Only sing, and praise, and love !

H Y M N C C C L V I.

1 **P**EACE be on this house bestow'd,
 Peace on all that here reside !
 Let the unknown peace of God
 With the man of peace abide !
 Let the Spirit now come down :
 Let the blessing now take place !
 Son of peace, receive thy crown,
 Fulness of the gospel-grace.

2 Christ, my Master and my Lord,
 Let me thy fore-runner be :
 Oh be mindful of thy word !
 Visit them, and visit me !
 To this house and all herein,
 Now let thy salvation come !
 Save our souls from inbred-sin :
 Make us thy eternal home !

3 Let us never, never rest
 'Till the promise is fulfill'd :
 'Till we are of thee possess,
 Pardon'd, sanctified, and seal'd ;
 'Till we all, in love renew'd,
 Find the pearl that Adam lost,
 Temples of the living God,
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

HYMN CCCLVII.

- 1 **T**HOU God of truth and love,
 We seek thy perfect way,
 Ready thy choice to approve,
 And providence obey,
 Enter into thy wise design,
 And sweetly lose our will in thine.
- 2 Why hast thou cast our lot
 In the same age and place ?
 And why together brought
 To see each other's face ;
 To join with softest sympathy,
 And mix our friendly souls in thee ?
- 3 Didst thou not make us one,
 That we might one remain,
 Together travel on,
 And bear each other's pain,
 Till all thy utmost goodness prove,
 And rise renew'd in perfect love ?
- 4 Surely thou didst unite
 Our kindred spirits here,
 That we hereafter might
 Before thy throne appear ;
 Meet at the marriage of the Lamb,
 And all thy glorious love proclaim.
- 5 Then let us ever bear
 The blessed end in view,

And

And join with mutual care,
 To fight our passage through ;
 And kindly help each other on,
 Till all receive the starry crown.

- 6 Oh may thy Spirit seal
 Our souls unto that day !
 With all thy fulness fill,
 And then transport away !
 Away to our eternal rest,
 Away to our Redeemer's breast !

H Y M N CCCLVIII.

I beheld, and lo, &c. Rev. vii. 9, 10.

- 1 **L**IFT your eyes of faith, and see
 Saints and angels join'd in one :
 What a countless company
 Stands before yon dazzling throne !
 Each before his Saviour stands,
 All in milk-white robes array'd,
 Palms they carry in their hands,
 Crowns of glory on their head.
- 2 Saints, begin the endless song,
 Cry aloud in heavenly lays ;
 Glory doth to God belong,
 God, the glorious Saviour, praise :
 From him our salvation came,
 Him, who reigns enthron'd on high ;
 Glory to the bleeding Lamb,
 Let the morning stars reply.
- E e
- 3 Angel

- 3 Angel-powers the throne surround,
 Next the saints in glory they,
 Lull'd with the transporting sound,
 They their silent homage pay :
 Prostrate on their face before
 God and his Messiah fall,
 Then in hymns of praise adore,
 Shout the Lamb that died for all.
- 4 Be it so, they all reply,
 Him let all our Orders praise,
 Him that did for sinners die,
 Saviour of the favour'd race :
 Render we our God his right,
 Glory, wisdom, thanks, and power,
 Honour, majesty, and might,
 Praise him, praise him evermore !

HYMN CCCLIX.

Arrayed in white Robes. Rev. vii. 13, 17.

- 1 **W**HAT are these array'd in white,
 Brighter than the noon-day sun,
 Foremost of the sons of light,
 Nearest the eternal throne ?
 These are they that bore the cross,
 Nobly for their Master stood,
 Sufferers in his righteous cause,
 Followers of their dying God.

- 2 Out of great distress they came,
 Wash'd their robes by faith below,

In

In the blood of yonder Lamb,
 Blood that washes white as snow :
 Therefore are they next the throne,
 Serve their Maker day and night,
 God resides among his own,
 God doth in his saints delight.

3 More than conquerors at last,
 Here they find their trials o'er,
 They have all their sufferings past,
 Hunger now and thirst no more :
 No excessive heat they feel
 From the sun's directer ray,
 In a milder clime they dwell,
 Region of eternal day !

4 He that on the throne doth reign,
 Them the Lamb shall always feed,
 With the tree of life sustain,
 To the living fountains lead :
 He shall all their sorrows chase,
 All their wants at once remove,
 Wipe the tears from every face,
 Fill up every soul with love.

H Y M N CCCLX.

Tell me, O Thou, &c. Sol, Song 1. 7.

1 **T**HOU Shepherd of Israel, and mine,
 The joy and desire of my heart,
 For closer communion I pine,
 I long to reside where thou art :

'The pasture I languish to find,
 Where all who their Shepherd obey,
 Are fed, on thy bosom reclin'd,
 Are screen'd from the heat of the day.

2 Ah! shew me that happiest place,
 The place of thy people's abode,
 Where saints in an extasy gaze,
 And hang on a crucified God :
 Thy love for a sinner declare,
 Thy passion and death on the tree ;
 My spirit to Calvary bear,
 To suffer and triumph with thee.

3 'Tis there with the lambs of thy flock :
 There only I covet to rest,
 To lie at the foot of the rock,
 Or rise to be hid in thy breast :
 'Tis there I would always abide,
 And never a moment depart ;
 Conceal'd in the cleft of thy side,
 Eternally held in thy heart.

H Y M N CCCLXI.

1 **O** Thou God of my salvation !
 My Redeemer from all sin ;
 Mov'd by thy divine compassion,
 Thou hast died my heart to win :
 I will praise thee ;
 Where shall I thy praise begin ?

2 Though unseen I love the Saviour,
 He hath brought salvation near,

Manifests

Manifests his pardoning favour,
 And when Jesus doth appear,
 Soul and body
 Shall his glorious Image bear.

3 While the angel-choirs are crying,
 Glory to the great I AM!
 I with them would still be vying;
 Glory, glory to the Lamb!
 Oh how precious
 Is the sound of Jesu's name.

4 Now I see, with joy and wonder,
 Whence the healing streams arose,
 Angel-minds are lost to ponder
 Dying love's mysterious cause;
 Yet the blessing
 Down to all, to me it flows.

5 This hath set my heart on fire,
 Strongly glows the flame of love;
 Higher mounts my soul, and higher,
 Struggles for its swift remove;
 Then I'll praise thee
 In a nobler strain above.

6 Angels now are hov'ring round us,
 Unperceiv'd they mix the throng,
 Wondering at the love that crown'd us,
 Glad to join the holy song:
 Hallelujah,
 Love and praise to Christ belong.

HYMN CCCLXII.

O God, thou art my God. Ps. lxiii. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.

- 1 **O** God, my God, my all thou art !
 E'er shines the dawn of rising day ;
 Thy sovereign light within my heart,
 Thy all-enlivening power display.
- 2 For thee my thirsty soul doth pant,
 While in this desert land I live :
 And hungry as I am, and faint,
 Thy love alone can comfort give.
- 3 In a dry land behold I place
 My whole desire on thee, O Lord :
 And more I joy to gain thy grace,
 Than all earth's treasure can afford.
- 4 More dear than life itself, thy love
 My heart and tongue shall still employ ;
 And to declare thy praise will prove
 My peace, my glory, and my joy.
- 5 In blessing thee, with grateful songs,
 My happy life shall glide away ;
 The praise that to thy name belongs
 Hourly with lifted hands I'll pay.
- 6 Abundant sweetness, while I sing
 Thy love, my ravish'd soul o'erflows ;
 Secure in thee, my God, and King
 Of glory that no period knows.

- 7 My soul draws nigh and cleaves to thee ;
 Then let, or earth, or hell assail ;
 Thy mighty hand shall set me free ;
 For whom thou sav'st, he ne'er shall fail.

H Y M N CCCLXIII.

- 1 **H**OW do thy mercies close me round,
 For ever be thy name ador'd !
 I blush in all things to abound ;
 The servant is above his Lord !
- 2 Inur'd to poverty and pain,
 A suffering life my Saviour led ;
 The Son of God ! the Son of Man !
 He had not where to lay his head !
- 3 But lo ! a place he hath prepar'd
 For me, whom watchful angels keep ;
 Yea, he himself becomes my guard ;
 He smooths my bed, and gives me sleep.
- 4 Jesus protects ; my fears be gone !
 What can the rock of ages move ?
 Safe in thy arms I lay me down,
 Thy everlasting arms of love.
- 5 While thou art intimately nigh,
 Who, who shall violate my rest ?
 Sin, earth, and hell I now defy ;
 I lean upon my Saviour's breast.
- 6 I rest beneath the Almighty's shade,
 My griefs expire, my troubles cease ;
 Thou

Thou, Lord, on whom my soul is staid,
Wilt keep me still in perfect peace.

- 7 Me for thy own thou lov'st to take,
In time and in eternity :
Thou never, never wilt forsake
A helpless soul that trusts in thee.

H Y M N CCCLXIV.

When I remember thee upon my bed. Ps. lxiii. 6, 7.

- 1 **T**HY name, O God, upon my bed,
Dwells on my lips, and fires my thought ;
With trembling awe, in midnight shade,
I muse on all thy hands have wrought.
- 2 In all I do I feel thy aid ;
Therefore thy greatness will I sing :
O God, thou bidst my heart be glad,
Beneath the shadow of thy wings.
- 3 Wherefore in confidence I close
My eyes, for thine are open still ;
My spirit, lull'd in calm repose,
Waits for the counsels of thy will.
- 4 After thy likeness let me rise,
If here thou wilt me longer stay ;
Or close in mortal sleep my eyes,
To open them in endless day.
- 5 Still let me run, or end my race,
I cannot chuse, I all resign ;

Contract,

Contract, or lengthen out my days,
Come life, come death, for Christ is mine.

HYMN CCCLXV.

Love of God better than Life. Psalm lxiii.

- 1 **G**REAT God, indulge my humble claim ;
Be thou my hope, my joy, my rest !
The glories that compose thy name,
Stand all engag'd to make me blest.
- 2 Thou great and good, thou just and wise,
Thou art my Father and my God !
And I am thine by sacred ties,
Thy son, thy servant bought with blood.
- 3 With heart, and eyes, and lifted hands,
For thee I long, to thee I look ;
As travellers in thirsty lands
Pant for the cooling water-brook.
- 4 Even life itself, without thy love,
Nolasting pleasure can afford ;
It would a tiresome burden prove
If I were banish'd from thee, Lord !
- 5 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,
While I have breath to pray or praise ;
'This work shall make my heart rejoice,
And spend the remnant of my days.

HYMN CCCLXVI.

Pf. cxxxix. 1, 12, 24.

- 1 **O** Thou, to whose all-searching fight,
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart, it pants for thee ;
Oh burst these bonds, and set it free.
- 2 Wash out it's stains, refine it's dross,
Nail my affections to the cross !
Hallow each thought ; let all within
Be clean, as thou, my Lord, art clean.
- 3 If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be thou my light, be thou my way ;
No foes, no violence I fear,
No fraud, while thou, my God, art near.
- 4 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
Jesus, thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.
- 5 Saviour, where'er thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untir'd I follow thee ;
Oh let thy hand support me still,
And lead me to thy holy hill !
- 6 If rough and thorny be the way,
My strength proportion to my day ;
Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,
Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.

HYMN CCCLXVII.

Review of God's mercies.

- 1 **W**HEN all the mercies of my God
My rising soul surveys,
Why, my cold heart, art thou not lost
In wonder, love, and praise ?
- 2 Thy providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redrest,
While in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.
- 3 To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learn'd
To form themselves in prayer.
- 4 Unnumber'd comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant-heart conceiv'd
From whom those comforts flow'd.
- 5 When in the slippery paths of youth,
With heedless steps I ran,
Thy arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.
- 6 Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
It gently clear'd my way,
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.
- 7 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue ;

And

And after death, in distant worlds,
The pleasing theme renew.

- 8 Through all eternity to Thee
A grateful song I'll raise ;
But O! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

H Y M N CCCLXVIII.

Heb. iv. 1. 1 John iv. 18. °

- 1 **L**ORD, I believe a rest remains
To all thy people known,
A rest, where pure enjoyment reigns,
And thou art lov'd alone.
- 2 A rest, where all our soul's desire
Is fixt on things above ;
Where fear, and sin, and grief expire,
Cast out by perfect love.
- 3 Oh that I now the rest might know,
Believe, and enter in !
Now, Saviour, now the power bestow,
And let me cease from sin.
- 4 Remove this hardness from my heart,
This unbelief remove ;
To me the rest of faith impart,
The sabbath of thy love.
- 5 I would be thine, thou know'st I would,
And have thee all my own :
Thee ! O my all-sufficient good !
I want, and thee alone.

- 6 Thy name to me, thy nature grant !
This, only this be given ;
Nothing beside my God I want,
Nothing in earth or heaven.
- 7 Come, O my Saviour, come away,
Into my soul descend ;
No longer from thy creature stay,
My author, and my end !
- 8 Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
And seal me thy abode ;
Let all I am in thee be lost,
Let all be lost in God !

H Y M N CCCLXIX.

- 1 **O** Joyful sound of gospel-grace,
Christ shall in me appear !
I, even I, shall see his face ;
I shall be holy here.
- 2 The glorious crown of righteousness
To me held out I view ;
Conqueror through him I soon shall seize
And wear it as my due.
- 3 The promis'd land from Pisgah's top,
I now exult to see ;
My hope is full (O glorious hope !)
Of immortality.
- 4 He visits now this house of clay ;
He shakes his future home :
F f O would'st

O would'st thou, Lord, on this glad day,
Into thy temple come.

5 With me I know, I feel thou art,
But this cannot suffice,
Unless thou plantest in my heart
A constant paradise.

6 My earth thou waterest from on high,
But make it all a pool :
Spring up, O well, I ever cry,
Spring up within my soul.

7 Come, O my God, thyself reveal !
Fill all this mighty void :
Thou only canst my spirit fill ;
Come, O my God, my God !

8 Fulfil, fulfil my large desires,
Large as infinity !
Give, give me all my soul requires,
All, all that is in thee !

H Y M N CCCLXX.

1 **I**NFINITE, inexhausted love !
Jesus and love are one :
If still to me thy bowels move,
They are restrain'd to none.

2 What shall I do my God to love !
My loving God to praise ?
The length, and breadth, and height to prove,
And depth of sovereign grace ?

3 The

- 3 The Saviour's grace to all extends,
Immenſe and unconfin'd ;
From age to age it never ends;
It reaches all mankind.
- 4 Throughout the world it's breadth is known :
Wide as infinity !
So wide it never paſſ'd by one,
Or it had paſſ'd by me.
- 5 The depth of all-redeeming love,
What angel-tongue can tell ?
Oh may I to the utmoſt prove,
The gift unſpeakable ?
- 6 Come quickly, gracious Lord, and take
Poſſeſſion of thy own !
My longing heart vouchſafe to make
Thy everlaſting throne !
- 7 Aſſert thy claim, maintain thy right,
Come quickly from above ;
And ſink me to perfection's height,
The depth of humble love.

H Y M N C C C L X X I .

- 1 JESUS, to thee alone I fly,
On whom my help is laid :
Oppreſt by ſins I liſt my eye,
And ſee the ſhadows fade.

- 2 Soon as I find myſelf forſook,
The grace again is given :

F f z

A ſigh

A sigh can reach thy heart, a look
Can bring thee down from heaven.

3 Believing on my Lord, I find
A sure and present aid :
On thee alone then let my mind
Be every moment stay'd.

4 Whate'er in me seems wise or good,
Or strong, I here disclaim :
Then wash my garments in thy blood,
O thou atoning Lamb.

5 Jesus, my strength, my life, my rest,
On thee will I depend :
Till summon'd to the marriage feast,
When faith in fight shall end.

H Y M N CCCLXXII.

1 **W**HAT is our calling's glorious hope,
But inward holiness?
For this to Jesus I look up,
I calmly wait for this.

2 I wait till he shall touch me clean,
Shall life and power impart :
Give me the faith that casts out sin,
And purify my heart.

3 This is the dear redeeming grace,
For every sinner free :
Surely it shall on me take place,
The chief of sinners me.

4 From

- 4 From all iniquity, from all
He shall my soul redeem :
In Jesus I believe, and shall
Believe myself to him.
- 5 When Jesus makes my heart his home
My sin shall all depart :
And lo ! he saith, I quickly come,
To fill and rule thy heart.
- 6 Be it according to thy word !
Redeem me from all sin ;
My heart would now receive thee, Lord :
Come in, my Lord, come in !

H Y M N C C C L X X I I I .

- 1 **F**ATHER, to thee my soul I lift,
My soul on thee depends :
Convinc'd that every perfect gift
From thee alone descends.
- 2 Mercy and grace are thine alone,
And power and wisdom too :
Without the Spirit of thy Son
We nothing good can do.
- 3 We cannot speak one useful word,
One holy thought conceive,
Unless, in answer to our Lord,
Thyself the blessing give.
- 4 His blood demands the purchas'd grace :
His blood's availing plea

Obtain'd the help for all our race,
And sends it down to me.

- 6 From thee, through Jesus, we receive
The power on thee to call,
In whom we are, and move, and live :
Our God is all in all !

H Y M N C C C L X X I V .

- 1 **I** Lift my eyes to thee,
Thou gracious, bleeding Lamb,
That I may now enlighten'd be,
And never put to shame.
- 2 Never may I remove
Out of thy hands my cause,
But rest in thy redeeming love,
And hang upon thy cross.
- 3 Teach me the happy art
In all things to depend
On thee ! O never, Lord, depart,
But love me to the end !
- 4 Still stir me up to strive
With thee in strength divine :
And every moment, Lord, revive
Thi fainting soul of mine.
- 5 Persist to save my soul
Throughout the fiery hour,
Till I am every whit made whole,
And shew forth all thy power.

Through

- 6 Through fire and water bring
Into the wealthy place ;
And teach me the new song to sing
When perfected in grace !
- 7 Oh make me all like thee,
Before I hence remove !
Settle, confirm, and stablish me,
And build me up in love.
- 8 Let me thy witness live,
When sin is all destroy'd ;
And then my spotless soul receive,
And take me home to God.

H Y M N CCCLXXV.

Heavenly Joy on Earth.

- 1 COME, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known ;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
While ye surround his throne :
- 2 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God ;
But servants of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.
- 3 The God that rules on high,
That all the earth surveys,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And calms the roaring seas :

- 4 This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our Love ;
He will send down his heavenly powers
To carry us above.
- 5 There we shall see his face,
And never, never sin :
There, from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.
- 6 Yes? and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.
- 7 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below ;
Celestial fruit on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow :
- 8 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry :
We're marching through Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

H Y M N C C C L X X V I .

God all in all. Pf. lxxiii. 25.

- 1 **M**Y God, my life, my love,
To thee, to thee I call ;
I cannot live if thou remove,
For thou art all in all.

2 Thy

- 2 Thy shining grace can cheer
This dungeon where I dwell ;
'Tis paradise when thou art here ;
If thou depart 'tis hell.
- 3 The smilings of thy face,
How amiable they are,
'Tis heaven to rest in thy embrace,
And no where else but there.
- 4 To thee, and thee alone,
The angels owe their bliss ;
They sit around thy gracious throne,
And dwell where Jesus is.
- 5 Not all the harps above
Can make a heavenly place,
If God his residence remove,
Or but conceal his face.
- 6 Nor earth, nor all the sky,
Can one delight afford ;
No, not one drop of real joy,
Without thy presence, Lord.
- 7 Thou art the sea of love,
Where all my pleasures roll ;
The circle where my passions move,
And centre of my soul.
- 8 To thee my spirits fly
With infinite desire :
And yet how far from thee I lie !
Dear Jesus, raise me higher.

HYMN CCCLXXVII.

- 1 **I** Want a principle within
Of jealous godly fear,
A sensibility of sin,
A pain to feel it near.
- 2 That I from thee no more may part,
No more thy goodness grieve,
The filial awe, the fleshly heart,
The tender conscience give.
- 3 Quick as the apple of an eye,
O God, my conscience make ;
Awake my soul when sin is nigh,
And keep it still awake.
- 4 If to the right or left I stray,
That moment, Lord, reprove ;
And let me weep my life away,
For having griev'd thy love.
- 5 Oh may the least omission pain
My well-instructed soul,
And drive me to the blood again,
Which makes the wounded whole.

HYMN CCCLXXVIII.

- 1 **J**ESUS, we look to thee,
Thy promis'd presence claim !
Thou in the midst of us shalt be
Assembled in thy name.

2 Thy

- 2 Thy name salvation is,
Which here we come to prove :
Thy name is life, and health, and peace,
And everlasting love.
- 3 Not in the name of pride
Or selfishness we meet :
From nature's paths we turn aside,
And worldly thoughts forget.
- 4 We meet the grace to take,
Which thou hast freely given :
We meet on earth for thy dear sake,
That we may meet in heaven.
- 5 Present we know thou art :
But Oh thyself reveal !
Now, Lord, let every humble heart
The mighty comfort feel !
- 6 Oh ! may thy quickening voice,
The death of sin remove ;
And bid our inmost souls rejoice,
In hope of perfect love !

H Y M N C C C L X X I X .

- 1 **H**E wills that I should holy be :
That holiness I long to feel,
That full, divine conformity
To all my Saviour's righteous will.

- 2 See, Lord, the travail of thy soul
Accomplish'd in the change of mine ;
And

And plunge me every whit made whole,
In all the depths of love divine !

- 3 May I not stagger at thy power,
Or doubt thy truth, which cannot move :
Hasten the long expected hour,
And bless me with thy perfect love.
- 4 Jesus, thy loving Spirit alone
Can lead me forth, and make me free :
Burst every bond through which I groan,
And set my heart at liberty.
- 5 Now let thy Spirit bring me in,
And give thy servant to possess
The land of rest from inbred sin,
The land of perfect holiness.
- 6 Lord, I believe thy power the same,
The same thy truth and grace endure :
And in thy blessed hands I am,
And trust thee for a perfect cure.
- 7 Come, Saviour, come, and make me whole !
Entirely all my sins remove :
To perfect health restore my soul ;
To perfect holiness and love.

H Y M N C C C L X X X .

Little Children love one another.

- 1 **G**IVER of concord, Prince of peace,
Meek, lamb-like Son of God,

Bid

Bid our unruly passions cease,
Extinguish'd with thy blood.

2 Subdue in us the carnal mind,
It's enmity destroy,
With cords of love th' old *Adam* bind,
And melt him into joy.

3 Us into closest union draw,
And in our inward parts
Let kindness sweetly write her law,
Let love command our hearts.

4 Oh let thy love our hearts constrain !
Jesus, the crucified,
What hast thou done our hearts to gain ?
Languish'd, and groan'd, and died.

5 Who would not now pursue the way
Where Jesu's footsteps shine ?
Who would not own the pleasing sway
Of charity divine ?

6 Saviour, look down with pitying eyes,
Our jarring wills control,
Let cordial kind affections rise,
And harmonize the soul.

7 Oh let us find the ancient way,
Our wondering foes to move,
And force the heathen world to say,
" See how these christians love ! "

HYMN CCCLXXXI.

- 1 **J**OIN'D in one Spirit to our head,
Where he appoints we go,
And still in Jesu's footsteps tread,
And do his works below.
- 2 Oh let us ever walk in him,
And nothing know beside,
Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
But Jesus crucified.
- 3 Closer and closer let us cleave
To his belov'd embrace,
Expect his fulness to receive,
And grace to answer grace.
- 4 While thus we walk with Christ in light,
What shall our souls disjoin?
Souls which himself vouchsafes t' unite
In fellowship divine.
- 5 We all are one who him receive,
And each with each agree,
In him, the One, the truth we live,
Blest point of unity.
- 6 Partakers of the Saviour's grace,
The same in mind and heart,
Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,
Nor life, nor death can part.

- 7 Oh let us hasten to the day,
Which shall our flesh restore,
For death shall then be done away,
And bodies part no more.

HYMN CCCLXXXII.

Sol. Song ii. 8, &c.

- 1 **T**HE voice of my Beloved sounds
Over the rocks and rising grounds,
O'er hills of guilt, and seas of grief,
He leaps, he flies to my relief.
- 2 Now, through the veil of flesh, I see
With eyes of love he looks at me;
Now in the gospel's clearest glass
He shews the beauties of his face.
- 3 Gently he draws my heart along,
Both with his beauties and his tongue;
Rise, faith my Lord, make haste away,
No mortal joys are worth thy stay.
- 4 The Jewish wintry state is gone,
The mists are fled, the spring comes on;
The sacred turtle-dove we hear
Proclaim the new, the joyful year.
- 5 The immortal vine of heavenly root
Blossoms, and buds, and gives her fruit;
Lo, we are come to taste the wine;
Our souls rejoice, and bless the vine.

- 6 And when I hear my Jesus say,
 " Rise up, my love, make haste away,"
 My heart would fain outfly the wind,
 And leave all earthly loves behind.

H Y M N CCCLXXXIV.

Sol. Song ii. 8, 12.

Chorus.

- 1 **T**HE voice of my Beloved sounds,
 While o'er the mountain tops he bounds;
 He flies exulting o'er the hills,
 And all my soul with transport fills.

Duetto.

Gently doth he chide my stay,
 Rise, my love, and come away.

Chorus.

- 2 The scatter'd clouds are fled at last,
 The rain is gone, the winter's past;
 The lovely vernal flowers appear,
 The warbling choirs enchant our ear.

Duetto.

Now with sweetly penfive moan.
 Cooes the turtle dove alone.

Chorus.

The voice of my, &c.

HYMN CCCLXXXV.

Sol. Song ii. 14, 16, 17.

- 1 **D**EAR Lord, my thankful heart receives
 The hope thy invitation gives;
 To thee my joyful lips shall raise
 The voice of prayer, the voice of praise.
- 2 I am my Lord's, and he is mine;
 Our hearts, our hopes, our passions join:
 Nor let a motion, or a word,
 Or thought arise, to grieve my Lord.
- 3 Till the day breaks, and shadows flee,
 Till the sweet dawning light I see,
 Thy eyes to me-ward ever turn,
 Nor let my soul in darkness mourn.
- 4 Be like a hart on mountains green;
 Leap o'er these hills of fear and sin:
 Nor guilt, nor unbelief divide
 My love, my Saviour, from my side.

HYMN CCCLXXXVI.

Sol. Song iii. 11.

- 1 **J**ESUS, thou everlasting King,
 Accept the tribute which we bring,
 Accept thy well deserv'd renown,
 And wear our praises as thy crown.

G g 3

2 Let

- 2 Let every act of worship be
Like our espouſals, Lord, to thee :
Like the bleſt hour when from above
We firſt receiv'd thy pledge of love.
- 3 The gladneſs of that happy day,
Oh may it ever, ever ſtay !
Nor let our faith forſake it's hold,
Nor hope decline, nor love grow cold !
- 4 Each following minute as it flies
Increaſe thy praiſe, improve our joys,
Till we are rais'd to ſing thy name
At the great ſupper of the Lamb.

H Y M N C C C L X X X V I I .

Chriſt the Fountain of Life.

- 1 **F**OUNTAIN of life to all below,
Let thy ſalvation roll,
Water, replenish, and o'erflow
Every believing ſoul.
- 2 Into that happy number, Lord,
Us weary finners take :
Jeſus, fulfil thy gracious word,
For thy own mercy's ſake.
- 3 Turn back our nature's rapid tide,
And we ſhall flow to thee,
While down the ſtream of time we glide
To our eternity.

- 4 The well of life to us thou art,
Of joy the swelling flood :
Wasted by thee with willing heart
We swift return to God.
- 5 We soon shall reach the boundless sea,
Into thy fulness fall,
Be lost, and swallow'd up in thee,
Our God, our all in all.

H Y M N CCCLXXXVIII.

Jesus my all.

- 1 **W**HY should I fear the darkest hour,
Or tremble at the tempter's power ?
Jesus vouchsafes to be my tower.
- 2 Though hot the fight ; why quit the field ?
Why must I either flee or yield,
Since Jesus is my mighty shield ?
- 3 When creature-comforts fade and die,
Worldlings may weep ; but why should I ?
Jesus still lives, and still is nigh.
- 4 Though all the flocks and herds were dead,
My soul a famine need not dread,
For Jesus is my living bread.
- 5 I know not what may soon betide,
Or how my wants shall be supplied ;
But Jesus knows, and will provide.
- 6 Though

- 6 Though sin would fill me with distress,
The throne of grace I dare address;
For Jesus is my righteousness.
- 7 Though faint my prayers, and cold my love,
My steadfast hope shall not remove,
While Jesus interceeds above.
- 8 Against me earth and hell combine;
But on my side is power divine;
Jesus is all, and he is mine.

H Y M N CCCLXXXIX.

The name of Jesus.

- 1 **H**OW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear?
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.
- 3 Dear name! the rock on which I build,
My shield, and hiding-place;
My never-failing treasury, fill'd
With boundless stores of grace.

4 Jesus!

- 4 Jesus! my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.
- 5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.
- 6 'Till then I would thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

H Y M N C C C X C.

Enoch walked with God. Gen. v. 24.

- 1 **O**H! for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus, and his word?
- 3 What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void,
The world can never fill.

4 Return.

- 4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.
- 5 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame?
A purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

H Y M N CCCXCI.

The happy Change.

- 1 **L**ORD, I thank thee for that grace
Shining in thy lovely face;
Thou appearest reconcil'd,
Call'st me thy beloved child:
- 2 Once I felt thy wrath reveal'd,
Till thy grace my pardon seal'd;
Sunk in grief, despondent I
Saw thee then in love pass by.
- 3 Doubts and fears had fill'd my breast,
Banish'd peace, and joy, and rest;
Till the voice, that calms the sea,
Gently whisper'd, "Come to me."
- 4 With that word, a power convey'd
Help'd me to lift up my head:
Then presented to my view,
Thee I saw in bloody hue!

- 5 From thy hands, and feet, and side,
I beheld a crimson tide,
Gushing plenteous down that tree,
Where thou bow'dst thy head for me.
- 6 Here I wash'd, and wash'd again,
Dropp'd my load of guilt and pain ;
While the Spirit loudly cried,
“ Thou art freely justified.”

H Y M N C C C X C I I .

The Rose of Sharon. Sol. Song ii. 1.

- 1 **J**ESUS, the saints' perpetual theme !
What fragrant odours fill the name
Of lovely *Sharon's Rose* !
As ointment poured out, it spreads
A sweet perfume, an unction sheds,
Whence joy celestial flows.
- 2 But when that perfect day shall shine,
That cloudless day when all-divine
My soul shall wing it's way ;
Freed from this clod which damps it's flight
I'll soar aloft, and bask in light
Of sempiternal day.
- 3 Then un-impeded shall my eye
My wounded Lord with joy descry,
And mark his prints of love ;
At his pierc'd feet my crown I'll cast,
His praise shall with my being last,
Who died, but lives above.

- 4 At sight of him, whose once marr'd face
 Now shines with glory, and with grace,
 Oh how my joys shall rise !
 Hasten the moment, Lord, when I
 Shall lay this house terrestrial by,
 To dwell in paradise !

HYMN CCCXCIII.

Christ precious to the Believer. 1 Peter ii. 7.

- 1 JESUS, I love thy charming name ;
 'Tis music to my ear ;
 Fain would I sound it out so loud,
 That earth and heaven might hear.
- 2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
 My transport, and my trust :
 Jewels to me are empty toys,
 And gold is sordid dust.
- 3 All my capacious powers can wish
 In thee most richly meet :
 Nor to my eyes is light so dear,
 Nor friendship half so sweet.
- 4 Oh may thy grace still cheer my heart,
 And shed it's fragrance there ;
 The noblest balm of all it's wounds,
 The cordial of it's care !
- 5 I'll speak the honours of thy name
 With my last labouring breath ;
 Then speechless clasp thee in my arms,
 The antidote of death.

H Y M N CCCXCIV.

Make me a clean heart, O God. Ps. li. 10.

- 1 **O** For a heart to praise my God !
 A heart from sin set free !
 A heart that always feels thy blood,
 So freely spilt for me !
- 2 A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,
 My dear Redeemer's throne,
 Where only Christ is heard to speak,
 Where Jesus reigns alone :
- 3 A humble, broken, contrite heart,
 Believing, true, and clean,
 Which neither life nor death can part
 From him that dwells within.
- 4 A heart in every thought renew'd ;
 And fill'd with love divine ;
 Perfect, and right, and pure and good,
 A copy, Lord, of thine.
- 5 Thy tender heart is still the same,
 And melts at human woe !
 Jesus, for thee distressed I am ;
 I want thy love to know.
- 6 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart,
 Come quickly from above,
 Write thy new name upon my heart,
 Thy new, best name of love.

HYMN CCCXCV.

Jesus.

- 1 **J**ESUS ! a name of sweetest found :
How fast it chains the willing ear !
It spreads delicious fragrance round,
At once to gratify and cheer.
- 2 By it, the heavenly host above,
And each redeemed faint below,
Are kindled into holy love,
And feel their hearts with rapture glow.
- 3 Who that hath ever felt the pain,
The anguish of a wounded heart,
And found all other means in vain,
To heal the wound, or ease the smart !
- 4 Who that has known it's saving might,
To rescue from the power of sin,
Can hear this name without delight,
Can hear, and feel no flame within ?
- 5 Jesus ! a name of sweetest found !
It chains, it charms the captive ear,
And spreads balsamic odours round,
The wounded heart to heal and cheer.

HYMN CCCXCVI.

The faithfulness of God in the Promises.

- 1 **B**EGIN my tongue, some heavenly theme,
And speak some boundless thing,
The

The mighty works, or mightier name,
Of our eternal King.

- 2 Tell of his wonderous faithfulness,
And sound his power abroad,
Sing the sweet promise of his grace,
And the performing God.
- 3 Proclaim " Salvation from the Lord,
" For wretched dying men,"
His hand hath writ the sacred word,
With an immortal pen.
- 4 Engrav'd, as in eternal brass,
The mighty promise shines ;
Nor can the powers of darkness raze
Those everlasting lines.
- 5 His every word of grace is strong,
As that which built the skies ;
The voice, that rolls the stars along,
Spake all the promises.
- 6 Oh, might I hear thy heavenly tongue
But whisper, *Thou art mine !*
Those gentle words should raise my song
To notes almost divine.
- 7 How would my leaping heart rejoice,
And think my heaven secure !
I trust the all-creating voice,
And faith desires no more.

HYMN CCCXCVII.

CHRIST'S *Death, Victory, and Dominion.*

- 1 **I** Sing my *Saviour's* wonderous death,
He conquer'd when he fell;
'*Tis finish'd*, said his dying breath,
And shook the gates of hell.
- 2 '*Tis finish'd*, our Immanuel cries,
The dreadful work is done;
Hence shall his sovereign throne arise,
His kingdom is begun.
- 3 His cross a sure foundation laid
For glory and renown,
When through the regions of the dead
He pass'd to reach the crown.
- 4 Exalted at his Father's side
Sits our victorious Lord;
To heaven and hell his hands divide
The vengeance or reward.
- 5 The saints from his propitious eye,
Await their several crowns,
And all the sons of darkness fly
The terror of his frowns.

HYMN CCCXCVIII.

Pf. lxxix. 11.

- 1 **O** Thou that hangedst on the tree,
Our curse and sufferings to remove,
Pity

Pity the souls that look to thee,
And save us by thy dying love.

- 2 We have no outward righteousness,
No merits, or good works to plead ;
We only can be sav'd by grace ;
Thy grace will here be free indeed.
- 3 Save us by grace, through faith alone,
A faith thou must thyself impart ;
A faith that would by works be shewn,
A faith that purifies the heart.
- 4 A faith that doth the mountains move,
A faith that shews our sins forgiven ;
A faith that sweetly works by love,
And ascertains our claim to heaven.
- 5 This is the faith we humbly seek,
The faith in thy all-cleansing blood ;
That blood which doth for sinners speak,
O let it speak us up to God !

H Y M N CCCXCIX.

- 1 **C**ANST thou reject our dying prayer,
Or cast us out who come to thee ?
Our sins, ah, wherefore didst thou bear !
Jesus, remember *Calvary* !
 - 2 Number'd with the transgressors thou,
Between the felons crucified,
Speak to our hearts, and tell us now,
Wherefore hast thou for sinners died !
- H h 3
- 3 For

- 3 For us wast thou not lifted up,
For us a bleeding victim made? -
That we, the abjects, we might hope,
Thou hast for all a ransom paid.
- 4 Oh might we with our closing eyes,
Thee in thy bloody vesture see;
And cast us on thy sacrifice:
Jesus, my Lord, remember me !
- 5 Thou art into thy kingdom come :
I own thee with my parting breath :
God of all grace, reverse my doom,
And save me from eternal death.
- 6 Hast thou not wrought the sure belief,
I feel this moment in thy blood ?
And am not I the dying thief ?
And art not thou my Lord, my God ?
- 7 Thy blood to all our souls apply,
To them, to me thy Spirit give,
And I (let each cry out) and I
With thee in paradise shall live.

H Y M N C C C C .

For a sick Friend.

- 1 **S**EE, gracious Lord, with pitying eyes,
Beneath thy hand a sufferer lies,
Thy mercy, not thy anger proves;
And *he* is sick whom Jesus loves,

- 2 *His* to thy own afflictions join,
Accept, exalt, and count them thine ;
Thy passion, which remains, fulfil,
And suffer in thy members still.
- 3 *His* sickness feel, endure *his* pain,
His burden bear, *his* cross sustain ;
Grieve in *his* griefs, and sigh *his* sighs,
And breathe *his* wishes to the skies.
- 4 Enter *his* heart, possess *him* whole,
Inspire, and actuate *his* soul ;
Himself no longer let it be
That suffers, or that lives, but thee.
- 5 Thyself through sufferings perfect made,
Conform *him* thus to thee *his* head ;
Refine, and raise *his* virtue higher,
When tried and purified by fire.
- 6 So when *his* eyes behold thee near,
And thou *his* hidden life appear ;
Bright in thy likeness shall *he* shine,
And glorious all, and all divine.

H Y M N C C C C I.

For the King. 1 Tim. ii. 2.

- 1 SOVEREIGN of all, whose will ordains
The powers on earth that be ;
By whom our rightful Monarch reigns,
Subject to none but thee.

2 Lo !

2 Lo! in the arms of faith and prayer,
We bear him to thy throne!
Receive thy own peculiar care,
The Lord's anointed one.

3 With favour look upon his face :
• Thy love's pavillion spread ;
And watchful troops of angels place
Around his sacred head.

4 Guard him from all who dare oppose
Thy delegate and thee !
From open and from secret foes,
From force and perfidy !

5 Let us, for conscience sake, revere
The man of thy right-hand ;
Honour and love thy image here,
And bless his mild command.

6 Thou only didst the blessing give :
The glory, Lord, be thine !
Let all with thankful joy receive
The benefit divine.

7 To those who thee in him obey,
The spirit of grace impart !
His dear, his sacred burden lay
On every loyal heart !

8 Still let us pray, and never cease,
Defend him, Lord, defend !
Stablish his throne in glorious peace,
And save him to the end !

HYMN CCCCII.

Prayer for the King and the Royal Family.

- 1 **L**ORD, thou hast bid thy people pray
For all that bear the sovereign sway,
And thy viceroy's reign ;
Rulers, and governors, and powers :
And lo ! we humbly pray for ours ;
Nor shall we pray in vain.
- 2 Jesus, thy chosen servant guard,
And every threatening danger ward
From his anointed head ;
Bid all his griefs and troubles cease,
Through paths of righteousness and peace
To life eternal lead.
- 3 Cover his enemies with shame,
Defeat their proud malicious aim,
And make their councils vain ;
Preserve him, Providence divine,
And let the long illustrious line
To latest ages reign.
- 4 Upon him shower thy blessings down,
Crown him with grace, with glory crown,
With meekness, love, and power !
With wealth, prosperity, and peace,
Our nation and our churches blest,
Till time shall be no more.

HYMN CCCCIII.

- 1 **F**ATHER, behold, with gracious eyes,
The souls before thy throne ;
Who now present their sacrifice,
And seek thee in thy Son.
- 2 Well pleas'd in him, thyself declare ;
Thy pardoning love reveal :
The peaceful answer of our prayer
To every conscience seal.
- 3 On me, on all, some gift bestow ;
Some blessing now impart :
The seed of life-eternal sow
In every waiting heart.
- 4 Thy loving, powerful Spirit shed,
And speak our sins forgiven ;
And haste throughout the lump to spread
The sanctifying leaven.
- 5 O Father, glorify thy Son,
And grant what we require ;
For Jesu' sake, the gift send down,
And answer us by fire.
- 6 Kindle the flame of love within,
Which shall to heaven ascend ;
And now the work of grace begin,
Which shall in glory end.

HYMN CCCCIV.

Pilgrim conducted.

- 1 **G**UIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty,
Hold me with thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.
- 2 Open, Lord, the chrystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery-cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my sun and shield.
- 3 When I tread the verge of *Jordan*,
Bid my anxious fears subside:
Bear me through it's swelling current,
Land me safe on *Canaan's* side!
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

HYMN CCCCIV.

*As the Sufferings of CHRIST abound in us, so our
Consolation also aboundeth by CHRIST. 2 Cor. i. 5.*

- 1 **C**OME on, my partners, in distress,
My comrades through the wilderness,
Who still your burdens feel!

A while

A while forget your griefs and fears,
And look beyond this vale of tears
To that celestial hill.

2 See where the Lamb in glory stands,
Incircled with his radiant bands,
And join the angelic powers :
For all that height of glorious bliss
Our everlasting portion is,
And all that heaven is ours.

3 Who suffer with our master here,
We shall before his face appear,
And by his side sit down ;
To patient faith the prize is sure,
And all, that to the end endure
The cross, shall wear the crown.

4 Thrice blessed bliss, inspiring hope !
It lifts the fainting spirits up !
It brings to life the dead !
Our conflicts here shall soon be past,
And you and I ascend at last,
Triumphant with our head.

5 That great mysterious *Deity*—
We soon with open face shall see—
The beatific sight
Shall fill the heavenly courts with praise,
And wide diffuse the golden blaze
Of everlasting light !

HYMN CCCCVI.

Blessedness of Gospel Times. Isai. lii. 7, 8, 9, 10.

Matt. xiii. 16.

1 **H**OW beauteous are their feet,
Who stand on Zion's hill!
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal.

2 How charming is their voice!
How sweet the tidings are!
"Zion, behold thy Saviour-King,"
He reigns and triumphs here.

3 How happy are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light;
Prophets and kings desir'd it long,
But died without the sight.

4 How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found.

5 The watchmen join their voice,
And sweetest notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad;
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

HYMN CCCCVII.

At the coming of a Minister.

- 1 **W**ELCOME, welcome, blessed servant,
 Messenger of Jesu's grace !
 Oh how beautiful the feet of
 Him that brings good news of peace,
 Welcome herald,
 Priest of God, thy people's joy.
- 2 Saviour, bless his message to us,
 Give us hearts to hear the sound
 Of redemption, dearly purchas'd,
 By thy death and precious wounds ;
 O reveal it,
 To our poor and helpless souls.
- 3 Give reward of grace and glory
 To thy faithful labourer dear,
 Let the incense of our hearts be
 Offer'd up in faith and prayer ;
 Bless, Oh bless him
 Now, henceforth, for evermore.

HYMN CCCCVIII.

Prayer for Minister and People.

- 1 **D**EAREST Saviour, help thy servant
 To proclaim thy wonderous love !
 Pour thy grace upon this people,
 That thy truth they may approve :
 Bless, O bless them,
 From thy shining courts above.

2 Now

- 2 Now thy gracious word invites them
 To partake the gospel-feast :
 Let thy Spirit sweetly draw them ;
 Every soul be Jesu's guest !
 Oh receive us,
 Let us find thy promis'd rest.
- 3 Come, thou soul-transforming Spirit,
 Bless the sower and the seed :
 Let each heart thy grace inherit,
 Raise the weak, the hungry feed.
 From the gospel
 Now supply thy people's need.

HYMN CCCCIX.

Dismission.

- 1 **L**ORD, dismiss us with thy blessing :
 Fill our hearts with joy and peace,
 Let us all, thy love possessing,
 Triumph in *Redeeming Grace*.
 O refresh us,
 In this dry and barren place.
- 2 *Thanks we give and adoration,*
 For thy *gospel's* joyful sound ;
 May the fruits of thy salvation,
 In our *hearts* and *lives* abound,
 Ever faithful
 To the truth may we be found.
- 3 So whene'er the signal's given,
 Us from earth to call away,

Borne on angel's wings to heaven,
 Glad the summons to obey ;
 May we ever
 Reign with *Christ* in endless day.

HYMN CCCCX.

The People's Prayer for their Minister.

- 1 **W**ITH heavenly power, O Lord, defend,
 Him whom we now to thee commend ;
 His person bless, his soul secure,
 And make him to the end endure.
- 2 Gird him with all-sufficient grace ;
 Direct his feet in paths of peace ;
 Thy truth, and faithfulness fulfil,
 And help him to obey thy will.
- 3 Before him thy protection send ;
 Oh love him, save him to the end !
 Nor let him, as a pilgrim, rove
 Without the convoy of thy love.
- 4 Enlarge, inflame, and fill his heart,
 In him thy mighty power exert :
 That thousands yet unborn may praise
 The wonders of redeeming grace.

HYMN CCCCXI.

On the dangerous Illness of a Minister.

- 1 **O** Thou, before whose gracious throne,
We bow our suppliant spirits down,
View the sad breast, the streaming eye,
And let our sorrows pierce the sky.
- 2 Though we have sinn'd, and justly dread
The vengeance hovering o'er our head ;
Yet, power benign, thy servant spare,
Nor turn aside thy people's prayer.
- 3 Avert thy swift descending stroke,
Nor smite the shepherd of the flock,
Lest o'er the barren waste we stray,
To prowling wolves an easy prey.
- 4 Restore him sinking to the grave,
Stretch out thy arm, make haste to save ;
Back to our hopes and wishes give,
And bid our friend and father live.
- 5 Bound to each soul by tenderest ties,
In every breast his image lies,
Thy pitying aid, O God, impart,
Nor rend him from each bleeding heart.
- 6 Yet if our supplications fail,
And prayers and tears can nought prevail,
Condemn'd on this dark desert coast,
To mourn our much lov'd Leader lost.

- 7 Be thou his strength, be thou his stay,
Support him through the gloomy way,
Comfort his soul, surround his bed,
And guide him through the dreary shade.
- 8 Around him may the angels wait,
Deck'd with their robes of heavenly state,
To teach his happy soul to rise,
And waft him to his native skies.

H Y M N CCCCXII.

Jacob gathered up his feet, &c. Gen. xlix. 33.

- 1 **S**HRINKING from the cold hand of death,
I too shall gather up my feet,
Shall soon resign this fleeting breath,
And die, my father's God to meet.
- 2 Number'd among thy people, I
Expect with joy thy face to see;
Because thou didst for sinners die,
Jesus, in death remember me.
- 3 Oh that without a lingering groan,
I may the welcome word receive!
My body with my charge lay down,
And cease at once to work and live.

H Y M N CCCCXII.

All Flesh is Grass. Isaiah xl. 6, 7, 8.

- **T**HE morning flowers display their sweets,
And gay their silken leaves unfold,

As

As careless of the noon-day heats,
And fearless of the evening cold.

- 2 Nipt by the wind's unkindly blast,
Parch'd by the sun's directer ray,
The momentary glories waste,
The short-liv'd beauties die away.
- 3 So blooms the human face-divine,
When youth it's pride of beauty shows :
Fairer than spring the colours shine,
And sweeter than the virgin-rose.
- 4 Or worn by slowly-rolling years,
Or broke by sickness in a day ;
The fading glory disappears,
The short-liv'd beauties die away.
- 5 Yet these, new rising from the tomb,
With lustre brighter far shall shine ;
Revive with ever-during bloom,
Safe from diseases and decline.
- 6 Let sickness blast, and death devour,
If heaven must recompense our pains ;
Perish the grass, and fade the flower,
If firm the word of God remains.

H Y M N CCCCXIV.

I know that, &c. Job xix. 25, 26, 27.

- 1 **I** KNOW that my Redeemer lives,
He lives, and on the earth shall stand ;
And,

And, though to worms my flesh he gives,
My dust lies number'd in his hand.

- 2 In this re-animated clay,
I surely shall behold him near ;
Shall see him, at the latter day,
In all his majesty appear.
- 3 I feel what then shall raise me up,
The eternal Spirit lives in me ;
This is my confidence of hope,
That God I face to face shall see.
- 4 My own, and not another's eyes,
The King shall in his beauty view ;
I shall from him receive the prize,
The crown, to his obedience due.
- 5 Even now I taste that bliss divine,
The glorious joy of angels prove ;
A whole eternity is mine,
A whole eternity of love !

H Y M N C C C C X V .

I heard a Voice from Heaven, &c. Rev. xiv. 13.

- 1 **H**ARK ! from heaven a voice I hear !
Sweet it vibrates in my ear,
Joyful news to mortals brings
From the immortal *King of kings*.
- 2 " Blessed are the dead who rest,
On the dear Redeemer's breast ;
Peaceful in his arms they lie,
Happy in their Lord they die ! "

- 3 Death, an harbinger of peace,
Brings to them a sweet release ;
Wash'd in Christ's atoning blood,
Straight they mount they fly to God !
- 4 Angels bear them on their wing,
While the heavenly convoy sing ;
" Welcome to the promis'd rest,
Welcome to your Saviour's breast !"
- 5 *Salem* ope's it's pearly gates,
Where the *Mediator* waits,
Waits to clasp them to his heart,
Waits a kingdom to impart.
- 6 Now they walk the *golden-street*,
Where their once-lov'd friends they meet,
Palms they all triumphant bear,
Emblems of their victory here.
- 7 Glorious as the sun they shine,
Deck'd with garments all-divine,
Crowns of gold their heads adorn,
Brighter than the blushing morn.
- 8 Now the storm's for ever o'er,
Now they've gain'd the blissful shore,
Where, throughout the happy plains,
Peace uninterrupted reigns.
- 9 More than conquerors through the *Lamb*,
They his victories now proclaim ;
Cast their crowns before the throne,
Sav'd by rich free grace alone.

- 10 Loft in wonder now they gaze,
On the dear Immanuel's face ;
While as ages roll along,
Jesus still is all their song.

H Y M N CCCCXVI.

My Presence shall go with thee. Ex. xxxiii 14.

- 1 **D**EATH cannot make my soul afraid,
If God be with me there :
Soft is the passage through the shade,
And all the prospect fair.

- 2 Might I but climb to *Pisgah's* top,
And view the promis'd land,
My soul would long her flesh to drop,
And pray for the command.

- 3 I would renounce my all below,
If my Creator bid ;
And run, if I were call'd to go,
And die as Moses did.

- 4 Jesus, the vision of thy face
Hath overpowering charms :
Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace,
If Christ be in my arms.

- 5 Swift to the place of pure delight,
Where saints triumphant reign ;
My soul shall wing her joyful flight,
From sorrow, sin, and pain.

6 There

- 6 There everlasting spring abides,
 And never-withering flowers :
 Death, like a narrow stream, divides
 This heavenly land from ours.
- 7 Could I but climb where Moses stood,
 And view the landscape o'er ;
 Not death's dark vale, or icy flood,
 Should fright me from the shore.
- 8 Clasp'd in my heavenly Father's arms,
 I would forget to breathe ;
 And lose my life amidst the charms
 Of so divine a death.

H Y M N CCCCXVII.

Job. xiv. 14. Isaiah xxv. 8. Rev. vii. 9.—xxii. 1, 2.

- 1 **A**ND let this feeble body fail,
 And let it faint or die,
 My soul shall quit the mournful vale,
 And soar to worlds on high ;
- 2 Shall join the disembodied saints,
 And find it's long-sought rest,
 That only bliss for which it pants
 In the Redeemer's breast.
- 3 In hope of that immortal crown
 I now the cross sustain,
 And gladly wander up and down,
 And smile at toil and pain.
- 4 I suffer my appointed years,
 Till my Deliverer come,

And

And wipe away his servant's tears,
And take his exile home.

- 5 Oh what has Jesus bought for me !
Before my ravish'd eyes
Rivers of life divine I see,
And trees of paradise !
- 6 I see a world of spirits bright,
Who taste the pleasures there !
They all are rob'd in spotless white,
And conquering palms they bear.
- 7 Oh what are all my sufferings here,
If, Lord, thou count me meet
With that enraptur'd host to appear,
And worship at thy feet.
- 8 Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life or friends away :
But let me find them all again
In that eternal day.

H Y M N CCCCXVIII.

- 1 **T**O that Jerusalem above
With joy will I repair,
While in the flesh, my hope and love,
My heart and soul are there.
- 2 There my exalted Saviour stands,
My merciful High-priest,
And still extends his wounded hands
To take me to his breast.

3 What

- 3 What is there here to court my stay,
To hold me back from home,
While angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come ?
- 4 For should I suddenly remove,
That hidden life to share ;
I shall not lose my friends above,
But more enjoy them there.
- 5 There we in Jesu's praise shall join,
His boundless love proclaim,
And solemnize in songs divine
The marriage of the Lamb.
- 6 Oh what a blessed hope is ours !
While here on earth we stay,
Ev'n now we taste the heavenly powers,
And antedate that day.
- 7 We feel the resurrection near,
Our life in Christ conceal'd,
And with his glorious presence here
Our vessels shall be fill'd.

HYMN CCCCXIX.

The Christian departing.

- 1 **H**APPY soul, thy days are ended,
All thy mourning days below ;
Go, by angel-guards attended,
To the sight of Jesus go.

- 2 Waiting to receive thy Spirit,
Lo ! the Saviour stands above,
Shews the purchase of his merit,
Reaches out the crown of love.
- 3 Struggle through thy latest passion,
To thy dear Redeemer's breast,
To his uttermost salvation,
To his everlasting rest.
- 4 For the joy he sets before thee,
Bear a momentary pain,
Die, to live the life of glory,
Suffer, with thy Lord to reign.

H Y M N CCCCXX.

Burial of a Christian.

- 1 **W**HY do we mourn departed friends,
Or shake at death's alarms ?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to his arms.
- 2 Are we not tending upward too,
As fast as time can move ?
Why should we wish the hours more slow
To keep us from our love ?
- 3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb ?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a sweet perfume !

- 4 The graves of all his saints he blest,
And softened every bed ;
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying head ?
- 5 Thence he arose, ascending high,
And shew'd our feet the way :
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,
At the great rising day.
- 6 To all who his appearing love
He opens paradise ;
And we shall join the hosts above,
And we shall gain the prize.
- 7 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise ;
Awake, ye nations, under ground,
Ye saints, ascend the skies.

H Y M N CCCCXXI.

Triumph over Death, in hope of the Resurrection.

- 1 **A**ND must this body die ?
This well-wrought frame decay ?
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mouldering in the clay ?
- 2 Corruption, earth, and worms
Shall but refine this flesh,
'Till my triumphant spirit comes
To put it on afresh.

3 God, my Redeemer lives,
 And often from the skies
 Looks down, and watches all my dust,
 Till he shall bid it rise.

4 Array'd in glorious grace,
 Shall these vile bodies shine,
 And every shape, and every face
 Be heavenly and divine.

5 These lively hopes we owe,
 Lord, to thy dying love;
 May we adore thy grace below,
 And sing thy power above.

6 Saviour, accept the praise
 Of these our humble songs,
 'Till tunes of nobler sound we raise
 With our immortal tongues.

H Y M N CCCCXXII.

The Christian departed.

1 **T**IS finish'd, 'tis done! the spirit is fled!
 The prisoner is gone, the christian is dead!
 The christian is living in Jesus's love,
 And gladly receiving a kingdom above.

2 All honour and praise are Jesus's due:
 Supported by grace, *he* fought *his* way through;
 Triumphantly glorious, through Jesus's zeal,
 And more than victorious o'er sin, death, and hell.

3 Then

3 Then let us record the conquering name,
Our Captain and Lord with shoutings proclaim:
Who trust in his passion, and follow our head,
To certain salvation we all shall be led.

4 O Jesus ! lead on thy militant care,
And give us the crown of righteousness there :
Where, dazzled with glory, the seraphim gaze,
Or prostrate adore thee in silence of praise.

5 Thou, Lord, wilt display thy sign in the sky,
And bear us away to mansions on high ;
Wilt give us the kingdom, the purchase divine,
And crown us in heaven eternally thine.

H Y M N CCCCXXIII.

1 **R**EJOICE for a *brother* deceas'd,
Our loss is *his* infinite gain ;
A soul out of prison releas'd,
And freed from his bodily chain ;
With songs let us follow *his* flight,
And mount with *his* spirit above,
Escap'd to the mansions of light,
And lodg'd in the Eden of love.

2 Our *brother* the haven hath gain'd,
Out-flying the tempest and wind,
His rest *he* hath sooner obtain'd,
And left *his* companions behind ;
Still toss'd on a sea of distress,
Hard toiling to make the blest shore,
Where all is assurance and peace,
And sorrow and sin are no more.

- 3 There all the ship's company meet,
 Who sail'd with the Saviour beneath,
 With shouting each other they greet,
 And triumph o'er trouble and death :
 The voyage of life's at an end,
 The mortal affliction is past,
 The age, that in heaven they spend,
 For ever and ever shall last.

HYMN CCCCXXIV.

- 1 **H**OSANNAH to Jesus on high !
 Another is enter'd *his* rest,
 Another is 'scap'd to the sky,
 And lodg'd in Immanuel's breast.
 The soul of our *sister* is gone
 To heighten the triumph above,
 Exalted to Jesus's throne,
 And clasp'd in the arms of his love.
- 2 How happy the angels that fall
 Transported at Jesus's name ;
 The saints whom he soonest shall call
 To share in the feast of the Lamb !
 No longer imprison'd in clay,
 Who next from his dungeon shall fly,
 Who first shall be summon'd away—
 My merciful God—is it I ?
- 3 O Jesus, if this be thy will,
 That suddenly I should depart,
 Thy counsel of mercy reveal,
 And whisper the call to my heart ;

Oh give me a signal to know,
 If soon thou wouldst have me remove,
 And leave the dull body below,
 And fly to the regions of love.

H Y M N C C C C X X V .

1 **L**O! the prisoner is releas'd,
 Lighten'd of *his* fleshly load ;
 Where the weary are at rest,
 He is gather'd into God !
 Lo ! the pain of life is past,
 All *his* warfare now is o'er ;
 Death and hell behind are cast,
 Grief and suffering are no more !

2 Yes, the christian's course is run,
 Ended is the glorious strife ;
 Fought the fight, the work is done,
 Death is swallow'd up of life :
 Borne by angels on their wings,
 Far from earth the spirit flies,
 Finds *his* God, and sits, and sings,
 Triumphant in paradise.

3 Join we then with one accord,
 In the new, the joyful song ;
 Absent from our loving Lord
 We shall not continue long :
 We shall quit the house of clay,
 We a better lot shall share ;
 We shall see the realms of day,
 Meet our happy *brother* there.

- 4 Let the world bewail their dead,
 Fondly of their loss complain ;
Brother, friend, by Jesus freed,
 Death to thee, to us, is gain ;
 Thou art enter'd into joy :
 Let the unbelievers mourn ;
 We in songs our lives employ,
 Till we all to God return.

H Y M N C C C C X X V I .

Blessed are the Dead, &c. Rev. xiv. 13.

- 1 **H**ARK! a voice divides the sky!
 Happy are the faithful dead,
 In the Lord who sweetly die,
 They from all their toils are freed!
 Them the Spirit hath declar'd
 Blest, unutterably blest ;
 Jesus is their great reward,
 Jesus is their endless rest.
- 2 Follow'd by their works they go,
 Where their head had gone before,
 Reconcil'd by grace below,
 Grace had open'd mercy's door :
 Justified through faith alone,
 Here they knew their sins forgiven ;
 Here they laid their burden down,
 Hallow'd, and made fit for heaven.
- 3 Born into the world above,
 Angels now our *brother* greet,
 Bear *him* to the throne of love,
 Place *him* at the Saviour's feet:

Jesus

Jefus fmiles and fays, “ Well done !
 “ Good and faithful fervant thou !
 “ Enter, and receive thy crown,
 “ Reign with me triumphant now.”

- 4 Angels catch the approving found,
 Bow, and blefs the juft award ;
 Hail the heir with glory crown’d,
 Now rejoicing with the Lord :
 Fuller joys ordain’d to know,
 Waiting for the general doom,
 When the archangel’s trump fhall blow,
 “ Rife, ye dead, to judgment come.”

H Y M N CCCCXXVII.

Behold, the Bridegroom cometh. Matt. xxv. 7.

- 1 **H**EARKEN to the folemn voice,
 The awful midnight cry ;
 Waiting fouls, rejoice, rejoice,
 And fee the bridegroom nigh !
 Lo ! he comes to keep his word,
 Light and joy his looks impart ;
 Go ye forth to meet your Lord,
 And meet him in your heart.

- 2 Ye, who faint beneath your load
 Of fin, your heads lift up ;
 See your dear redeeming God,
 He comes, and bids you hope :
 In the midnight of your grief,
 Jefus doth his mourners cheer ;
 Lo ! he brings you fure relief !
 Believe, and feel him here !

3 Ye,

- 3 Ye, whose lives are girt, stand forth !
Whose lamps are burning bright,
Worthy in your Saviour's worth,
To walk with Christ in light :
Jesus bids your hearts be clean,
Bids you all his promise prove ;
Jesus comes to cast out sin,
And perfect you in love.
- 4 Wait we all in patient hope,
'Till Christ the Judge shall come ;
We shall soon be all caught up
To meet the general doom ;
In an hour to us unknown,
As a thief in deepest night,
Christ shall suddenly come down
With all his saints in light.
- 5 Happy he, whom Christ shall find
Watching to see him come ;
Him the Judge of all mankind
Shall bear triumphant home :
Who can answer to his word ?
Which of you dares meet his day ?
" Rise, and come to judgment,"—Lord,
We rise, and come away :

H Y M N CCCCXXVIII.

- 1 **H**APPY who in Jesus live,
But happier still are they
Who to God their spirits give,
And 'scape from earth away :

Lord,

Lord, thou read'st the panting heart,
 Lord, thou hear'st the praying sigh,
 Oh 'tis better to depart,
 'Tis better far to die.

2 Yet if so thy will ordain
 For our companions' good,
 Let us in the flesh remain,
 And meekly bear the load.
 When we have our grief fill'd up,
 When we all our works have done,
 Late partakers of our hope,
 And sharers of thy throne.

3 To thy wise and gracious will
 We quietly submit,
 Waiting for redemption still,
 But waiting at thy feet :
 When thou wilt the blessing give,
 Call us up thy face to see,
 Only let thy servants live,
 And let us die to thee.

H Y M N CCCCXXIX.

Prospect of Heaven.

1 **H**OW happy then are we,
 Who build, O Lord, on thee !
 What can our foundation shock ?
 Though the shatter'd earth remove,
 Stands our city on a rock,
 On a rock of heavenly love.

2 A house

- 2 A house we call our own,
 Which cannot be o'erthrown ;
 In the general ruin sure,
 Storms and earthquakes it defies :
 Built immoveably secure,
 Built eternal in the skies.
- 3 High on Immanuel's land,
 We see the fabric stand,
 From a tottering world remove,
 To our steadfast mansion there :
 Our inheritance above
 Cannot pass from heir to heir.
- 4 Those amaranthine* bowers,
 Unalienably ours,
 Bloom our infinite reward ;
 Rise, our permanent abode ;
 From the founded world prepar'd,
 Purchas'd by the blood of God.
- 5 Oh ! might we quickly find
 The place for us design'd ;
 See the long-expected day
 Of our full redemption here !
 Let the shadows flee away !
 Let the new-made world appear !
- 6 High on thy great white throne,
 O king of saints, come down !
 In the new Jerusalem,
 Now triumphantly descend ;
 Let the final trump proclaim
 Joys begun, which ne'er shall end.

HYMN

* *Unfading.* 1 Pet. i. 4.

HYMN CCCCXXX.

Rev. i. 7.

- 1 **N**OT all the Archangels can tell
 The joys of that holiest place,
 Where Jesus is pleas'd to reveal
 The light of his heavenly face ;
 Where caught in the rapturous flame
 The sight beatific they prove,
 And walk in the light of the Lamb,
 And bask in the beams of his love.
- 2 Who then upon earth can conceive,
 The bliss that in heaven they share :
 Who then this dark world would not leave,
 And cheerfully die to be there ?
 'Tis good at thy word to be here,
 'Tis better in thee to be gone,
 And see thee in glory appear,
 And rise to a share of thy throne.
- 3 To mourn for thy coming is sweet,
 To weep at thy longer delay :
 But thou whom we haiten to meet
 Shalt chase all our sorrows away :
 The tears shall be wip'd from our eyes
 When thee we behold in the cloud,
 And echo the joys of the skies,
 And shout to the trumpet of God.

HYMN CCCCXXXI.

Rev. xxi. 10, 11, 22, 23.

1 **A**WAY with our sorrow and fear!
 We soon shall recover our home;
 The city of saints shall appear,
 The day of eternity come:
 From earth we shall quickly remove,
 And mount to our native abode,
 The house of our Father above,
 The palace of angels and God.

2 Our mourning is all at an end,
 When rais'd by the life-giving word,
 We see the new city descend,
 Adorn'd as a bride for her Lord;
 The city so holy and clean,
 No sorrow can breathe in the air;
 No gloom of affliction or sin,
 No shadow of evil is there!

3 By faith we already behold
 That lovely Jerusalem, here,
 Her walls are of jasper and gold,
 As crystal her buildings are clear;
 Immovably founded in grace,
 She stands as she ever hath stood,
 And brightly her builder displays
 And flames with the glory of God.

4 No need of the sun in that day,
 Which never is follow'd by night,
 Where Jesus's beauties display
 A pure and a permanent light:

The

The Lamb is their light and their sun,
 And lo! by reflection they shine,
 With Jesus ineffably one,
 And bright in effulgence divine!

- 5 The saints in his presence receive
 Their great and eternal reward,
 In Jesus, in heaven they live,
 They reign in the smile of their Lord:
 The flame of angelical love
 Is kindled at Jesus's face;
 And all the enjoyments above
 Consist in the rapturous gaze.

H Y M N CCCCXXXII.

Here we have no continuing City. Heb. xiii. 14.

- 1 **L**EADER of faithful souls, and guide
 Of all that travel to the sky,
 Come, and with us, even us abide,
 Who would on thee alone rely:
 On thee alone our spirits stay,
 While held in life's uneven way.

- 2 Strangers and pilgrims here below,
 This earth we know is not our place,
 And hasten through the vale of woe,
 And restless to behold thy face:
 Swift to our heavenly country move,
 Our everlasting home above.

- 3 We've no abiding city here,
 But seek a city out of sight,
 Thither our steady course we steer,
 Aspiring to the plains of light;

Jerusalem, the saints' abode,
Whose founder is the living God.

- 4 Patient the appointed race to run,
This weary world we cast behind,
From strength to strength we travel on,
The New Jerusalem to find;
Our labour this, our only aim,
To find the New Jerusalem.
- 5 Through thee, who all our sins hast borne,
Freely and graciously forgiven,
With songs to Zion we return,
Contending for our native heaven;
That palace of our glorious king,
We find it nearer while we sing.
- 6 Rais'd by the breath of love divine,
We urge our way with strength renew'd,
The church of the first-born to join,
We travel to the mount of God;
With joy upon our heads arise,
And meet our captain in the skies.

H Y M N CCCCXXIII.

The God of Abraham.

- 1 **T**HE God of Abraham praise,
Who reigns enthron'd above;
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of Love.
Jehovah, great I AM!
By earth and heaven confest;
I bow and bless the sacred name,
For ever bless'd.

The

2 The God of Abraham praise,
 At whose supreme command,
 From earth I rise—and seek the joys
 At his right-hand :
 I all on earth forsake,
 It's wisdom, fame and power ;
 And him my only portion make,
 My shield and tower.

3 The God of Abraham praise,
 Whose all-sufficient grace
 Shall guide me all my happy days
 In all my ways :
 He calls a worm his friend !
 He calls himself my God !
 And he shall save me to the end,
 Through Jesu's blood.

4 He by himself hath sworn,
 I on his oath depend,
 I shall, on eagle's wings upborne,
 To heaven ascend :
 I shall behold his face,
 I shall his power adore,
 And sing the wonders of his grace
 For evermore.

H Y M N CCCCXXXIV. P. 2.

1 **T**HOUGH nature's strength decay,
 And earth and hell withstand,
 To Canaan's bounds I urge my way,
 At his command :
 The watery deep I pass,
 With Jesus in my view ;

And through the howling wilderness,
My way pursue.

- 2 The goodly land I see,
With peace and plenty blest'd ;
A land of sacred liberty,
And endless rest ;
There milk and honey flow,
And wine and oil abound,
And trees of life for ever grow,
With mercy crown'd.
- 3 There dwells the Lord our King,
The Lord our Righteousness ;
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
The Prince of peace :
On Zion's sacred height,
His kingdom still maintains ;
And glorious with his saints in light,
For ever reigns.
- 4 He keeps his own secure,
He guards them by his side,
Arrays in garments white and pure
His spotless bride :
With streams of sacred bliss,
With groves of living joys,
With all the fruits of paradise,
He still supplies.

HYMN CCCCXXXV. P. 3.

- 1 **B**EFORE the great Three-One
They all exulting stand ;

And

And tell the wonders he hath done,
 Through all their land :
 The list'ning spheres attend,
 And swell the growing fame ;
 And sing, in songs which never end,
 The wonderful name.

2 The God who reigns on high
 The great Arch-angels sing,
 And Holy, Holy, Holy, cry,
 Almighty King !
 Who was, and is, the same ;
 And evermore shall be ;
 Jehovah—Father—Great I AM !
 We worship Thee.

3 Before the Saviour's face
 The ransom'd nation's bow,
 O'erwhelm'd at his almighty grace,
 For ever new :
 He shews his prints of love——
 They kindle——to a flame !
 And sound through all the worlds above,
 The slaughter'd Lamb.

4 The whole triumphant host
 Give thanks to God on high ;
 Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 They ever cry :
 Hail, Abraham's God—and mine !
 I join the heavenly lays,
 All might and majesty are thine,
 And endless praise.

HYMN CCCCXXXVI.

Desiring to love the Lord.

- 1 **O** Love divine, how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by thee?
Still may I pant and thirst to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me!
- 2 Stronger his love than death or hell;
It's riches are unfearchable :
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain it's depth to see ;
'They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, and breadth, and height.
- 3 God only knows the love of God ;
O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart !
For love I sigh, for love I pine :
'This only portion, Lord, be mine !
Be mine this better part !
- 4 O that I could for ever sit
With Mary at the Master's feet !
Be this my happy choice :
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth be this,
To hear the bridegroom's voice !
- 5 O that I could, with favour'd John,
Recline my weary head upon

The

'The dear Redeemer's breast !
 From care, and sin, and sorrow free,
 Give me, O Lord, to find in thee
 My everlasting rest !

- 6 Thy only love may I require,
 Nothing on earth beneath desire,
 Nothing in heaven above !
 Let earth and all it's trifles go,
 Give me, O Lord, thy love to know,
 Give me thy only love.

H Y M N CCCCXXXVII.

Desiring to join the celestial Choir.

- 1 **O**H might I with thy saints aspire,
 The meanest of that dazzling choir,
 Who chant thy praise above ;
 Mixt with the bright musician-band,
 May I a heavenly harper stand,
 And sing the song of love.
- 2 What extasy of bliss is there,
 While all the angelic concert share
 And drink the floating joys !
 What more than extasy, when all,
 Struck to the golden pavement, fall
 At Jesu's glorious voice !
- 3 Jesus ! the heaven of heavens he is,
 The soul of harmony and bliss ;
 And while on him we gaze,
 And while his glorious voice we hear,
 Our spirits are all eye, all ear,
 And silence speaks his praise.

- 4 Oh might I die that awe to prove,
That prostrate awe which dares not move
Before the great Three-One ;
To shout by turns the bursting joy,
And all eternity employ
In songs around the throne.

HYMN CCCCXXXVIII.

God's Love to the World. John iii. 16.

- 1 **S**ING to the Lord a new melodious song ;
Assist the choir, ye tribes of every tongue :
Wide as the world his sovereign mercy reigns ;
Wide as the world resound the rapturous strains ;
Ye angels, join the joyful acclamation,
And sing the love, that brings to men salvation.
- 2 His gracious eye beheld in full survey
Where Adam's race in helpless ruin lay :
No human aid the danger could avert ;
No angel's hand could sooth the raging smart ;
In his own breast divine compassion rises,
And the grand scheme the court of heaven surprises.
- 3 God's only Son with peerless glory bright,
His father's fairest image and delight,
Justice and grace the victim have decreed
To wear our flesh, and in that flesh to bleed.
Prostrate in dust, ye sinners, all adore him,
And tremble, while your hearts rejoice before him.
- 4 The wonderful work is done ; the covenant stood,
And Jesus expiates human guilt with blood ;
Nail'd to the tree he bows his sacred head ;
A mangled corpse he sojourns with the dead ;
Rising

Rising, the gospel sends through every nation ;
Sinners believe, and gain complete salvation.

- 5 Father of grace, accept our humble praise ;
Oh let it run through everlasting days !
And thou, blest Saviour, spotless Lamb of God,
Accept the souls dear-ransom'd with thy blood ;
And to those songs form all our feeble voices,
In which the choir round thy bright throne rejoices.

H Y M N CCCCXXXIX.

Redeeming Love.

- 1 **N**OW begin the heavenly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesu's name ;
Ye, who Jesu's kindness prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.

- 2 Ye, who see the Father's grace,
Beaming in the Saviour's face ;
As to *Canaan* on ye move,
Praise and blest redeeming love.

- 3 Mourning souls, draw up your tears,
Banish all your guilty fears ;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancell'd by redeeming love.

- 4 Ye, alas ! who long have been
Willing slaves of death and sin ;
Now from bliss no longer rove,
Stop—and taste redeeming love.

- 5 Welcome all by sin oppress'd,
Welcome all to Jesus Christ ;
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.
- 6 He subdu'd the infernal powers,
His tremendous foes and ours,
From their cursed empire drove,
Mighty in redeeming love.
- 7 Hither then your music bring,
Strike aloud each joyful string ;
Mortals join the host above,
Join to praise redeeming love.

H Y M N CCCCXL.

Way to Canaan.

- 1 JESUS, my all, to heaven is gone,
He, whom I fix my hopes upon;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till him I view.
- 2 The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment,
The King's highway of holiness
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.
- 3 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourn'd, because I found it not,
My grief a burden long has been,
Because I could not cease from sin.
- 4 The more I strove against it's power,
I sinn'd, and stumbled but the more,

Till

Till late I heard my Saviour say,
Come hither, soul, "*I am the way.*"

5 Lo! glad I come, and thou, blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee, as I am :
Nothing but sin I thee can give,
Nothing but love shall I receive.

6 Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found,
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, "*Behold the way to God.*"

H Y M N CCCCXLI.

The Lord our Righteousness. Jer. xxiii. 6.

1 JESUS, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress ;
'Midst flaming worlds, in these array'd,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

2 When from the dust of death I rise,
To claim my mansion in the skies ;
Ev'n then shall this be all my plea,
"*Jesus hath liv'd and died for me.*"

3 Bold shall I stand in that great day,
For who ought to my charge shall lay ?
Fully through thee absolv'd I am
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

4 Thus Abraham, the friend of God,
Thus all the armies bought with blood,
Saviour of sinners, thee proclaim ;
Sinners, of whom the chief I am.

- 5 This spotless robe the same appears,
 When ruin'd nature sinks in years ;
 No age can change it's glorious hue,
 The grace of Christ is ever new.
- 6 Oh let the dead now hear thy voice !
 Now bid thy banish'd ones rejoice !
 Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
 Jesus, *the Lord our righteousness !*

H Y M N CCCCXLII.

God glorified, and Sinners saved.

- 1 **F**ATHER, how wide thy glory shines !
 How high thy wonders rise !
 Known through the earth by thousand signs,
 By thousands through the skies.
- 2 Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power ;
 Their motions speak thy skill :
 And on the wings of every hour,
 We read thy patience still.
- 3 Part of thy name divinely stands,
 On all thy creatures writ,
 They shew the labour of thy hands,
 Or impress of thy feet.
- 4 But when we view thy strange design
 To save rebellious worms ;
 Where vengeance and compassion join
 In their divinest forms :

5 Here

- 5 Here the whole Deity is known,
 Nor dares a creature guess
 Which of the glories brightest shone,
 The justice or the grace.
- 6 Now the full glories of the Lamb
 Adorn the heavenly plains,
 Bright seraphs learn *Immanuel's* name,
 And try their choicest strains.
- 7 Oh may I bear some humble part
 In that immortal song ;
 Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
 And love command my tongue.

H Y M N CCCCXLIII.

Divine Perfections.

- 1 **T**HE Lord Jehovah reigns,
 His throne is built on high ;
 The garments he assumes
 Are light and majesty ;
 His glories shine with beams so bright,
 No mortal eye can bear the sight.

- 2 The thunders of his hand
 Keep the wide world in awe ;
 His wrath and justice stand
 To guard his holy law :
 And where his love resolves to bless,
 His truth confirms and seals the grace.

- 3 Through all his mighty works,
 Amazing wisdom shines ;

Confounds the powers of hell,
 And breaks their dark designs.
 Strong is his arm, and shall fulfil
 His great decrees and sovereign will.

- 4 And can this sovereign King
 Of glory condescend,
 And will he write his name,
 My Father and my Friend !
 I love his name, I love his word,
 Join all my powers to praise the Lord !

H Y M N CCCCXLIV.

The Offices of CHRIST.

- 1 JOIN all the glorious names
 Of wisdom, love and power,
 That ever mortals knew,
 That angels ever bore ;
 All are too mean to speak thy worth,
 Too mean to set Thee, *Saviour*, forth.

- 2 But Oh what gentle terms,
 What condescending ways,
 Doth our *Redeemer* use,
 To teach his heavenly grace !
 My eyes with joy and wonder see
 What forms of love he bears for me.

- 3 Array'd in mortal flesh,
 Lo, the *Great Angel* stands,
 And holds the promises
 And pardons in his hands,
 Commission'd

Commission'd, from his Father's throne,
To make his grace to mortals known.

4 Great *Prophet* of my God,
My tongue shall bless thy name,
By thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came ;
The joyful news of sins forgiven,
Of hell subdu'd, and peace with heaven.

5 Be thou my *Counsellor*,
My *Pattern* and my *Guide* ;
And through this desert land
Still keep me near thy side.
Oh let my feet ne'er run astray,
Nor rove nor seek the crooked way.

HYMN CCCCXLV.

1 I Love my *Shepherd's* voice,
His watchful eyes shall keep
My wandering soul among
The thousands of his sheep.
He feeds his flock, he calls their names,
His bosom bears the tender lambs.

2 Jesus, my great *High Priest*,
Offer'd his blood and died ;
My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside.
His powerful blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.

3 O thou almighty Lord,
My *Conqueror* and my *King*,

Thy sceptre and thy sword,
Thy reigning grace I sing :
Thine is the power, behold I fit
In willing bonds before thy feet.

4 Now let my soul arise,
And tread the tempter down,
My *Captain* leads me forth
To conquest and a crown :
March on, nor fear to win the day,
Though death and hell obstruct the way.

5 Should all the hosts of death,
And powers of hell unknown,
Put their most dreadful forms
Of rage and mischief on ;
I shall be safe, for Christ displays
Superior power, and guardian grace.

H Y M N CCCCXLVI.

The Christian's Character.

1 **W**HO is as the christian great,
Bought, and wash'd with sacred blood,
Crowns he sees beneath his feet,
Soars aloft, and walks with God.

2 Who is as the christian wise !
He his nought for all hath given,
Bought the pearl of greatest price,
Nobly barter'd earth and heaven.

3 Who is as the christian blest,
He hath found the long-sought Stone,

He

He is join'd to Christ his rest,
He and happiness are one.

- 4 Earth and heaven together meet,
Gifts in him and graces join,
Make the character complete,
All immortal, all divine.
- 5 Lo ! his cloathing is the sun,
The bright sun of righteousness :
He hath put salvation on,
Jesus is his beauteous dress.
- 6 Lo ! he feeds on living bread,
Drinks the fountain from above,
Leans on Jesu's breast his head ;
Feasts for ever on his love.
- 7 Angels here his servants are,
Spread for him their golden wings,
To his throne of glory bear,
Seat him by the King of kings.

H Y M N CCCCXLVII.

I am not ashamed of the Gospel. Rom. i. 16.

- 1 **S**HALL I, for fear of feeble man,
The Spirit's course in me restrain ?
Or, undismay'd in deed and word
Be a true witness of my Lord ?
- 2 Aw'd by a mortal's frown, shall I
Conceal the word of God most high ?
How then before thee shall I dare
To stand, or how thy anger bear ?
- 3 Shall

- 3 Shall I, to sooth the unholy throng,
Softens thy truths, and smooth my tongue ?
To gain earth's gilded toys, or flee
The cross, endur'd, my God, by thee ?
- 4 What then is he, whose scorn I dread ?
Whose wrath or hate makes me afraid ?
A man ! an heir of death ! a slave
To sin ! a bubble on the wave !
- 5 Yea, let man rage ; since thou wilt spread
Thy shadowing wings around my head :
Since in all pain, thy tender love,
Will still my sure refreshment prove.
- 6 Saviour of men, thy searching eye
Doth all my inmost soul descry :
Doth ought on earth my wishes raise ?
Or the world's pleasure, or it's praise ?
- 7 The love of Christ doth me constrain,
To seek the wandering souls of men :
With cries, entreaties, tears to save,
To snatch them from the gaping grave.
- 8 For this let men revile my name,
No cross I shun, I fear no shame :
All hail, reproach, and welcome pain !
Only thy terrors, Lord, restrain.
- 9 My life, my blood, I here present !
If for thy truth they may be spent,
Fulfil thy sovereign counsel, Lord,
Thy will be done, thy name ador'd !

10 Give

- 10 Give me thy strength, O God of power ;
 Then let winds blow, or thunders roar ;
 Thy faithful witness will I be :
 'Tis fixt : I can do all through thee !

HYMN CCCCLVIII.

God exalted above above all Praise.

- 1 **E**TERNAL power, whose high abode
 Becomes the grandeur of a God,
 Infinite lengths, beyond the bounds
 Where stars revoive their little rounds.
- 2 Thee while the first archangel sings,
 He hides his face behind his wings ;
 And ranks of shining thrones around,
 Fall worshipping, and spread the ground.
- 3 Lord, what shall earth and ashes do ?
 We would adore our Maker too !
 From sin and dust to thee we cry,
 The Great, the Holy, and the High !
- 4 Earth from afar hath heard thy fame,
 And worms have learnt to lisp thy name ;
 But Oh ! the glories of thy mind
 Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.
- 5 God is in heaven, and men below :
 Be short our tunes ; our words be few !
 A solemn reverence checks our songs,
 And praise sits silent on our tongues.

HYMN

HYMN CCCCXLIX.

Come, Lord Jesus. Rev. xxii. 21.

1 **W**HEN shall thy lovely face be seen ?
 When shall our eyes behold our God ?
 What lengths of distance lie between ?
 And hills of guilt ? a heavy load !

2 Ye heavenly gates, loose all your chains,
 Let the eternal pillars bow,
 Blest Saviour, cleave the starry plains,
 And make the crystal mountains flow.

3 Hark ! how thy saints unite their cries,
 And pray and wait the general doom ?
 Come, Thou ! the soul of all our joys,
 Thou, the desire of nations, come !

4 Our heart-strings groan with deep complaint,
 Our flesh lies panting, Lord, for thee ;
 And every limb and every joint
 Stretches for immortality.

5 Soon shall our cheerful eyes survey
 The blazing earth and melting hills ;
 And smile to see the lightning play,
 And flash along before thy wheels.

6 Hark ! what a shout of violent joys
 Joins with the mighty trumpet's sound !
 The angel herald shakes the skies,
 Awakes the graves, and tears the ground.

7 Ye

- 7 Ye slumbering saints, a heavenly host
 Stands waiting at your gaping tombs ;
 Let every sacred, sleeping dust
 Leap into life ; for Jesus comes.
- 8 Jesus, the God of might and love,
 New-moulds our limbs of cumberous clay,
 Quick as seraphic flames we move,
 To reign with him in endless day.

H Y M N C C C C L .

How dreadful is this place. Gen. xxviii. 16, 17.

- 1 **L**O! God is here, let us adore,
 And own, how dreadful is this place!
 Let all within us feel his power,
 And silent bow before his face!
 Who know his power, his grace who prove,
 Serve him with awe, with reverence love.
- 2 Lo, God is here ! him day and night
 United choirs of angels sing :
 To him enthron'd above all height,
 Heaven's host their noblest praises bring :
 Disdain not, Lord, our meaner song,
 Who praise thee with a stammering tongue.
- 3 Gladly the toys of earth we leave,
 Wealth, pleasure, fame, for thee alone :
 To thee our will, soul, flesh we give ;
 Oh ! take, Oh ! seal them for thy own :
 Thou art the God : thou art the Lord :
 Be thou by all thy works ador'd !

- 4 Being of beings, may our praise
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill ;
Still may we stand before thy face,
Still hear and do thy sovereign will ;
To thee may all our thoughts arise,
Ceaseless, accepted sacrifice !

H Y M N C C C C L I .

The House of God. Gen. xxviii. 17.

- 1 **I**N heavenly majesty and grace,
When God doth to his church appear,
We cry, how dreadful is this place !
With holy joy, and humble fear
That dares not in his presence move,
Our souls adore his glorious love.
- 2 Our hearts o'erflow with praise and prayer
Whene'er he doth his Son reveal,
His presence makes a Bethel here,
His glory doth the temple fill,
We find in Christ to sinners given,
The house of God, the gate of heaven !

H Y M N C C C C L I I .

My Son give me thy Heart. Prov. xxiii. 26.

- 1 **J**ESUS, thou dost not sue in vain,
Or ask what I can never give :
Thyself hast plac'd the power in man
His proffer'd Saviour to receive ;
While knocking at the door, Thou art,
And sayest, " *My Son give me thy heart !*"
- 2 Come

- 2 Come in, thou suppliant divine,
 I hear thy voice, and open now :
 Take my poor heart, no longer mine,
 Enter with all thy fulness, thou ;
 Take my poor heart, ('tis all thy own)
 And never leave thy humble throne.

H Y M N CCCCLIII.

Behold, the Bridegroom cometh. Matt. xxv. 6.

- 1 **H**E comes! the heavenly bridegroom comes,
 Preceded by the midnight cry!
 Sinners and saints forsake their tombs,
 Go forth, and meet him in the sky.
- 2 How dreadful is the sinner's fate,
 Who wakes at last to sleep no more,
 Who knocks and calls, alas ! too late,
 When death *for ever* shuts the door.
- 3 To seal the universal doom
 The Son of man shall bow the sky,
 With all his holy angels come,
 With all his Father's majesty !
- 4 All nations in that day shall meet,
 Arraign'd at his tremendous bar,
 Behold him on his glorious seat :
 And, O my soul, shall I be there !
- 5 Most gracious, most tremendous Lord,
 The sentence which proceeds from thee,
 For punishment, as for reward,
 Must stand through all eternity.

N n

6 Ah !

- 6 Ah! give me *now* thy voice to hear,
Which calls in mercy so divine,
That, when thou dost as judge appear,
Thou may'st acknowledge *me* for thine.

H Y M N CCCCLIV.

As the Shadow of a great Rock. Isaiah xxxii.

- 1 **E**TERNAL rock, project thy shade,
Extend to me thy friendly aid,
While at thy foot, a sinner I,
Weary, and spent, and dying lie.
- 2 Covered by thee, my soul would rest
With pardon and salvation blest,
'Till through thy riven side I rise,
And meet my Saviour in the skies.
- 3 That hiding-place I long to find,
That sacred covert from the wind ;
Thou man of grief, thou God of love,
Receive and keep my soul above.
- 4 Conceal me from the furious blast
Till all the storms of life are past,
Or let the latest tempest come,
And drive me to my heavenly home.

H Y M N CCCCLV.

- 1 **J**ESUS, guard thy gathered sheep
Who thy voice begin to know ;

Day

Day and night in safety keep,
 Help us after them to go :
 Eyeing them with fix'd regard,
 By thy word and Spirit led,
 Walk we in the works prepar'd,
 Close in all thy footsteps tread.

2 In thy pilgrimage with men,
 (Objects of thy constant care)
 Thou didst all their grief sustain,
 Labouring, watching unto prayer :
 Thou whole nights in prayer didst spend,
 On the mount for us employ'd,
 Prompt the helpless to defend,
 Prevalent with man and God.

3 By no private wants compell'd,
 Only love inspir'd thy breast,
 Love thy steady hands upheld,
 Love inforc'd the kind request :
 And shall we refuse to join,
 We who all the good receive,
 Reap the fruit of toil divine,
 By the prayer of Jesus live ?

4 Jesus, hear our earnest cry,
 Execute thy love's design ;
 Bring thy great salvation nigh,
 Claim a ransom'd world for thine :
 Take the purchase of thy blood,
 (Blood that speaks our sins forgiven ;)
 Let it bring us near to God,
 Let it pray us up to heaven !

HYMN CCCCLVI.

John i. 12.

- 1 **T**HEE, Jesus, full of truth and grace,
 My God, my Saviour, I embrace,
 To all thy creatures given,
 My Prophet, Priest, and King receive,
 And in thy only name believe,
 For pardon, grace and heaven.
- 2 Sole self-existing God, I own
 The merit of thy death alone
 Hath ransom'd all mankind,
 And every dying slave in thee,
 With peace and perfect liberty,
 May life eternal find.
- 3 Light of my soul, I follow thee,
 In humble faith on earth to see
 Thy perfect day of love,
 And then, with all thy saints in light,
 To gain the beatific sight
 Which makes their heaven above.

HYMN CCCCLVII.

The Lord's Day.

- 1 **T**HE Lord is risen indeed,
 And bids his members rise !
 Ye saints, by Jesus freed,
 Pursue him to the skies :

This

This is the day the Lord hath made;
Rejoice, and be for ever glad.

2 On this triumphant day
Peculiarly his own,
He calls his church to pray,
And sing around his throne;
To vie with the redeem'd above,
Rejoicing in his pardoning love.

3 Jesus, to us impart
Thy resurrection's power,
And teach our quicken'd heart
It's living Lord to adore,
To vie with the redeem'd above,
Rejoicing in thy pardoning love.

4 Us by thy peace assure
Thou dost our sins forgive,
And then our spirits pure
Unto thyself receive,
To keep the day of rest above,
Rejoicing in thy heavenly love.

H Y M N CCCCLVIII.

The Resurrection.

1 **H**AIL, the happy morn so glorious!
Come, ye saints, your grief give o'er;
Sing how Jesus rose victorious,

By his own almighty power :
Hallelujah
 To the glorious Son of God.

2 Tell us, seraphs, ye that wonder'd,
 When ye saw the Lord arise;
 When ye saw him ascend ponder,
 What were then your heavenly joys ?
 It was glory,
 To the conquering King of Kings.

3 Countless bands of angels glorious,
 Climb'd in bright ethereal blue ;
 Straight the sound of Christ victorious
 From their silver trumpets flew ;
 Christ triumphant
 Rides conqueror o'er the numb.

4 See, ye sinners, see the Saviour,
 Who was crowned with the thorn ?
 Glorious majesty and power,
 Now his hallow'd head adorns :
Hallelujah,
 That dear head no more shall bleed.

5 Is that he who died on Calvary,
 That was pierced with the spear ?
 Clo'd with countless fans of glory,
 See he rises through the air :
Hallelujah,
 Zion's mourners now rejoice.

6 Was the person then so sacred,
 Which the Jews thus marr'd and spoil'd ?
 Yes.

Yes, ye sinners, we own his Godhead :
 Though by some he's still reviled :
 All creation
 Soon shall own him Lord of all.

- 7 Tremble ye, who him rejected,
 Lo, he breaks through ponder cloud !
 Rise, ye sinners, and shout triumphant,
 Victory through Jesu's blood.
 Hark ! the trumpet
 Sounds the resurrection-morn.

HYMN CCCCXV.

The Lord's Day.

- 1 **T**HE Lord of sabbath let us praise
 In concert with the blest,
 Who joyful in harmonious lays
 Employ an endless rest.
- 2 Thus, Lord, while we remember thee,
 We blest and pious grow ;
 By hymns of praise we learn to be
 Triumphant here below.
- 3 On this glad day a brighter scene
 Of glory was display'd,
 By God, the eternal Word, than when
 This universe was made.
- 4 He rises, who mankind has bought
 With grief and pain extreme :
 'Twas great to speak the world from dought,
 'Twas greater to redeem.

HYMN

HYMN CCCCLX.

The Resurrection.

- 1 **T**HE sun of righteousness appears
To set in blood no more !
Adore the scatterer of your fears,
Your rising sun adore.
- 2 The saints, when he resign'd his breath
Unclos'd their sleeping eyes ;
He breaks again the bands of death,
Again the dead arise !
- 3 Alone the dreadful race he ran,
Alone the wine-press trod ;
He died and suffer'd as a man :
He rises as a God !
- 4 In vain the stone, the watch, the seal
Forbid an early rise
To him who breaks the gates of hell,
And opens paradise.

HYMN CCCCLXI.

A Prayer for Faith.

- 1 **F**ATHER, I stretch my hands to thee,
No other help I know :
If thou withdraw thyself from me !
Ah ! whither shall I go !
- 2 What did thy only Son endure
Before I drew my breath !

What

What pain, what labour to secure
My soul from endless death.

3 O Jesus, could I this believe,
I now should feel thy power ;
Now my poor soul thou wouldst retrieve,
Nor let me wait one hour.

4 Author of faith, to thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes ;
Oh let me now receive that gift :
My soul without it dies.

5 Surely thou canst not let me die !
Oh speak, and I shall live !
And here I will unwearied lie
Till thou thy Spirit give.

6 The worst of sinners would rejoice,
Could they but see thy face ;
Oh let me hear thy quickening voice,
And taste thy pardoning grace.

H Y M N CCCCLXII.

On the Crucifixion.

1 **F**ROM whence these dire portents around,
That earth and heaven amaze ?
Wherefore do earthquakes cleave the ground,
Why hides the sun his rays ?

2 See, streaming from the accursed tree,
His all-atoning blood !

Is this the infinite ! 'tis he,
My Saviour, and my God !

3 For me these pangs his soul assail,
For me the death is borne :
My sin gave sharpness to the nail,
And pointed every thorn.

4 Let sin no more my soul enslave !
Break, Lord, the tyrant's chain ;
Oh save me whom thou cam'st to save,
Nor bleed nor die in vain !

H Y M N CCCCLXIII.

Christ, my Redeemer.

1 **A**RT thou not, Lord, already mine ?
Answer if mine thou art !
Whisper within, thou love divine,
And cheer my drooping heart.

2 Oh tell me now my peace is made,
And bid the sinner live :
The debt's discharg'd, the ransom's paid,
My Father will forgive.

3 Behold, for me the victim bleeds,
His wounds are open'd wide ;
For me the blood of sprinkling pleads,
And speaks me justified.

4 Oh could I lose myself in thee !
Thy depth of mercy prove,

Thou

Thou vast unfathomable sea
Of unexhausted love !

5 My humbled soul, when thou art near,
In dust and ashes lies !
How shall a sinful worm appear,
Or meet thy purer eyes ?

6 I loath myself when God I see,
And into nothing fall :
Content, if thou exalted be,
And Christ be all in all.

H Y M N CCCCLXIV.

The Atonement.

1 **L**ORD, take my heart, and let it be
For ever clos'd to all but thee !
Seal thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love for ever there.

2 How blest are they who still abide
Close shelter'd in thy bleeding side !
Who life and strength from thence derive,
And by thee move, and in thee live !

3 What are our works but sin and death,
'Till thou thy quickening Spirit breathe !
Thou giv'st the power thy grace to move,
Oh wonderous grace ! Oh boundless love !

4 How can it be, thou heavenly King,
That thou shouldst us to glory bring ?

Make

Make slaves the partners of thy throne?
Deck'd with a never-fading crown?

- 5 Hence our hearts melt, our eyes o'erflow,
Our words are lost : nor will we know,
Nor will we think of ought beside
“ My Lord, my love is crucified.”

H Y M N CCCCLXV.

Ho! every one that thirsteth, &c. Isaiah lv. 1.

- 1 **H**O! every one that thirsts, draw nigh,
('Tis God invites the fallen race)
Mercy and free salvation buy,
Buy wine, and milk, and gospel grace.
- 2 Come to the living waters, come,
Sinners, obey your Maker's call,
Return, ye weary wanderers, home,
And find my grace reach'd out to all.
- 3 See from the rock a fountain rise !
For you in healing streams it rolls :
Money ye need not bring, nor price,
Ye labouring, burthen'd, sin-sick souls.
- 4 Nothing ye in exchange shall give :
Leave all you have, and are, behind :
Frankly the gift of God receive,
Pardon and peace in Jesus find.
- 5 In search of empty joys below,
Ye toil with unavailing strife :

Whither

Whither, ah ! whither would you go ?
I have the words of endless life.

- 6 I bid you all my goodness prove,
My promises for all are free :
Come, taste the manna of my love,
And let your soul delight in me.

HYMN CCCCLXVI.

Hope for Mercy.

- 1 **O** Jesus, of thee I enquire,
If still thou art able to save ;
The brand to pluck out of the fire,
And ransom my soul from the grave ;
The help of thy Spirit restore,
And shew me the life-giving blood :
And pardon a sinner once more ;
And bring me again unto God.
- 2 **O** Jesus, in pity draw near !
Come quickly to help a lost soul !
To comfort a mourner appear ;
To make a poor Lazarus whole
The balm of thy mercy apply :
(Thou see'st the sore anguish I feel)
Save, Lord, or I perish, I die !
Oh save, or I sink into hell !
- 3 I sink, if thou longer delay
Thy pardoning mercy to show :
Come quickly, and kindly display
The power of thy passion below !
By all thou hast done for my sake,
One drop of thy blood I implore !

Now, now let it touch me, and make
The sinner a sinner no more !

H Y M N CCCCLXVII.

Fear of offending.

- 1 **G**OD of all grace and majesty,
Supremely great and good,
If I have mercy found with thee,
Through the atoning blood ;
The guard of all thy mercies give,
And to my pardon join
A fear, lest I should ever grieve
The gracious Spirit divine.
- 2 Rather, I would in darkness mourn
The absence of thy peace,
Than e'er by light irreverence turn
Thy grace to wantonness :
Rather I would in painful awe,
Beneath thy anger move,
Than sin against the gospel law
Of liberty and love.
- 3 But Oh ! thou wouldst not have me live
In bondage, grief, or pain ;
Thou dost not take delight to grieve
The helpless sons of men :
Thy will is my salvation, Lord ;
And let it now take place,
And let me tremble at the word
Of reconciling grace.

- 4 Still may I walk as in thy sight,
 My strict observer see ;
 And thou, by reverent love, unite
 My childlike heart to thee.
 Still let me, 'till my days are past,
 At Jesu's feet abide ;
 So shall he lift me up at last,
 And seat me by his side.

H Y M N CCCCLXVIII.

Wrestling Jacob.

- 1 **C**OME, O thou traveller unknown,
 Whom still I hold but cannot see ;
 My company before is gone,
 And I am left alone with thee :
 With thee all night I mean to stay,
 And wrestle 'till the break of day.
- 2 I need not tell thee who I am,
 My misery or sin declare ;
 Thyself hast call'd me by my name ;
 Look on thy hands, and read it there :
 But who, I ask thee, who art thou :
 Tell me thy name, and tell me now.
- 3 'Tis love ! 'tis love ! thou diedst for me !
 I hear thy whisper in my heart ;
 The morning breaks, the shadows flee,
 Pure, universal love thou art :
 To me, to all, thy bowels move,
 Thy nature, and thy name is love.

- 4 My prayer hath power with God ; the grace
Unspeakable I now receive ;
Through faith I see thee face to face ;
I see thee face to face and live !
In vain I have not wept and strove ;
Thy nature, and thy name is love.
- 5 I know thee, Saviour, who thou art,
Jesus, the feeble sinner's friend ;
Nor wilt thou with the night depart,
But stay, and love me to the end :
Thy mercies never shall remove,
Thy nature, and thy name is love.
- 6 Wilt thou not yet to me reveal
Thy new unutterable name ?
Tell me, I still beseech thee, tell ;
To know it now resolv'd I am :
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
'Till I thy name, thy nature know.

H Y M N CCCCLXIX.

United to the Church.

- 1 JESUS, to thee our hearts we lift :
May all our hearts with love o'erflow,
With thanks for thy continued gift,
That still thy precious name we know ;
Retain our sense of sin forgiven,
And wait for all our inward heaven.
- 2 What mighty troubles hast thou shown
Thy feeble, tempted followers here ?

We

We have through fire and water gone:
 But saw thee on the floods appear;
 But felt thee present in the flame,
 And shouted our Deliverer's name.

3 When stronger souls their faith forsook,
 And lull'd in worldly, hellish peace,
 Leap'd desperate from their guardian rock;
 And headlong plung'd in sin's abyss:
 Thy strength was in our weakness shown,
 And still it guards and keeps thy own.

4 All are not lost, nor wandered back:
 All have not left thy church and thee:
 There are who suffer for thy sake,
 Enjoy thy glorious infamy;
 Esteem the scandal of the cross,
 And only seek divine applause.

5 Thou who hast kept us to this hour,
 Oh! keep us faithful to the end:
 When rob'd with majesty and power,
 Our Jesus shall from heaven descend,
 His friends and confessors to own,
 And seat us on a glorious throne.

H Y M N CCCCLXX.

Trust in God.

1 **N**OW I have found the ground wherein,
 Sure my soul's anchor may remain;
 The wounds of Jesus for my sin,
 Before the world's foundation slain:

Whose mercy shall unshaken stay,
When heaven and earth are fled away.

- 2 Father, thy everlasting grace
Our scanty thought surpasses far :
Thy heart still melts with tenderness ;
Thy arms of love still open are,
Returning sinners to receive,
That mercy they may taste and live !
- 3 O love, thou bottomless abyss !
My sins are swallowed up in thee ;
Cover'd is my unrighteousness,
Nor spot of guilt remains on me,
While Jesu's blood, through earth and skies.
Mercy, free, boundless mercy cries.
- 4 With faith I plunge me in this sea,
Here is my hope, my joy, my rest ;
Hither, when hell assails, I flee,
I look into my Saviour's breast :
Away sad doubt, and anxious fear ;
Mercy is all that's written here.
- 5 Though waves and storms go o'er my head,
Though strength and health, and friends
be gone,
Though joys be withered all and dead,
Though every comfort be withdrawn,
On this my steadfast soul relies,
Father, thy mercy never dies.
- 6 Fixt on this ground will I remain,
Though my heart fail, and flesh decay ;
This

This anchor shall my soul sustain,
 Though earth's foundations melt away ;
 Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
 Lov'd with an everlasting love.

H Y M N CCCCLXXI.

Divine Love.

1. **J**ESUS, thy boundless love to me
 No thought can reach, no tongue declare ;
 Oh knit my thankful heart to thee,
 And reign without a rival there !
 Thine, wholly thine, alone I am :
 Be thou alone my constant flame !
- 2 Oh grant that nothing in my soul
 May dwell, but thy pure love alone !
 Oh may thy love possess me whole,
 My joy, my treasure, and my crown !
 Strange flames far from my heart remove :
 My every act, word, thought, be love.
- 3 O Love, how cheering is thy ray ?
 All pain before thy presence flies ;
 Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,
 Where'er thy healing beams arise :
 O Jesus, nothing may I see,
 Nothing desire or seek but thee.
- 4 Unwearied may I this pursue ;
 Dauntless to the high-prize aspire :
 Hourly within my soul renew
 This holy flame, this heavenly fire :

And

And day and night be all my care
To guard this sacred treasure there.

H Y M N CCCCLXXII.

Divine Love.

1. **M**Y Saviour, thou thy love to me,
In shame, in want, in pain, hast show'd ;
For me on the accursed tree
Thou pouredst forth thy guiltless blood :
Thy wounds upon my heart impress,
Nor ought shall the lov'd stamp efface.
2. More hard than marble is my heart,
And foul with sins of deepest stain ;
But thou the mighty Saviour art ;
Nor flow'd thy cleansing blood in vain :
Ah soften, melt this rock, and may
'Thy blood wash all these stains away !
3. Oh ! that I as a little child
May follow thee, and never rest
Till sweetly thou hast breath'd thy mild
And lowly mind into my breast !
Nor may we ever parted be,
Till I become one spirit with thee.
4. Still let thy love point out my way :
How wond'rous things thy love hath wrought ;
Still lead me, lest I go astray ;
Direct my word, inspire my thought :
And should I fall, soon may I hear
Thy voice, and know that love is near.

- 3 In suffering be thy love my peace ;
 In weakness be thy love my power ;
 And when the storms of life shall cease,
 Jesus, in that important hour,
 In death as life, be thou my guide,
 And save me, who for me hast died.

HYMN CCCCLXXIII.

Divine Love.

- 1 **T**HOU hidden love of God, whose height,
 Whose depth unfathom'd, no man knows ;
 I see from far thy beauteous light,
 I only sigh for thy repose :
 My heart is pain'd, nor can it be
 At rest, till it finds rest in thee.
- 2 Thy secret voice invites me still
 The sweetness of thy yoke to prove ;
 And fain I would : but though my will
 Seem fixt, yet wide my passions rove ;
 Yet hinderances strew all the way ;
 I aim at thee, yet from thee stray.
- 3 'Tis mercy all, that thou hast brought
 My mind to seek her peace in thee !
 Yet while I seek, but find thee not,
 No peace my wandering soul shall see :
 Oh ! when shall all my wanderings end,
 And all my steps to thee-ward tend ?
- 4 Is there a thing beneath the sun,
 That strives with thee my heart to share ?

Ah !

Ah ! tear it thence, and reign alone
 The Lord of every motion there !
 Then shall my heart from earth be free,
 When it hath found repose in thee.

H Y M N CCCCLXXIV.

Divine Love.

- 1 **O** ! Hide this self from me, that I
 No more, but Christ in me, may live !
 My vile affections crucify,
 Nor let one darling lust survive :
 In all things nothing may I see,
 Nothing desire, or seek, but thee.
- 2 O Love, thy sovereign aid impart,
 To save me from low-thoughted care !
 Chase this self-will through all my heart,
 Through all it's latent mazes there :
 Make me thy duteous child, that I
 Ceaseless may Abba, Father, cry.
- 3 Ah no ! ne'er will I backward turn :
 Thine wholly, thine alone I am !
 Thrice happy he who views with scorn
 Earth's toys, for thee his constant flame !
 Oh ! help that I may never move,
 From the blest footsteps of thy love.
- 4 Each moment draw from earth away,
 My heart, that lowly waits thy call ;
 Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
 I am thy love, thy God, thy all !

To feel thy power, to hear thy voice,
To taste thy love, be all my choice.

H Y M N CCCCLXXV.

Divine Love.

1 **T**HOU hidden source of calm repose,
Thou all-sufficient love divine;
My help and refuge from my foes,
Secure I am, if thou art mine:
And lo! from sin, and grief, and shame,
I hide me, Jesus, in thy name.

2 Thy mighty name salvation is,
And keeps my happy soul above;
Comfort it brings, and power and peace,
And joy, and everlasting love:
To me, with my dear name, are given
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.

3 Jesus, my all in all thou art,
My rest in toil, my ease in pain;
The medicine of my broken heart,
In war my peace, in loss my gain;
My smile beneath the tyrant's frown,
In shame my glory and my crown.

4 In want my plentiful supply,
In weakness my almighty power:
In bonds my perfect liberty,
My light in Satan's darkest hour;
In grief my joy unspeakable,
My life in death, my heaven in hell.

H Y M N CCCCLXXVI.

Divine Love.

- 1 THEE will I love, my strength, my tower,
Thee will I love, my joy, my crown !
Thee will I love with all my power,
In all my works, and thee alone ;
Thee will I love, till the pure fire
Fill my whole soul with chaste desire.
- 2 Ah ! why did I so late thee know,
Thee lovelier than the sons of men ?
Ah ! why did I no sooner go
To thee, the only ease in pain ?
Asham'd I sigh, and inly mourn,
That I so late to thee did turn.
- 3 In darkness willingly I stray'd ;
I sought thee, yet from thee I rov'd ;
Far wide my wandering thoughts were spread,
Thy creatures more than thee I lov'd ;
And now if more at length I see,
'Tis through thy light, and comes from thee.
- 4 I thank thee, uncreated Sun,
That thy bright beams on me have shin'd !
I thank thee, who hast overthrown
My foes, and heal'd my wounded mind ;
I thank thee, whose enlivening voice
Bids my freed heart in thee rejoice.
- 5 Upold me in the doubtful race,
Nor suffer me again to stray :
- Strengthen

Strengthen my feet with steady pace
 Still to press forward in thy way :
 My soul and flesh, O Lord of might,
 Fill, satiate with thy heavenly light.

6 Give to my eyes refreshing tears,
 Give to my heart chaste hallowed fires,
 Give to my soul, with filial fears,
 The love that all heaven's host inspires ;
 That all my powers with all their might,
 In thy sole glory may unite.

7 Thee will I love, my joy, my crown,
 Thee will I love, my Lord, my God,
 Thee will I love beneath thy frown,
 Or smile, thy sceptre, or thy rod ;
 What though my flesh and heart decay ?
 Thee shall I love in endless day !

H Y M N CCCCLXXVII.

Praise.

1 **M**Y God I am thine, what a comfort divine,
 What a blessing to know that my Jesus is
 mine !

In the heavenly Lamb thrice happy I am,
 And my heart doth rejoice at the sound of his name.

2 True pleasures abound in the rapturous sound :
 And whoever hath found it, hath paradise found.
 My Jesus to know, and feel his blood flow,
 Is life everlasting, 'tis heaven below !

3 Yet onward I haste to the heavenly feast :
 That, that is the fulness ; but this is the taste.
 And this I shall prove, till with joy I remove,
 To the heaven of heavens in Jesus's love.

H Y M N CCCCLXXVIII.

Praise.

- 1 **A**LL thanks to the Lamb, who gives us to
 meet :
 His love we proclaim, his praises repeat :
 We own him our Jesus, continually near,
 To pardon, and bless us, and perfect us here.
 - 2 In him we have peace, in him we have power,
 Preserv'd by his grace throughout the glad hour :
 In every temptation, he keeps us to prove
 His utmost salvation, his fulness of love.
 - 3 When we would have spurn'd his mercy and grace,
 To Egypt return'd, and fled from his face,
 He hinder'd our flying (his goodness to show)
 And stopt us, by crying, " Will ye also go ? "
 - 4 Oh ! what shall I do my Saviour to love ?
 To make us anew, come, Lord, from above !
 The fruit of thy passion, thy holiness give !
 Give us the salvation of all that believe.
 - 5 Come, Jesus, and loose the stammerer's tongue,
 And teach even us the spiritual song :
 Let us without ceasing give thanks for thy grace,
 And glory, and blessing, and honour, and praise.
- 6 Pronounce

- 6 Pronounce the glad word, and bid us be free :
 Ah, hast thou not, Lord, a blessing for me?
 The peace thou hast given, this moment impart,
 And open thy heaven of love, in my heart !

HYMN CCCCLXXIX.

Praise.

- 1 **M**Y Father, my God, I long for thy love,
 Oh! shed it abroad, send Christ from above;
 My heart ever fainting, he only can cheer ;
 And all things are wanting till Jesus is here.
- 2 Oh! when shall my tongue be fill'd with thy praise,
 While all the day long, I publish thy grace ;
 Thy honour and glory to sinners forth shew,
 Till sinners adore thee, and own thou art true.
- 3 Thy strength and thy power I now can proclaim,
 Preserv'd every hour through Jesus's name ;
 For thou art still by me, and holdest my hand,
 No ill can come nigh me, by faith while I stand.
- 4 Thou holdest my soul in spiritual life,
 My foes dost control, and quiet their strife ;
 Thou rulest my passion, my pride, and self-will,
 To see thy salvation thou bidst me—stand still !
- 5 I stand and admire thy out-stretched arm,
 I walk through the fire, and suffer no harm ;
 Assaulted by evil, I scorn to submit,
 The world and the devil fall under my feet.

- 6 I praise thee, O Lord, I trample on sin,
 For with me art thou, and shalt be within;
 While stronger and stronger in Jesus his power,
 I go on to conquer, till sin is no more.

H Y M N C C C C L X X X.

Thanksgiving.

- 1 **O**H what shall I do my Saviour to praise,
 So faithful and true, so plenteous in grace!
 So strong to deliver, so good to redeem
 The weakest believer that hangs upon him!
- 2 How happy the man, whose heart is set free,
 The people that can be joyful in thee!
 Their joy is to walk in the light of thy face,
 And still they are talking of Jesus's grace.
- 3 Their daily delight shall be in thy name,
 They shall as their right thy righteousness claim;
 Thy righteousness wearing, and cleans'd by thy
 blood,
 Bold shall they appear in the presence of God.
- 4 For thou art their boast, their glory and power;
 And I also trust to see the glad hour,
 My soul's new creation, a life from the dead,
 The day of salvation, that lifts up my head.
- 5 For Jesus my Lord is now my defence;
 I trust in his word, none plucks me from thence;
 Since I have found favour, he all things will do,
 My King and my Saviour shall make me anew.
- 6 Yes,

- 6 Yes, Lord, I shall see the bliss of thy own,
 Thy secret to me shall soon be made known;
 For sorrow and sadness I joy shall receive,
 And share in the gladness of all that believe.

H Y M N C C C C L X X X I.

General Thanksgiving.

- 1 **O** Heavenly King, look down from above,
 Assist us to sing thy mercy and love:
 So sweetly o'erflowing, so plenteous the store,
 Thou still art bestowing, and giving us more.
- 2 O God of our life, we hallow thy name,
 Our business and strife is thee to proclaim;
 Accept our thanksgiving for *creating* grace;
 The living, the living I shall shew forth thy praise.
- 3 Our Father and Lord, almighty art thou:
Preserv'd by thy word, we worship thee now,
 The bountiful *donor of all* we enjoy!
 Our tongues to thy honour, and lives we employ.
- 4 But oh! above all, thy kindness we praise,
 From sin and from thrall which saves the lost race:
 Thy Son thou hast given, a world to *redeem*,
 And bring us to heaven, whose trust is in him.
- 5 Wherefore of thy love we sing and rejoice,
 With angels above we lift up our voice;
 Thy love each believer shall gladly adore,
 For ever and ever, when time is no more.

HYMN CCCCLXXXII.

Veni Creator.

- 1 **C**REATOR, Spirit, by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come, visit every waiting mind,
Come, pour thy joys on human kind ;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make thy temples worthy thee.
- 2 O source of uncreated heat,
The Father's promis'd Paraclete !
Thrice holy fount, immortal fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire ;
Come, and thy sacred unction bring
To sanctify us while we sing.
- 3 Create all new, our wills control ;
Subdue the rebel in our soul ;
Chase from our minds the infernal foe,
And peace the fruit of faith bestow :
And lest again we go astray,
Protect and guide us in thy way.
- 4 Immortal honours, endless fame
Attend the almighty Father's name :
The Saviour, Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died,
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Comforter, to thee !

H Y M N CCCCLXXXIII.

Descent of the Spirit.

- 1 **R**EJOICE, rejoice, ye fallen race,
The day of pentecost is come!
Expect the sure descending grace,
Open your hearts to make him room.
- 2 Our Jesus is gone up on high,
For us the blessing to receive;
It now comes streaming from the sky,
The Spirit comes, and sinners live.
- 3 Assembled here, with one accord,
Calmly we wait the promis'd grace,
The purchase of our dying Lord;
Come! Holy Ghost, and fill this place.
- 4 Behold, to thee our souls aspire,
And long the blest descent to feel;
Kindle in each thy living fire,
And stamp on every heart thy seal.
- 5 Wisdom and strength to thee belong,
Sweetly within our bosoms move,
Now let us speak with other tongue
The new strange language of thy love.

H Y M N CCCCLXXXIV.

Psalm cxlviii. 12, 13.

- 1 **Y**OUNG men and maidens, raise
Your tuneful voices high;

Old

Old men and children, praise
 The Lord of earth and sky;
 Him three in one, and one in three,
 Extol to all eternity.

2 The universal King
 Let all the world proclaim !
 Let every creature sing
 His attributes and name !
 Him three in one, and one in three,
 Extol to all eternity.

3 In his great name alone
 All excellencies meet ;
 Who sits upon the throne
 And shall for ever sit :
 Him three in one, and one in three,
 Extol to all eternity.

4 Glory to God belongs,
 Glory to God be given,
 Above the noblest songs
 Of all in earth or heaven :
 Him three in one, and one in three,
 Extol to all eternity.

H Y M N CCCCCLXXXV.

The Praise of Wisdom. Prov. viii.

1 **H**APPY the man that finds the grace,
 The blessings of God's chosen race,
 The

The wisdom coming from above.
The faith that sweetly works by love.

- 2 Happy beyond description he
Who knows the Saviour died for me,
The gift unspeakable obtains,
And heavenly understanding gains.
- 3 Wisdom divine ! who tells the price
Of wisdom's costly merchandise !
Wisdom to silver we prefer,
And gold is dross compar'd to her.
- 4 Her hands are fill'd with length of days,
True riches and immortal praise ;
Riches of Christ on all bestow'd,
And honour, that descends from God.
- 5 To purest joys she all invites,
Chaste, holy, spiritual delights ;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her flowery paths are peace.
- 6 Happy the man who wisdom gains ;
Thrice happy who his guest retains :
He owns, and shall for ever own,
Wisdom, and Christ, and heaven are one.

H Y M N C C C C L X X X V I .

Our fellowship is, &c. 1 John i. 3.

- 1 JESUS, attend, thyself reveal !
Are we not met in thy great name ?

Thee

Thee in the midst we wait to feel,
We wait to catch the spreading flame.

2 Thou God, that answerest by fire,
The Spirit of burning now impart,
And let the flames of pure desire
Rise from the altar of each heart.

3 Truly our fellowship below
With thee and with the Father is :
In thee eternal life we know,
And heaven's unalterable bliss.

4 In part we only know thee here,
But wait thy coming from above—
And I shall then behold thee near,
And I shall all be lost in love.

H Y M N CCCCLXXXVII.

Keep the words of this Covenant. Deut xxix. 9.

1 COME, let us use the grace divine,
And all, with one accord,
In a perpetual covenant join
Ourselves to Christ the Lord.

2 Give up ourselves through Jesu's power,
His name to glorify,
And promise in this sacred hour
For God to live and die.

3 The covenant, we this moment make,
Be ever kept in mind :

May

May we no more our God forsake,
Or cast his words behind.

4 We never will throw off his fear,
Who hears our solemn vow ;
And if thou art well pleas'd to hear,
Come down, and meet us now !

5 The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Let all our hearts receive !
Present with the celestial host,
The peaceful answer give !

6 To each the covenant-blood apply,
Which takes our sins away ;
And register our names on high,
And keep us to that day !

H Y M N CCCCLXXXVIII.

Take now thy Son, &c. Gen. xxii. 2.

1 **A** BRAHAM when severely tried,
His faith by his obedience shew'd :
He with the harsh command complied,
And gave his Isaac back to God.

2 His son the father offer'd up,
Son of his age, his only son :
Object of all his joy and hope,
And less belov'd than God alone.

3 Oh for a faith like his, that we
The bright example may pursue !

May

- May gladly give up all to thee,
To whom our more than all is due.
- 4 Now, Lord, to thee our all we leave,
Our willing soul thy call obeys :
Pleasure, and wealth, and fame we give,
Freedom, and life, to win thy grace.
- 5 Is there a thing than life more dear ?
A thing from which we cannot part ?
We can : we now rejoice to tear
The idol from our bleeding heart.
- 6 Jesus, accept our sacrifice :
All things for thee account but loss ?
Lo ! at thy word our Isaac dies :
Dies at the altar of thy cross.
- 7 Now to thyself the victim take !
Nature's last agony is o'er :
Freely thy own we render back :
We grieve to part with all no more.
- 8 For what to thee, O Lord, we give,
A hundred fold we here obtain :
And soon with thee shall all receive,
And loss shall be eternal gain.

HYMN CCCCLXXXIX.

For a Family.

2 **P**EACE be to this habitation !
Peace to every soul herein !

Peace

Peace the foretaste of salvation,
 Peace the seal of cancell'd sin.
 Peace that speaks it's heavenly giver,
 Peace to earthly minds unknown,
 Peace divine that lasts for ever,
 Here erect it's glorious throne.

2 On the son of peace descending,
 On the daughter of thy grace,
 Big with comforts never ending,
 Let the promise now take place ;
 Each receive the gracious shower,
 Each the gospel-blessing prove,
 Witnesses of thy pardoning power,
 Witnesses of thy perfect love.

3 Now, thy love infusing Spirit
 Shed in every heart abroad,
 Make, through thy sufficient merit,
 Every child, a child of God !
 Each receive the constant witness,
 Each obtain the joyous rest,
 Taste in thee celestial sweetness,
 God residing in their breast.

4 Claim for thine each faithful servant,
 By the reconciling word,
 Pure in heart, in spirit fervent,
 Let them serve their heavenly Lord ;
 For thy pardoning love adore thee,
 Walk in spotless liberty,
 Brethren to the King of glory,
 Friends of God, and heirs with thee.

- 5 Visit, Lord, with thy salvation,
 Every providential guest,
 Every friend and kind relation,
 Take into thy people's rest :
 Conscious of thy sacred presence,
 Let them feel the loving fear ;
 Cry with blissful acquiescence,
 God, the pardoning God is here.
- 6 Prince of peace, if thou art near us,
 Fix in all our hearts thy home,
 By thy last appearing cheer us,
 Quickly let thy kingdom come.
 Answer all our expectation,
 Give our raptur'd souls to prove,
 Glorious, uttermost salvation,
 Heavenly, everlasting love !

HYMN CCCCXC.

Safety in Christ.

- 1 **H**APPY souls, who Christ obey,
 They are safe, and only they ;
 Hidden is their life above,
 All wrapt up in Jesu's love.
- 2 When his judgments are abroad,
 By his timely warnings aw'd,
 They to him their spirits give,
 Closer to their Saviour cleave.
- 3 Calm on tumult's wheel they sit,
 Trample death beneath their feet,
 Own their all o'er-ruling Lord,
 Smile at the destroyer's sword.

- 4 Thanks to the atoning Lamb,
We are shelter'd in his name ;
We our Lord begin to know,
Ransom'd from the world below.
- 5 While we walk with him in light,
Neither men nor friends affright ;
Us, whom Jesu's blood doth arm,
Kill they may, but cannot harm.
- 6 Oh that all our friends might feel
How secure in Christ we dwell !
Oh that all our foes might prove
God, a pardoning God of love !

H Y M N CCCCXCI.

Christ's Commission.

1 **R**AISE your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune,
Let the wide earth resound the deeds
Celestial grace has done.

2 Sing how eternal love
It's chief Beloved chose,
And bade him raise our wretched race
From their abyss of woes.

3 His hand no thunder bears,
Nor terror clothes his brow ;
No bolts to drive our guilty souls
To fiercer flames below.

4 'Twas mercy fill'd the throne,
 And wrath stood silent by,
 When Christ was sent with pardons down
 To rebels doom'd to die.

5 Now, sinners, dry your tears,
 Let hopeless sorrows cease ;
 Bow to the sceptre of his love,
 And take the offer'd peace.

6 Lord, we obey thy call,
 We lay an humble claim
 To the salvation thou hast brought,
 And love and praise thy name.

H Y M N CCCCXCII.

Going to a new Habitation.

1 **T**HE Son of man supplies
 My every outward need,
 Who had not, when he left the skies,
 A place to lay his head :
 He will provide my place,
 And in due season show
 Where I shall pass my few sad days
 Of pilgrimage below.

2 No matter where or how
 I in this desert live,
 If, when my dying head I bow,
 Jesus my soul receive :
 Blest with thy precious love,
 Saviour, 'tis all my care
 To reach the purchas'd house above,
 And find a mansion there.

3 An house with hands not made
 Hast thou not bought for me ?
 The full stupendous price was paid
 In blood on yonder tree !
 But e'er thou call me hence,
 Lord, with thyself, impart
 The pledge of my inheritance,
 And fill my loving heart.

4 An heir of endless bliss
 Now in a tent I dwell,
 Till thou my spotless soul dismiss
 To joys unspeakable.
 Till thou in that glad day
 Make all thy glories known,
 And to the heavenly house convey,
 And bid me share thy throne.

HYMN CCCCXCIII.

David returned to bless his House. Chron. xvi. 4. 3.

2 **T**HE power to bless my house
 Belongs to God alone :
 Yet rendering him my constant vows,
 I bring his blessing down :
 When two or three are met
 In Jesu's name to pray,
 He doth our cancel'd sins forget,
 And turns his wrath away.

2 Shall I not then engage
 My house to serve the Lord,
 To search the soul-converting page,
 And feed upon his word ;

To ask with faith and hope
 The grace his Spirit supplies,
 In prayer and praise to offer up
 Our daily sacrifice ?

3 Merciful God, on me
 The resolute mind bestow,
 On all my favour'd family,
 In David's steps to go :
 Let each his sin eschew
 Thro' thy restraining grace,
 Our father Abraham's steps pursue,
 And walk in all thy ways.

4 Saviour of men, incline
 The hearts which thou hast made,
 Which thou hast bought with blood divine.
 To ask thy promis'd aid :
 Me, and my house receive,
 Thy family to increase,
 And let us in thy favour live,
 And let us die in peace.

H Y M N CCCCXCII.

Family Worship.

1 **H**AVE not we redemption found
 And righteousness through grace ?
 Let our houses then resound
 With our Redeemer's praise ;
 Let our souls to him aspire,
 Who died that we might live forgiven,
 Emulate the angelic choir,
 And taste the joys of heaven.

2 Jesus'

2 Jesu's praises we proclaim,
 And daily pay our vows :
 Consecrated through his name
 Is each within our house :
 Melody to Christ our King
 We make, with joyful hearts sincere :
 Angels listen while we sing,
 And God vouchsafes to hear.

3 God doth to our voice attend,
 And dwells amidst his own ;
 Praises now through Christ ascend
 To that eternal throne :
 When we there triumphant stand,
 And all our elder brethren meet,
 Hymning with that harping band ;
 The concert is complete.

H Y M N CCCCXCV.

Morning.

1 **W**E lift our rising hearts to thee,
 O Day-star from on high !
 The sun itself is but thy shade,
 Yet cheers both earth and sky.

2 Eternal light, send forth thy beams :
 The night of sin disperse,
 And scatter all the mists of vice,
 Which shade the universe.

3 May not one pitchy cloud of sin
 O'ercast the present day !
 But rise on us, and shine within,
 And lead us in thy way.

- 4 May we our span of time improve,
To mourn for errors past ;
And live this short revolving day,
As if it were our last.

H Y M N CCCCXCVI.

Evening.

- 1 **W**HOM thou dost guard, O King of kings,
No evil shall molest :
Under the shadow of thy wings
May we securely rest.
- 2 Each thought and deed thy piercing eyes
With strictest search survey :
The deepest shades no more disguise
Than the full blaze of day.
- 3 Thy angels shall around our beds
Their constant stations keep :
Thy faith and truth shall shield our heads,
For thou dost never sleep.
- 4 May we with calm and sweet repose,
And heavenly thoughts refresh'd,
Our eye-lids with the morn's uncloze,
And bless the ever-bless'd !

H Y M N CCCCXCVII.

Particular Providence. Matt. x. 30.

- 1 **F**ATHER, how wide thy glories shine ;
God of the universe, and mine !
Thy

Thy goodness watches o'er the whole,
 As all mankind were but one soul,
 Yet keeps my every sacred hair,
 As I remain'd thy single care.

HYMN CCCCXCVIII.

A Thanksgiving for his Majesty's Recovery.
 April 23, 1739.

- 1 **W**HO is so great a God as ours !
 So ready at his creatures' cry,
 So near with his redeeming powers,
 To send deliverance from the sky,
 To turn aside the ills we dread,
 And all our highest hopes exceed.
- 2 O Thou, who hast, in special grace,
 To us a nursing Father given,
 Still let thy arms of love embrace
 The chosen Delegate of heaven,
 And let him live, to health restor'd,
 The Servant of his dying Lord.
- 3 The means thy mercy sanctified,
 Thy pity heard our ardent prayers,
 'The balmy help thy love supplied,
 Hath scatter'd all our griefs and fears ;
 And gives our joyful hearts to own
 Thou didst the work, and thou alone.
- 4 We still will pray, and never cease,
 The prayer to which thou wilt attend,
 'Stablish his soul in perfect peace,
 His days prolong, his Throne defend,
 And seal him thy adopted Son,
 Heir of a never fading Crown.

HYMN

HYMN CCCCXCIX.

The Minister's Prayer for his Flock.

- 1 **W**HEN we are from our burdens freed,
And number'd with the peaceful dead,
In everlasting rest,
Pity the sheep we leave behind,
O God, unutterably kind,
And lodge them in thy breast.
- 2 Ah! never suffer them to leave
The Church, where thou art pleas'd to give
Such tokens of thy grace!
Confirm them in their calling here,
'Till ripe by holiest love to appear
Before thy glorious face.
- 3 For what could their protection be?
The virtue that proceeds from thee,
The power of humble love,
The strength of all-sufficient grace,
Receiv'd in thy appointed ways,
Can land them safe above.
- 4 Whom I into thy hands commend,
Wilt thou not keep unto the end,
Thou infinite in love?
Assure me, Lord, it shall be so,
And let my quiet spirit go
To join the church above.

HYMN D.

The Goodness of God.

- 1 **H**OUSE of our God, with cheerful anthems
ring,
While all our lips and hearts his goodness sing;
With sacred joy his wondrous deeds proclaim;
Let every tongue be vocal with his name.
The Lord is good, his mercy never-ending,
His blessing in perpetual showers descending.
- 2 The heaven of heavens he with his bounty fills;
Ye seraphs bright, on ever-blooming hills,
His honours sound; you to whom good alone,
Unmingled, ever-growing, hath been known;
Thro' your immortal life with love increasing,
Proclaim your Maker's goodness never ceasing.
- 3 Thou earth, enlightned by his rays divine,
Pregnant with grass, and corn, and oil, and wine,
Crown'd with his goodness let thy nations meet,
And lay their crowns at his paternal feet;
With grateful love that liberal hand confessing
Which thro' each heart diffuseth every blessing.

HYMN DI.

The Promises of God are our Security.

- 1 **P**RAISE, everlasting praise be paid
To him that earth's foundation laid;
Praise to the goodness of the Lord,
Who rules his people by his word.
- 2 Whence

- 2 Whence then should doubts and fears arise !
 Why trickling sorrows drown our eyes ?
 Slowly, alas, our mind receives
 'The comforts that our Maker gives.
- 3 Oh for a strong, a lasting faith,
 To credit what the Almighty faith !
 To embrace the message of his Son,
 And call the joys of heaven our own.
- 4 Then should the earth's old pillars shake,
 And all the wheels of nature break ;
 Our steady souls should fear no more,
 Than solid rocks when billows roar.

H Y M N D I I.

The joyful Sound. Psal. lxxxix. 15.

- 1 **Y**E that in his courts are found,
 Listening to the joyful sound ;
 Lost and helpless as ye are,
 Sons of sorrow, sin, and care,
 Take the peace the gospel brings,
 Glorify the King of kings.
- 2 Turn to *Christ* your longing eyes,
 View his body sacrifice ;
 See in him your sins forgiven,
 Pardon, holiness, and heaven :
 Take the peace the gospel brings.
 Glorify the King of kings.

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ERRATA.

	<i>Page.</i>	<i>Line.</i>		
Preface.	1.	18.	twenty-first	<i>r.</i> thirty-first
Psalms.	19.	17.	xxx.	<i>r.</i> xxxvi.
	23.	19.	year,	<i>r.</i> years,
	29.	13.	xlvi.	<i>r.</i> l.
	48.	14.	doth	<i>r.</i> dost
Hymns.	41.	1.	ye Trumpet	<i>r.</i> ye the Trumpet
		12.	Throughout	<i>r.</i> Throughout
	60.	24.	nigh	<i>r.</i> night
	98.	20.	thy of	<i>r.</i> thy hand of
	99.	9.	grace	<i>r.</i> face
	111.	12.	isles	<i>r.</i> isle
	125.	24.	Now	<i>r.</i> How
	178.	24.	taste	<i>r.</i> haste
	185.	18.	host	<i>r.</i> hosts
	416.	26.	and heaven	<i>r.</i> for heaven.
	456.	10.	unalterable	<i>r.</i> unutterable
	472.	22.	body	<i>r.</i> bloody









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